

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

February, 1931

10 Cents a Copy



THE GREAT HEART

By William Merriam Rouse

HIS KING'S VOICE

By Elizabeth Gotto

CLIMATE TEMPERED BY THE JAPAN CURRENT



GOLF NOW

*in Canada's Evergreen
Playground*

WHERE else in Canada may you thrill today as your driver whistles through the air to sharply click against the ball? All winter, on any of the nine beautifully kept golf courses at Victoria, B.C.—social capital of Canada's Evergreen playground—you may enjoy your eighteen or thirty-six.

Join the gay company who spend their winter on Vancouver Island; golfing, hiking, motoring, riding and swimming in the great enclosed sea-water bathing pool in the Crystal Gardens.

MIDWINTER GOLF TOURNAMENT February 23 to 28

Sponsored by the Canadian Pacific, the THIRD ANNUAL EMPRESS MIDWINTER GOLF TOURNAMENT will be played over the Victoria Golf Course at Oak Bay, February 23rd to 28th, 1931, when the E. W. Beatty Challenge Trophy will be again competed for by amateurs in good standing upon application; entrance fee \$5.00 for ladies and \$10.00 for men.

A guest-house is there too—stately, palatial—set amid far-reaching lawns and gardens—the winter gathering place of smart Canada—famous for its perfection of appointment, cuisine and service.

EMPRESS HOTEL VICTORIA B.C.



SPECIAL WINTER RATES—In effect October 15 to April 30

AMERICAN PLAN

Room and bath with meals, including all privileges—per month, \$225 single; \$187.50 per person for double room. Weekly—\$50 single; \$45.50 per person for double room (minimum stay of two weeks).

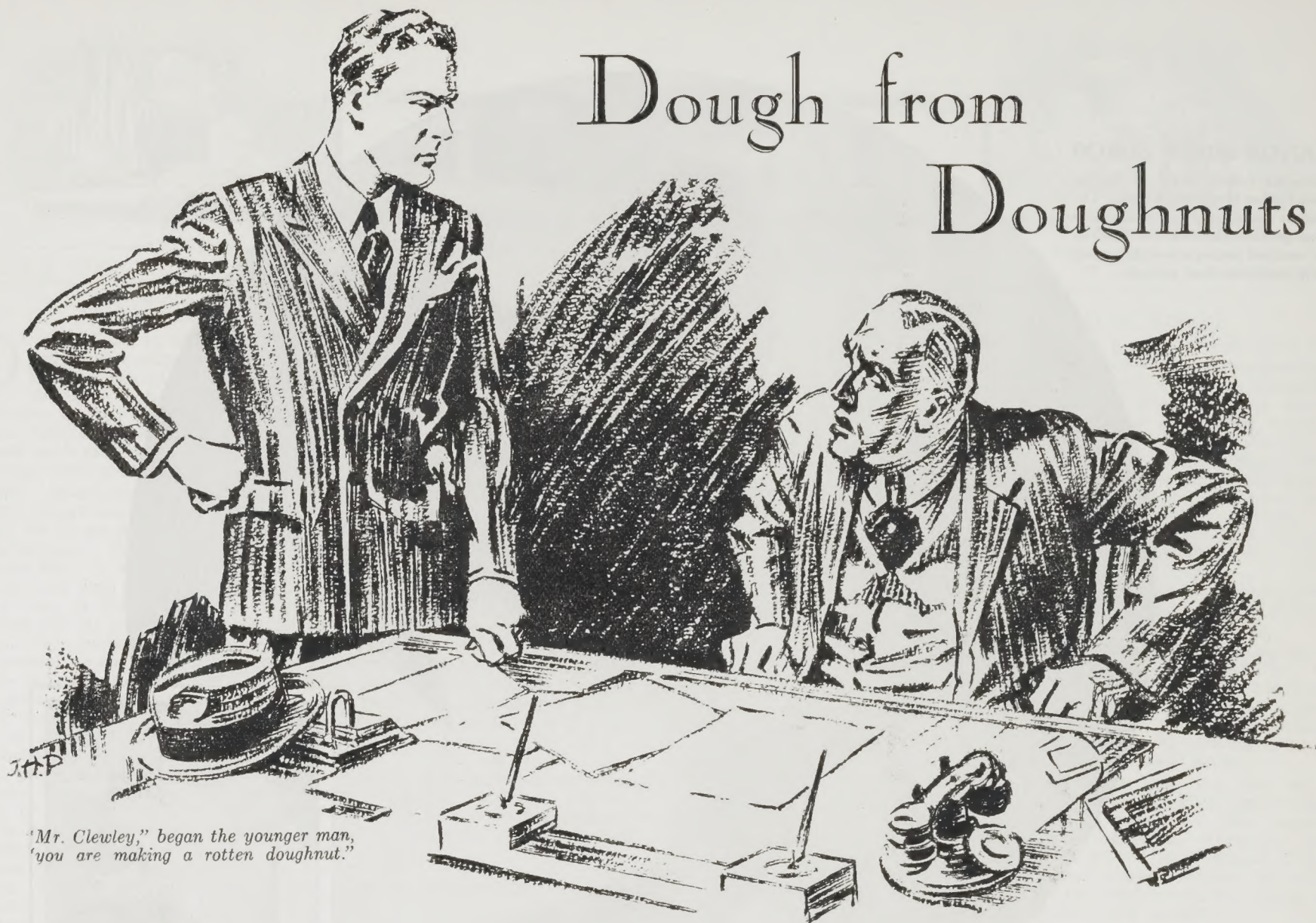
EUROPEAN PLAN

Room with bath, single—\$4.50 per day and up. Room with bath, double—\$7.00 per day and up.

Special rates for extended visits upon application.
For full information consult your local agent.

TRAVEL CANADIAN PACIFIC

Dough from Doughnuts



"Mr. Clewley," began the younger man, "you are making a rotten doughnut."

By T. C. B. de Lom

Illustrated by John H. Paul

TYPEWRITERS clicked busily in the offices of the Canadian Coffeenut Company, as J. Frisby Fowler, president, surveyed the contented scene.

In a small office, outside J. Frisby's glass-walled sanctum, labored Freddie, his son and advertising manager.

"Coffeenuts—the Coffee-Dipped Doughnuts," were all of life to J. Frisby, and to Freddie they were all but Julia.

Cadwallar P. Clewley was the proprietor of a very successful department store, dominating the retail trade of Elk City. He also had a pet daughter—and this was Julia. Likewise, he too had a pet doughnut.

But the difference between Cadwallar P.'s doughnut and J. Frisby's, was in the demeanor of these confections themselves.

J. Frisby's was a bold, self-assertive doughnut, blazoned on the back pages of national newspapers, and luscious on the color-pages of magazines and farm papers. It told the world exactly how good it was.

Cadwallar P.'s doughnut was a coy, peeping article. It said nothing about itself. It simply appeared unexpectedly over the counter as a "coffee-dipped doughnut. Cheaper, and just as good." Only one item of which was strictly true. It was cheaper.

It was far from being just as good, but people bought it because it was handy when they had other shopping. Neither was it dipped in coffee, but in a chicory substitute.

And, not being made on the scale of Coffeenuts, which were sold all over Canada, it had to be of much poorer ingredients to sell any cheaper.

Consequently, Clewley's store did a fair business in them, and Clewley's doughnuts were Clewley's pride—a monument, in Cadwallar P.'s eyes, to the fact that Barnum was right.

So it was, then, that the romance of Freddie and Julia appeared to be hardly in the money. Between them stood a solid wall of doughnuts.

It was at the Canoe Club Dance that the lovers discussed the situation. The affair had reached the stage of deciding what kind of paper to have in the living-room. The only bar to their happiness was that peculiar confection, the largest portion of which is only a hole.

"If our doughnuts were not good," Freddie was explaining, "we shouldn't dare to advertise them. No

poor product can stand advertising unless it can back its own claims. Advertising can sell a thing once, but the product's quality must keep it sold."

"But what's the matter with Father's?"

"Well, it stands to reason. If we can't make them any cheaper on as large a scale as we make Coffeenuts, how can he make them cheaper when he only makes enough for his own store?"

"But Father isn't going to let that influence him towards giving consent to our marriage."

"Isn't he? I know just how it is. I know a whole lot of things! In fact, tomorrow I am going to your father, and I am going to make him Coffeenut-conscious."

Julia looked at him with gravely grey eyes.

"You doughnut say," she murmured.

WHEN Freddie strolled into the private office of Cadwallar P. Clewley the following day, it was due solely to the fact that he had announced himself at the desk as "a man to see Mr. Clewley about doughnuts." And with that Sesame, he stalked in. Cadwallar P. was temporarily deprived of speech.

"Mr. Clewley," began the younger man, coming straight to the point, "you are making a rotten doughnut."

"Woip!" Mr. Clewley choked in indignation.

"Some time ago," pursued Freddie, "Father bought the 'Gazette.' You promptly withdrew your advertising, and called my father a squiggle-eyed old soak."

"So he is!"

"Be that as it may—he didn't care for it. And he has had the editorial boys on your trail."

"I defy him!"

"Do you? Well, tell me this. Did you ever hear of Bill Stephens? It was Bill who found out that your doughnut plant was infested with cockroaches. Do you know Red Gagnon? Red discovered exactly where you get that foul grease you put in your doughnuts. Have you ever heard of Pie-Eye Poole? He has the evidence . . ."

Cadwallar P. cut him off abruptly.

"Don't! Don't!" he cried.

"Won't I?" went on Freddie. "Furthermore," he pursued, wagging a relentless finger, "you are keeping your daughter from an ideal match, with one of the most straightforward, enterprising, aggressive young men in the community. A man who is universally admired. A man whom she loves with all her tender heart. I refer, of course, to myself. A man who . . ."

"Stop it!" wailed Cadwallar P. "Exactly what is it that you want?"

"Ah, now to business!" Freddie smiled genially. "Item: I want to buy your doughnut equipment. We can use it. And I want you to stock only Coffeenuts. And if they don't make you more money in the next year than your own, we will reimburse you, and pay for re-installing your equipment."

"You will have the benefit of all our advertising. People will know that when they buy a doughnut from you, they will not run the risk of finding a cockroach. . . ."

"Hang it—I said stop!"

"All right. Item: I want to marry Julia. Coffeenuts will provide her with all the comforts to which she has been accustomed. And if you don't . . . well, I leave that to your imagination. And I may tell you"—he leaned forward confidentially and spoke into Cadwallar P.'s ear—"I may as well tell you right out that Julia is already Coffeenut-conscious!"

A statue of surrender, the stricken magnate buried his head in his arms.

Happy endings, in these post-war days, are out of favor, but it is the job of historian to stick to the exact truth. We must confess, then, that the ending was happy. We are sorry, but there are the facts."

Clewley's store became Coffeenut Centre. People down town developed the habit of dropping in for a refresher of coffee and Coffeenuts, morning and afternoon. And while there, they made their purchases for the day. Inside a year—we blush, but we must tell the truth—Cadwallar P. looked at the profit side of his ledger, and became Coffeenut-Conscious forthwith.

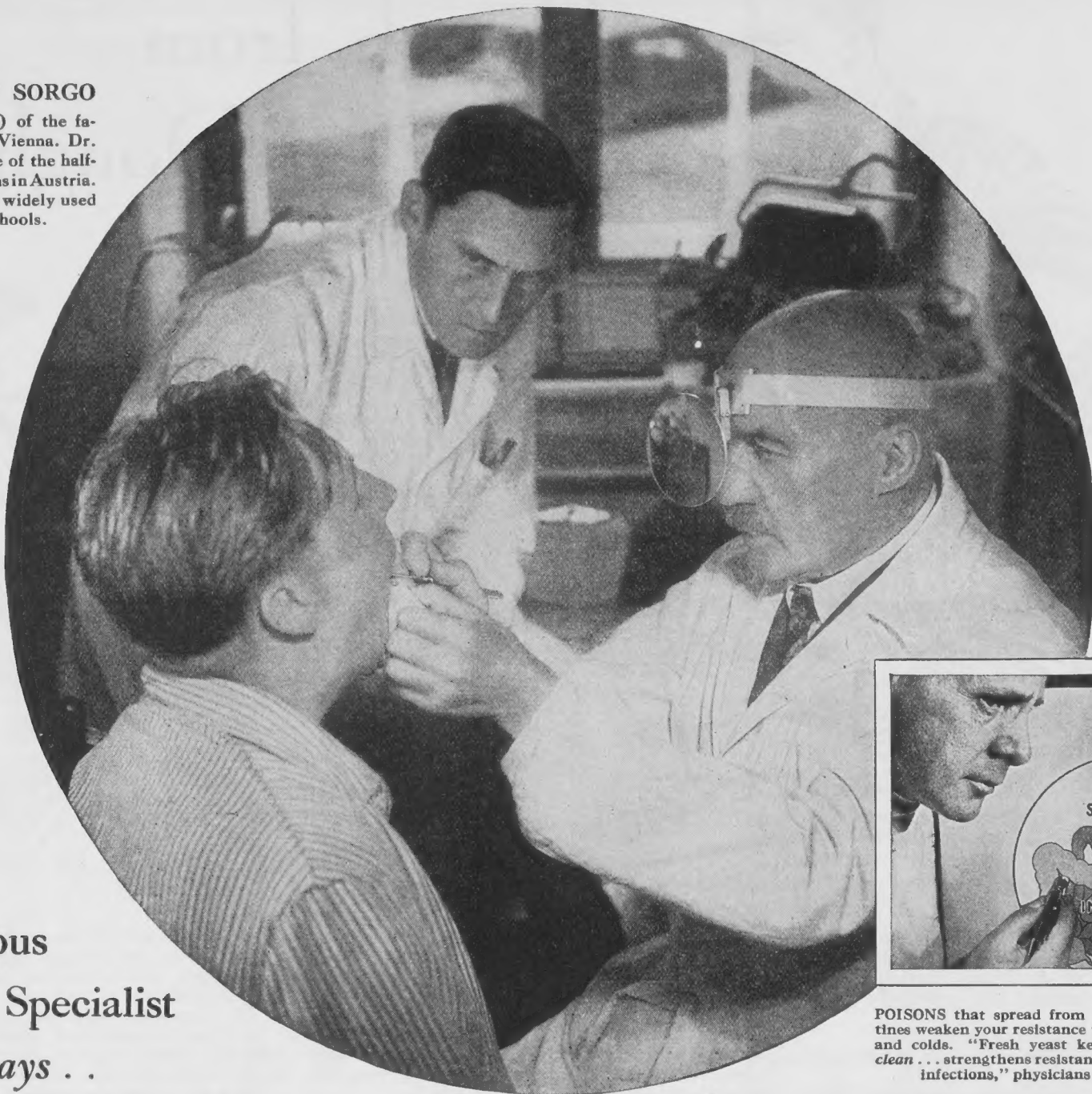
Freddie and Julia were married—happily married, and daily they visit the old lion, Cadwallar P., as he sits in his den, a carton of Coffeenuts on his desk, and the Coffeenut slogan, framed, behind his chair:

"We wouldn't be daring to advertise

If we couldn't be sure they were good."

DOCTOR JOSEF SORGO

Primarius (clinic head) of the famous Rainer Hospital, Vienna. Dr. Sorgo is considered one of the half-dozen greatest physicians in Austria. His medical books are widely used in European medical schools.



*This Famous
European Specialist
says . .*

Yeast corrects the trouble underlying those frequent, nasty COLDS

YOU know it well enough without consulting a doctor . . . a cold is a sign of lowered resistance. It means that your system is run-down.

And nine times out of ten that is the case because of one underlying bodily condition—Intestinal Fatigue . . . a trouble which doctors say is the cause of over half of *all* our commonest ills!

Then why not put yourself in shape to resist colds by getting at the cause now?

There is a very simple, proved way—the regular eating of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. As the celebrated European authority, Dr. Sorgo, explains: "Fresh yeast has been used for a long time for disorders brought on by irregular functioning of the intestines.

"Fresh yeast," he adds, "is a food. Unlike violent laxative drugs, it will gently restore normal bowel action . . . It stimulates the muscles of the in-

testines . . . Thorough, regular evacuation results.

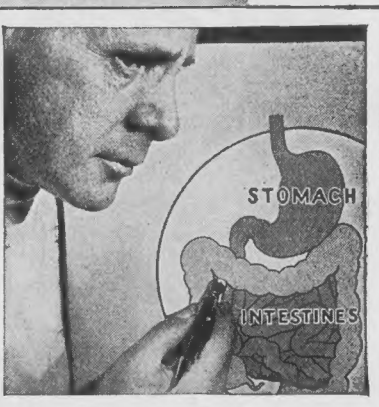
"Thus, by keeping the intestinal tract clean, fresh yeast will increase resistance to colds and catarrhal irritations."

You don't need any higher medical testimony than that! So fortify yourself against those nasty colds by starting to eat Fleischmann's Yeast today! Each cake, you know, is rich in vitamins B,

G and D. At grocers', restaurants, drug stores, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Standard Brands Ltd., Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

READ WHAT MEDICAL AUTHORITIES SAY—

DR. PAOLUCCI, noted Italian hospital head, explains: "Constipation predisposes to colds. Fresh yeast keeps intestines clean." DR. VON NOORDEN, German authority, says: "Yeast vitamins build resistance."



POISONS that spread from clogged intestines weaken your resistance to sore throats and colds. "Fresh yeast keeps intestines clean . . . strengthens resistance to colds and infections," physicians explain.

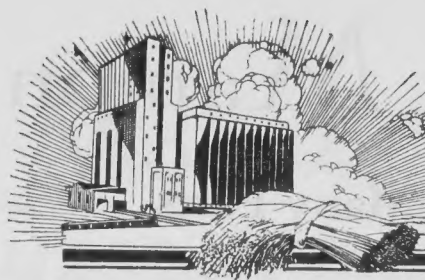


Try Fleischmann's Yeast in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold). Or eat it just plain—or any way you like. Eat three cakes a day, before or between meals and at bedtime.

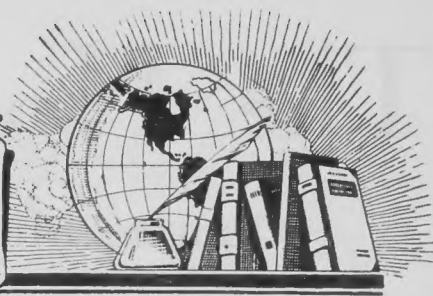
(At extreme left) From Winnipeg, Man., Miss Catharine Fraser (at right in photograph) writes: "As long as I eat Fleischmann's Yeast the rigors of our northern climate don't worry me. My physical condition was anything but good—I was troubled with constipation. Yeast brought about a vast improvement."

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada by Canadians

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast—the only kind that benefits you fully. Eat 3 cakes every day!



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXII

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 2

Our Neighbors

OUR neighbors to the south we recognize as a great and worthy people. They have many lovable qualities and many excellences too numerous to mention. It is a pleasure to meet them in their homes and an equal pleasure to receive them as visitors. They are in spirit and in outlook much like ourselves so that we can feel they are really very good neighbors.

Their self-assurance—Perhaps their outstanding quality, though one which when displayed too prominently we do not particularly admire is their intense self-satisfaction. They are the best, have the best, in every field. It was one of their own writers who characterized them in a story. He said that in visiting a town in Germany he met a professor who removed his hat every time he mentioned his own name. That professor he remarked was a type of the boastful American. It is well that an American writer told this story, we would not care to paint the picture in just that way, but for want of a better illustration let it pass. We can feel it, however, in trade, in journalism, in politics and in social life that as a nation compared with others they are fairly proud of themselves. Nor do we deny that in many things they have just cause for pride. Self-pride, be it remarked, is an admirable quality so long as it is not flagrantly advertised.

Their enterprise—Probably this self-admiration explains a second quality they possess in a marked degree. They are enterprising. They have wonderful ambitions, enter upon almost reckless adventures, are ever trying new things. When other people think in thousands they think in millions. They turn everything to advantage. Their schools and colleges are in the matter of equipment and organization a wonder of the world. Their city structures make buildings in other lands dwindle into insignificance. Their navy is one of the great sea powers. Their factories rival and often out rival those of the European continent. They are indeed a rich and an enterprising people.

Their aggressiveness—It is no wonder then that their hands have reached beyond the boundaries of their own land. They have invested heavily wherever there was an opportunity for gain. The first to feel the domination of their wealth was the young nation to the North. The Americans directly or indirectly control many of our industries, they have a large share in our forest wealth, our mines, our water power. And this peaceful possession has been rendered easy by the willing acquiescence of our own political leaders. Have they been to blame or should they be praised? Or have they but reflected the opinion of the people generally?

The peaceful penetration—If possession stopped there, it might not be altogether a misfortune. This we can all admit. But that was only a beginning. To own our wealth is one thing, to take possession of our souls is another. Fortunately we are not quite so willing to barter the latter, yet many do not realize that the sale is being made every day, though the bargain is horribly one-sided. We are giving everything for nothing.

The Objectionable Magazine

THE first unconscious theft of our national birth-right began when the American highly-colored and dully-degrading magazines began to flood the Canadian bookstands. We sent across the line our pulp wood. They made it into pretty paper, printed the pages with matter that in thought and expression was unworthy of any sober reverential people, and often directly or indirectly antagonistic to our government and opposed to our traditions of law, order and decency. The hearts and minds of our young people were poisoned. It is not necessary to emphasize the matter. The language, the songs, the flippant mannerisms of growing Canadian boys and girls are not attributable in the main to the neglect of our homes and schools, but to the insidious influence of the literature that was cheaper in quality than in actual cost. It is to the credit of Canadians

that many of them publicly resented this intrusion, this unconsidered attack on our ideals and our most cherished domestic and social practices. It is only fair to say that the good magazines of which there are many, are not included in this condemnation.

The Movie

THE second invasion began when moving pictures became an educational feature in our life. Let us not call this an American invasion. Really the American people, as a whole, are admirable, possess rare domestic and social virtues, but they are at the mercy of unscrupulous profligates and men of wealth whom they will not or cannot control, and who use their joint power without conscience and without pity, to uneducate and bedevil the public, through those scenic exhibitions that violate decency and often so far as we are concerned, offend national pride. Needless to say the story of the movies has not been altogether one that we must regret. We have to thank our good neighbors for a fine form of entertainment and a potent means of education, but none the less we have to deplore the loss of that old individuality which was our charm. If the ideals that were set forth all these years were truly old-time American ideals we should have had little cause for complaint. The unfortunate condition is that in the moving-picture world non-American, non-British, non-moral elements control.

The Radio

THE third and most annoying invasion is that of radio. It must be remembered that this wonderful means of communication was not an American invention. Yet as far as this Continent is concerned the Americans have taken possession of everything. They own the air. It would not be so bad if the programmes were nationally-controlled. In England, a radio-commission is in charge and the finest and most complete programmes are broadcasted so that half the homes are reached with music, with lectures and other forms of entertainment, every taste being met and nothing offensive permitted. With us one has to listen not only to cheap tin-pan music and stupid dialogues, but has his ears filled with accounts of "the most wonderful battles on the gridiron and on ice that were ever fought in the history of the race." Then there is advertising—and what not? One cannot get away from it. He is forced to live on a midway on which hawkers everywhere are crying their wares. It is not only disappointing but provoking in the extreme. Why on Sunday evenings should jazz monopolize the air? Why must these abominable, sickly, sentimental love-songs drown out the rich offerings of capable orchestras and well-trained choirs? I want on Sunday evening to hear, "Oh Rest in the Lord," but what I get is, "Be my own little baby in blue," I yearn for "The Tannhauser Overture," but what I get is "The Tallahassee Blues." There are, of course, fine programmes, but they cannot get through because of that cheap production which is issuing from a hundred puny stations. The worst of it is that by this time the ear of the young Canadian has been tuned to the low-grade entertainment. There are hundreds of parents who are so discontented that they are seriously considering the removal of radio from their homes. In Canada there is now a war for domination. All one has to do is to compare England and the United States. An Englishman said recently, "Of course, I do not wish to migrate. I can here educate my children at home. The radio gives them the best. Why should I go where they are continually open to low-grade appeals?"

Anyway what right has America to the percentage of wave-lengths that it now claims? We are Canadians and we have rights. We have said little about the domination of American capital but when it comes to the domination of our hearts and homes by advertising we must begin to claim our rights. We should have and must fight for our share of wave-lengths, and must keep our radios free from exploitation by business firms. As we see it now old England has the better way.

From Fear to Wonder

IN THE long ago men lived in a world they did not understand. They were victims of superstition, they were driven by fear. Now science has dethroned superstition, knowledge has triumphed over ignorance, and fear has given way to inquiring wonder. So many have been the inventions and discoveries of the last decade that there is disappointment when a month passes without a genuine thrill. The inventive imagination of Scheherzade, of Jules Verne and of Rider Haggard never pictured anything so wonderful as the triumphs of Bell and Edison, Marconi and de Forest, and the discoveries in the field of medicine.

One of the greatest triumphs has been in the field of photography. In the "World's Work," George W. Gray, gives a few illustrations:

An embezzler skipped with \$60,000 belonging to a New York bank. Detectives traced him to Washington, thence to Montreal. It was suspected that from there he had escaped to England, so the detectives sent his photograph by radio to London. And on the strength of that picture the fugitive was caught and returned to the United States.

A steamship of the Kerr Line ran into heavy weather a few days out of England, and in the storm its rudder was wrenched. The captain reported the condition by radio. Thereupon the home office in London got out its blueprints of the damaged part and sent pictures of them by radio to New York. When the vessel arrived the machinists there had a new rudder ready to install.

A physician in New York wished to consult an eminent Cleveland surgeon on a difficult bone fracture. He sent an X-ray photograph of the case to Cleveland over the telephone wire—and thus was able within a few hours to get a diagnosis that by the mail would have required days.

Mr. Gray passes on from these illustrations to indicate what may be expected in the immediate future:

"The electric eye is fast multiplying its powers and its range. No dream, no forecast of its possibilities, is too extravagant."

For those who are particularly interested in the processes by which all this is possible this description is illuminating:

"One day last spring I was in the New York telephotograph station on Dey Street, prying into its complex array of apparatus, when suddenly the room darkened. Ruby lamps glowed overhead, and in the red twilight the operator moved about surely, swiftly, silently. There was the gathering hum of a rotary motor as the receiving apparatus began to whirl in synchronism with the sending apparatus in Los Angeles—for the click of a signal had told the operator that Los Angeles had a picture to send.

"In half a minute the operator had clipped a sensitive photographic film into the cylinder frame, adjusted it in the receiver, and turned the control, and the film was rotating in tune with the sending film a continent's width away.

"And then in the darkness I saw a microscopic searchlight begin to play upon this rotating film. It began at one end, a flickering needle of light, first bright, then dim, sometimes entirely dark, varying so rapidly and so minutely that for seconds at a time the eye could discern no difference, then suddenly flaring up into brilliance or fading to shadow.

"It was an amazing feat of photography. That beam was building up the photograph on the sensitive film—building it up in particles, line by line, infinitesimal section by section, here a speck of light, there a speck of shadow. And it was doing this under a control three thousand miles away. For the variations which I could sometimes see in the beam on the film were caused by the movements of a tiny valve—a light valve operated by minute magnets, which in turn were actuated by the electrical impulses shot across the continent in response to the varying intensities of the sending picture in Los Angeles."

The Honorable Robert J. Manion

Canada's Minister of Railways and Canals, a Man of Many Parts

By

George M. Battey, Jr.

LADIES and gentlemen, meet the Hon. Robert James Manion, of Fort William, Ontario, who, at the age of 49 has assumed the highly important post of Minister of Railways and Canals of the Canadian Government, and before whom lies a future clear and bright. For his elevation to the third most important post in the Cabinet of Premier Richard B. Bennett, Manion can thank outstanding ability and a spirit that never says die. He did chores, wrote articles and solicited advertising around a newspaper office to acquire a nest-egg for a college education; excelled in athletics; won a gold medal in debate; earned the right to practise medicine; engaged in politics; volunteered for World War service, and for bravery under fire was mentioned in citations; was elected several times by his constituency to the House of Commons at Ottawa, and rendered such able service that his selection for Cabinet preferment following the Conservative election landslide of July 28, 1930, was inevitable.

Such is a high-light, thumb-nail sketch of the debonair gentleman from Thunder Bay. A book could be written of this dynamic personality and the half would remain untold; the reader's imagination, accordingly, must supply the discrepancies of a brief synopsis.

Bayard Taylor paid a beautiful tribute to the soldier at rest in the lines which run thus:

*"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."*

and if there is one thing that will explain Manion's somewhat meteoric rise on the political horizon, it is the noble spirit of the ideal fighting man. Voting support sloughs off in proportion to a politician's horse-trading proclivities, and conversely, it coalesces solidly behind the man whose principles are not worn on the sleeve, and who struggles for his constituency along with the country through thick and thin. The cry, "Manion is up!" used to empty the smoking-rooms and fill the benches of the House; fur was sure to fly as Manion flung his barbed lances at Cabinet ministers, Liberals opposite and an occasional disputing member of his own party. He did many things satisfactorily, and two of them particularly well if not better than any of his colleagues. As member of the House in the war election of 1917 and as Minister of Soldier Civil Re-establishment in the Cabinet of Hon. Arthur Meighen in 1921, he fought consistently for justice to the ex-service man in the matter of employment and permanent relief; and on all occasions he opposed the unnecessary expenditure of taxpayer funds. Both of these items, it may be remarked in passing, have ever proven popular with voters, so that he had little trouble remaining on his perch. And then, he was blessed with an unusual tenacity of purpose and persistency; likewise, no woman could more perfectly justify her position by putting in the last word. His advocacy of this matter and his objection to that brought insistent invitations on occasion to resume his seat and be quiet; but they might as well have poured water on a duck's back, for he always had some reply like this:

"Because there is absolutely no question about my contention, I will not be intimidated; I stick to my point; I refuse to sit down."

In time he was referred to as "the man who wouldn't sit down." Maybe that is why he is now "up," and, as they say in military officer circles, is "on the make." Although he rubbed some of the older members the wrong way, he made them like it; he carried the younger element with him and among the grey heads he commanded respect. Some said he was destined to play the part of "Peck's Bad Boy," and that even if he promised to be good, he would probably have his fingers crossed. However, these reckoned without taking into account Manion's adaptability to changed circumstances. It could not fairly be assumed that he would carry such tactics into the post of Railways and Canals, in which, dealing as administrator of the Government-owned Canadian National Railways, and acting as umpire between that system and its worthy rival, the Canadian Pacific Railway, he officiates over physical properties greater than that owned by the Canadian Government itself. In a



The Hon. Robert James Manion

speech to Conservative leaders honoring him at Toronto he called attention to his new status and added responsibilities; so they gave him a silver tea service and a gold-headed cane, and went away satisfied.

IT WOULD be a mistake to suppose, however, that Manion will ever fall into the Rip Van Winkle sleep which makes it difficult for certain elderly statesmen to realize that things are not like they were before Woodrow Wilson put that energetic self-determination yeast-cake into the international dough, Mussolini began to do things in Italy and the Russian bear to growl. Although Premier Bennett is a conservative man by nature, he is thoroughly wide-awake as to Canada's needs and opportunities, and Manion, apostle of action, admirably suits his scheme of progress. Manion's feet may still be planted upon Main Street, but his mental machinery is located some distance above sea-level. He is up there where the high winds blow, and he knows that John Bull is getting a new suit of clothes; no amount of whistling will stop a cyclone like that.

Slipping stones have caused earthquakes within ancient institutions; rigor mortis has set in with many a noble tradition; things are not like they used to be, and never will be again. Leaving out the other nations largely, the British Empire has been built out of transportation and trade. Within trade are included raw materials and finished products; transportation has constituted the great bridge between the two. England has been hit at both ends; she lost markets during the World War, affecting her finished goods; she has had raw materials cut down sharply by disturbed political and social conditions in far-off lands. England is living on capital stored up in prosperous years; how long that can last no man knows. Canada, the leading Dominion, however, has risen in the firmament of nations. Mr. Guthrie has called Canada the keystone in the British arch, and Mr. Bennett set forth Canada's importance at the Imperial Conference. Manion realizes it fully, and since Canada stands to gain tremendously by the renovation of the economic structure, that means more work for the Department of Railways and Canals.

Paraphrasing the ditty "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way!" Manion declared in a speech early last fall at Toronto during the Canadian National Exhibition:

"The Conservative party is sitting on top of the world, such as the world is today."

WHEN Manion's political pin-feathers were sprouting, he was marching under the free-trade banner of the Liberals, but he saw a great light, and with all the fervor of a Jason in search of the Golden Fleece he later championed the cause of the high-tariff protectionists. Opportunity and man met when the Conservative band-wagon rolled along through the rippling waters of unemployment and the business recession of last year.

Manion has seconded the declaration of Premier Bennett that the vital St. Lawrence-Great Lakes waterway improvement will undoubtedly be consummated during their incumbencies. By virtue of his position and his ability Manion will represent the Canadian Government in its negotiations with the Government of the United States, and will occupy similar place as the work goes on.

The St. Lawrence project is one of two red hot stoves upon which President Hoover alternately sits, the other being the stove of economic dislocation. The Republican administration at Washington is devising Dunning Budgets of its own on which to float and ride out the storm, but there are few gamblers who would give odds on Republican success under the Hoover banner in the election of 1932. The solidly Democratic South has felt the bread basket pinch, and Middle Western leaders may be said to have served an ultimatum on Mr. Hoover that he might as well pack his grip unless he puts the St. Lawrence waterway through. So Mr. Hoover, the President, and Mr. Hoover, the eminent engineer, are doing about. Secretary of War Patrick J. Hurley, Minister Hanford MacNider, who has been cooling his heels at the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa, and Representative Fred A. Britten, of Chicago, constitute important parts of the Hoover waterway kite.

The promising Churchill inland port development on Hudson Bay comes under the direction of the Minister of Railways and Canals, in collaboration with the Minister of Mines and Natural Resources of the Province of Manitoba, and in cost and importance this probably ranks second on the Government's list, since it will provide not only for a big sub-Arctic tourist business but a cheap way out for Western Canada wheat. Indeed, it is conceivable that should the St. Lawrence project for any reason be blocked Canada-American interests might unite to connect the Great Lakes and the headwaters of the Mississippi with Hudson Bay, a project which would be less of an engineering task, considering the element of labor-saving machinery, than China's Great Wall.

Upon what meat, the reader may well ask, does this budding "Caesar" feed? What trick of fate or what natural elements transformed a small town doctor, a clever and successful master of scalpel and pharmacopeia, into a wizard of the political arena?

Some biographical treatment may help. Robert James Manion was born at Pembroke, Ontario, November 19, 1881, the son of Patrick J. Manion, hotel proprietor and identified with the Ontario Irish Grits, and Mary O'Brien, who was the silent spirit behind a happy home life. In a few years his parents removed to Fort William, and at 14 he was attending high school, and playing on the lacrosse and hockey teams. Two years later he was laying by for college—working on a newspaper, running errands, writing, soliciting advertising. He soon entered Trinity College at Toronto, and in 1904, at 25, he won a gold medal for excellence in scholarship. Determined to cast his lot with those crusading knights of the black case, he studied medicine and surgery in Edinburgh and Glasgow; learned the names of the more than 100 bones of the human skeleton, and earned the right to affix professional letters and characters after his name. Having served his internship and established himself as a promising young physician, in 1906 he married Miss Yvonne Desaulniers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Desaulniers, of Ottawa, member of a family of scholars and politicians, whose grandfather had served in Parliament with Sir John A. Macdonald. He soon took rank with the leading members of the profession who were his elders, and prospered while dispensing the usual amount of charity work which all doctors know.

[Continued on page 50]

MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY

*EVERY DAY a
different dessert
with these golden peaches
on your pantry shelf!*

And you know what a help that can be—with all the desserts you have to plan!

Start with a delicious peach pie or cobbler, for instance—a peach shortcake next—then gelatine with sliced peaches, sliced peach brown betty, then peaches and cream—and to top it off, a peach upside down cake if you feel like preparing something special.

And *that's* just by way of suggestion! It doesn't even begin to tell the story of the variety, goodness and quick convenience DEL MONTE Peaches always bring to your table. Especially if you buy them *Sliced*. In every can you'll find luscious, mellow fruit! The same quality and flavor you enjoy in DEL MONTE Peach Halves—simply sliced, all ready for instant use.

Why not keep a supply of DEL MONTE Peaches (both Sliced and Halves) *always* on hand? You'll be surprised how they'll help you in planning desserts! Especially if you have the DEL MONTE Fruit Book and the DEL MONTE Peach recipe book in your kitchen file! May we send them—and 7 other handy books and folders—free of charge? Simply address Dept. 378, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco.

DEL MONTE Peaches come in four sizes of cans. In the large No. 2½ can (30 oz., net weight fruit and syrup) you can purchase three different sizes of fruit—Banquet Halves (colossal fruit), Melba Halves (extra-large fruit) and Regular Halves (large fruit). The number of pieces in the can of course varies according to the size of fruit. The No. 2 can (20 oz.), No. 1 can (16 oz.) and Buffet can contain slightly smaller fruit, graded to fit the container. But regardless of size or number of pieces, you're always sure of fully tree-ripened fruit, the high quality and delicious flavor this label guarantees.



Be sure
you get

DEL MONTE *Peaches*



Full net weight in every DEL MONTE can. One quality—and only one quality—no matter where you buy.

I gave her this complexion secret 2100 feet up in the air



NOT long ago I had my very first airplane ride—in a Sikorsky Amphibian.

There were eight of us in the cabin—all strangers.

But flying is still so new that it wasn't long before we were all talking to one another like friends embarked on a great adventure. And I talked quite a lot (shouted, I *should* say, the two motors being as noisy as they were!) to the girl who sat across the narrow aisle from me.

Just before we were ready to land, we exchanged cards and I was terribly surprised and pleased to discover that she knew who I was. She said, "Oh, Miss Chase, please let me talk to you a minute after we're away from all this noise. I need your advice so badly about my complexion."

After we'd landed and were on our way in from the airport, she told me more. She'd had quite a persistent case of acne for over a year. I asked her what she had done for it and she said, "Oh, Miss Chase, I've tried everything." I found that her "everything" was all kinds of lotions and ointments and treatments—in fact, everything but the one thing she needed.

So I told her that the only care a



normally healthy skin needs is thorough cleansing with such a gentle, mild soap as Calay. And, that, for any chronic condition such as hers, the only person qualified to give her advice was a dermatologist—a registered physician who has specialized in the care and treatment of the skin.

This girl was so grateful for my advice that I arranged an appointment for her with one of the dermatologists whom I had consulted when I first started writing these complexion articles.

I had a note from the girl a few days ago, saying that her complexion had cleared up wonderfully from the medical treatment. And—that, on the advice of her doctor, the only care she was now giving her skin was the gentle, fragrant

Calay care we've all come to know and to feel so enthusiastic about.

So be *sure* you remember these two things. First, that the only care a healthy, normal complexion needs is constant and thorough cleansing with a gentle, mild soap. And, second, that Calay has been tested and approved by 73 of the most eminent dermatologists practicing today, as a soap gentle and mild enough for even the most delicate complexions.

Helen Chase

Calay has been tested and approved by 73 eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval.

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap, which is called Calay in Canada. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

Dr. Allen Pusey
M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Calay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet of advice from 73 eminent dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Department YHH-21, 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.



"I warn you not to fall in love with my daughter. If you do you will find that I am not dead! Now go, and may le bon Dieu deal with you as you do with me and my child."

The Great Heart

By William Merriam Rouse

Illustrated by R. G. Herbert

WE KNEW, monsieur, that something unusual was about to happen when old Philemon Lamarre sent for Remi Noel and me, Joseph Tremblay, to go to the *manoir*. He had us brought into the chamber where he lay with his great beard spreading over his chest and an arm that had cracked more than one man's ribs hanging to the floor. The *proprietaire* was sick; and for the first time in a life of many years.

Even then I could feel somewhat with that bear of a man, rough as he was, for I had gone well past middle age and my legs were not all that the legs of a woodsman should be. I also in time would come to this; to lie in bed in the daytime, with my *bottes sauvages* empty on the floor beside me and the sun bright on snow and forest. At these times it is necessary to remember that one is a man.

But that Remi! He was in his twenties and he could shake hands with death and laugh, I assure you! Of a stature to make a well grown man seem small he was, nevertheless, very quick on his feet. The *ceinture flechee* that had belonged to his grandfather was wound around the waist of his jacket and over one shoulder; and the bright red and yellow colors made that room more cheerful. Or perhaps it was the light in the gray eyes of Remi; for he was a man of exceeding good nature.

There we stood by the bed, waiting, while old Philemon looked us over. He had little eyes, like a bear, and they twinkled with cunning; I think he could see through the stone walls of his own house, that man. Remi smiled but I, as was befitting the dignity of a *voyageur* of my age, remained grave. With this man on the bed I had come into the country of the Riviere au Dore, which is beyond Lac St. Jean, and I had served him well.

"Noel!" The *proprietaire* raised himself higher on

the pillows and it was plain that he was very weak. "Of the men I have known in a long and fairly wicked life you are as good as any. I think you are the best. Therefore I am sending you down to the St. Lawrence, to bring my daughter from the convent at Ange Gardien on the Cote de Beupre."

Old Philemon paused and stared at the ceiling for a moment before he went on.

"Ariane would not have finished with her education until spring, but I am about to die. She is the centre of my heart and I must see her once more. I trust you and Joseph Tremblay, and I do not trust many men. I am sending you, Remi, for strength and courage, and Tremblay for wisdom. Although heaven knows he has enough courage. Between here and the railroad at Lac St. Jean you may have trouble. Take the best dog team."

For the second time the old man rested. Then suddenly he lifted that hanging arm and pointed, and his voice was a feeble roar.

"I warn you not to fall in love with my daughter. If you do you will find that I am not dead! Now go, and may le bon Dieu deal with you as you do with me and my child!"

The big frame of M. Lamarre settled down among the pillows and he breathed hard, so that his beard rose and fell on his chest.

"Oui, monsieur," said Remi, quietly. "I will bring her."

"And I also," I told him.

He heard, and nodded; but he had said all he had

to say. We went softly out of the chamber, and out of doors among the clutter of houses and barns where Philemon Lamarre had made for himself a *seigneurie* in the wilderness. It was nearer to the ancient times than anything I have ever seen, monsieur; a veritable little domain. For although Lamarre was of no more than ordinary people he knew the bush and he had great force. Mlle. Ariane was the one tenderness of his life.

"Eh bien!" said Remi, with a shrug. "It will be a change from bossing a gang of choppers but I cannot say I shall enjoy riding in a train where there is no air, nor nursing a girl who will no doubt shiver from the time we leave Lac St. Jean until we arrive here."

"You will enjoy it, my friend," I said. "I have been told that she has grown up to be beautiful. Old Joseph Tremblay, who has little interest in girls, is the one to be pitied."

"Bah!" Remi grinned in spite of himself. "Do you think I am in danger of falling in love with a pale wisp of a girl who probably cannot put on her own shoes? The old man need not have warned me. They say she has been there six years, living indoors and reading books!"

"All things are according to the will of heaven," I said. "It is better to see to the dogs, and our rifles and packs, than to worry about mademoiselle."

"That is sense," replied Remi, "although we shall not have much use for rifles unless the wolves bother us."

"There is," I reminded him, "the matter of Louis Barquette, who is no friend to you and an open enemy of M. Lamarre since you were made foreman in his place. Moreover, I have heard that the gang of Georges le Couteau had robbed more than one cache of furs this winter, and plundered more than one line of traps."



Here was no girl to be pampered and carried on a dog sled. The air of *beau Canada* had made her cheeks like our roses of the north; her eyes were dark blue jewels and her hair was perfectly black.

Remi laughed like a man very sure of himself.

"As for Barquette, I have fought him once and he will not try it again. A robber of traps is a sneak. I do not fear le Couteau. What, I ask you, would he get by robbing us? Our money will not be worth a fight!"

"Men are moved otherwise than by money," I said; but Remi was already busy looking over the five dogs we were to take so that mademoiselle could ride back from Roberval, which is the end of the railroad at Lac St Jean.

THE long trip to Quebec and out along the Cote de Beaupre to Ange Gardien was no great pleasure to Remi Noel. Me, I am like a seasoned oak plank. I can breathe in a *chantier* where a hundred men and dogs have lived, when it is thick with the smoke of good *tabac Canadien*. But Remi opened a window of the car for smoking. He closed it again when those others who were traveling raised their voices like a wolf pack. As he wanted to smoke himself he could not go back with the women and children. Thus it was necessary for him to endure. And I assure you, monsieur, that one could have cut that air and packed it away in cakes, as we do with ice.

At the convent the mother superior received us with sympathy when we told her our errand; and we waited a few minutes in the *bibliothèque* while mademoiselle made ready to go. This was a great room of many books, with the heads of men who were no doubt done in plaster and set on the cases. Remi, who had been to school and who did not speak the *patois* of the bush except when he felt like it, knew who these men were. He said they were those who wrote the books.

We were sitting bareheaded, naturally, with our *casquettes* in our hands, when Mlle. Lamarre came into the room. I did not know it until I saw Remi spring to his feet. He was trembling like a man taken by weakness. Then I looked. Monsieur, I have never seen so much life in a woman as there was in Arian Lamarre. It was in her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, all the movements of her body. And her smile was the sunrise itself.

Here was no girl to be pampered and carried on a dog sled. The air of *beau Canada* had made her cheeks like our roses of the north; her eyes were dark blue jewels and her hair was perfectly black. It is the type of *Canadienne*. I saw the mother superior smile as she looked from Mlle. Ariane to Remi, and back again. She had learned to read men, that woman, and she knew him in five minutes as well as old Philemon did after five years.

Remi spoke of M. Lamarre in a voice which was not altogether steady. Mademoiselle had been in a degree prepared for the news before she saw us. A shadow filled her eyes. She sat down with the smile wiped from her face, and looked long at the floor. I knew then that she loved that old whiskered bear of the Riviere au Dore, and my respect for him increased. To have earned the love of this girl was a great deal.

"*Alors!*" she said, at last. "My father will live until I get there, that I know. If the dark angel interferes with his dying I shall have pity for the dark angel. Let us go at once, *Messieurs!* Except for a little handbag my things can be sent later."

It was thus that we left the convent and thus that we arrived at Roberval, the end of the railroad. Me, I was left alone in the car for smoking. Remi found that he could live without his pipe and only once in all of that long trip did he come to smoke with me. Then he drew the good *tabac* into his lungs as a very thirsty man drinks. He did not say much. To me he did not need to say anything; and I was worried. I remembered the warning of Philemon Lamarre.

So far all had gone well except for this foolishness between Remi and Mlle. Ariane. If I had been in charge I should have ordered Remi into the car for smoking and myself sat with the daughter of Philemon Lamarre. But it was Remi Noel who was boss of this drive. I do not hold with the putting of young men in authority except in great undertakings where the impossible is to be accomplished. Wisdom is of age and experience.

AT ROBERVAL came the first shadow of trouble. It was like a little cloud that lies along the mountains and does nothing for a time. But it was

there. Louis Barquette was at the railroad station and he saw us when we descended from the train. Afterward we knew that he had been watching. It was night, for the journey from Quebec takes all of a day, but Barquette came forward peering in the lights of the train and he followed us when we went to the Hotel du Nord.

Now this Barquette was a man of appearance; well built and good looking. He had a little black moustache of which he was very proud and he carried himself with something of an air. I think old Philemon liked him in the beginning, until he found out that Louis was not wholly worthy of trust. So it is with men; in time what is in them comes out. As soon as M. Lamarre put Remi Noel in his place Barquette wanted revenge.

At the Hotel du Nord we provided mademoiselle and ourselves with rooms and then Remi and I, knowing that a woman must have time to make herself beautiful before she appears in the presence of strangers, went into the bar to drink a glass of ale. At once Barquette came in. He pretended to be surprised at seeing us. He approached with a smile.

"*Bon soir!*" he exclaimed. "I am glad to see you, my friends! It is a pleasure!"

Now I, for my part, would have looked him in the eye and told him that I preferred to drink alone but Remi had two faults—he was young and he was too exceedingly good natured. In return for a pleasant word or a smile he would wag like a puppy, and he could not remember an injury overnight.

"*Bon soir!*" he replied, quite willing to forget that he had fought Barquette. "Will you have *un petit coup* with us Louis? But it must not take long for we await Mlle. Lamarre to go to supper."

"Ah!" said Barquette, as he stood up to the bar shoulder to shoulder with us. "I supposed she was in the convent at Ange Gardien."

Here was a lie, for he had seen us at the railroad station, but I said nothing. Had not Philemon directed that Remi was to lead?

"Yes, truly!" Remi had seemed to be filled with a joy greater than one glass of ale could give him, but now he became grave. "She was, but M. Lamarre is very ill and he sent us to bring her home."

"It is sad." Barquette turned his glass around and around upon the bar, thinking. "I was about to go

to him, seeking work. I am a good man with the axe, and I need money. I have had bad luck since I was at Riviere au Dore. Do you think he would give me work?"

Now, monsieur, I will help any man who needs help, me. But not a man with hatred and treachery written in the glance of his eye. However, that young blessed fool of a Remi became at once disturbed; Louis Barbette was his brother!

"I will speak a word for you, my friend!" he cried. "I know that you are a man of intelligence, as well as a good chopper. Surely M. Lamarre will forget whatever it was that he had against you!"

"Merci!" said Barbette. "I should have gone to see him before this but men are not traveling alone in the bush just now. Georges le Couteau and his gang are getting bolder. They will be driven out, or killed, sooner or later, but now they are very much to be feared. Would it be possible for me to travel with you?"

Even Remi hesitated at this; and I shoved my elbow into his ribs. It was madness and I was very angry, but it did me no good to object. Remi Noel was overcome by sympathy.

"Yes," he said, at last. "Come with us. You will be another rifle in case of trouble. We start early tomorrow morning in order to make the trip in two days."

"Again, my thanks!" There was triumph in the voice of Barbette. "I shall be ready."

With that Remi remembered mademoiselle and nothing could have held him at the bar. We found her waiting, sparkling in spite of that long trip by train, and we three went into the *salle a manger*. As one might have expected these two young people found much to laugh at which did not seem to me to be of great humor. However, the soup was good and the *pate a la viande* was without equal. But the food was half spoiled for me because Louis Barbette watched us from a table at the other side of the room. I would have been willing to bet a

year's wages, then, that there was some evil plan in his mind.

AT DAWN we were up. Half an hour later we had eaten and the dogs were prancing in harness. This five dog team was one of great excellence. All of them were big and strong and the leader, Bijou, was a veritable monster. The old one had sent his best for Mlle. Ariane.

"Now if you will be seated, Mademoiselle," said Remi, when we were all ready and Barbette had appeared, "we will march."

"Be seated?" she echoed. "Am I, then, to remain behind?"

"But no! Be seated on the sled, if you please."

"Do I seem ill to you? Am I a child? Get me some snowshoes! I am not going to ride unless I find that I am holding you back. Am I the daughter of Philemon Lamarre, or not?"

Remi looked *tres imbecile*, and then he laughed. There was a vast admiration written upon his face. "I am wrong, mademoiselle!" he cried. "Naturally I should have remembered that you are the daughter of Philemon Lamarre!"

There were twinkles like little stars in her eyes as he went to buy a pair of snowshoes for her and I noted that Barbette, who had known her as a child, was gazing like a hungry wolf.

We started very soon and, once clear of Roberval, we took one of the woodroads that led north into the bush. This road was, naturally, wide enough so that we could walk two by two. Barbette and I marched behind the sled, which carried our packs and rifles, and I drove the dogs. Mademoiselle and Remi came behind us and I noticed every time I looked back that they found many things to say to each other. I do not think they knew that they were marching on snowshoes. It was very bad. If we came through safely to the *maison* Lamarre there would be another trouble to meet. The warning of old Philemon had been plain.

The day went on with smoothness. It was not too cold for comfort and we could march light because of the dogs. Louis Barbette did not have a great deal to say to me, for he knew as well as though I had told him that I was no friend. However, he was polite, and that is much. I began to think that perhaps I had in a measure wronged this man.

We ate, and after one smoke took the trail again. Mademoiselle did not hold us back at all; I was astonished at her endurance. But then, as she had said, she was the daughter of Philemon Lamarre. At this time I noticed a certain thing, and I could not then understand it. As the afternoon passed and it came near time to make camp for the night Louis Barbette became very restless. He had been marching steadily, with his eyes on the trail. Now he began to look around; to sweep the bush with his glance. At times his little moustache moved as though he were biting his lips. I did not like this.

Remi called the halt, in a spot where there was wood and a little stream under the snow. We had brought a silk tent for Mlle. Ariane. He began to get this ready to set up.

"If you will get some boughs for our beds, Louis," he said, "Tremblay will find dry wood for a fire and I will get water."

"What," demanded mademoiselle, "do you expect me to do?"

Remi smiled at her.

"Merely to be beautiful," he said.

I knew then that it was hopeless and I assure you, monsieur, that my heart was sad. I thought much of Remi Noel, as though he had been my own son. Ah well! Mlle. Lamarre went to work opening the packs as the rest of us scattered. It was a matter of fifteen minutes before Remi and I came back but Barbette did not appear for a time longer. When he did come it seemed to me that he must have found a bottle of *whiskey blanc* in the bush, for all his nervousness was gone. He was full of joy because of something. [Continued on page 40]



He turned constantly. When they mounted his back he roared and threw them over his head. When they came within reach of his hands they went down with a thud. One man he hugged until his ribs cracked.

His King's Voice

By Elizabeth Gotto

ERIC JEFFERSON was the last man in from his round. There was a strained look on his thin dark face as he unharnessed his team in the stables of The Trimmingham Cartage Company in Montreal, and fed the tired horses on the fourth Saturday night of March, 1914.

"Shall I do this again?" he wondered dully.

A biting wind answered. "Trucks!" it shrieked in menacing swirls.

Eric started. Deathly pale, he finished his task, passed the stolid watchman waiting to be relieved, and crossed the yard into the office where the manager, short and shrewd-looking, in a natty grey suit, sat chatting with his son.

"That you, Jefferson?" Mr. Braithby fumbled for an envelope. "Your wages, ah, yes, and this is—a week's extra pay—in lieu of notice. Possibly you have heard—that your services won't be required after today."

So the rumour had been true! Jefferson trembled as he signed the pay-sheet for eighteen dollars, twice. Young Braithby lit a cigarette while the father continued, "We have three motor trucks coming Monday to do the work of the ten teams, and are only keeping on the three men who have been longest in our employ. We can give you a recommendation."

"Thanks, but if—if—there is no other opening—?"

"Oh, of course, that isn't our affair. We must progress. Advancement, Jefferson, the wonders of science—"

"Damn advancement!" The man's pent-up feelings broke like a volcano. "To hell with all your scientific ideas that ruin working men!"

"Tut, tut! There are other occupations—"

"Thick as flies in an ice-house, in this city in winter! Curse your discoveries!" Thrusting the envelope into his pocket he strode out.

The manager gave a sigh of relief. "That's over, son. A queer chap—stubborn-minded but affectionate—you should see him with the horses and old Mike Murphy; weak-willed when things go wrong, but immovable in a point of honor. He'll be all right. He really is capable of more remunerative work. Why he has stayed on here, I can't imagine."

"Perhaps he was afraid to cut himself loose from this small certainty. He looked terribly upset, Dad. Couldn't you have kept him?"

"Not without keeping the others."

"They're younger. Jefferson must be thirty-five—a man with ties."

"So much the better. They will anchor him down."

It was of his ties that the carter was thinking as he hurried to his dingy flat. Mrs. Murphy, a scrawny, kindly, grey-haired neighbor with one tooth, met him at the door, her finger on her lip. He tip-toed to the bedroom and gazed in dumb despair at his young wife lying with closed eyes, in the last grip of galloping consumption, then at the year-old child sleeping in its cot.

The man's pallor alarmed Mrs. Murphy. She drew near. "Trouble at the stables?" she ventured. "They—they've sacked you?" He nodded.

"A thousand beastly shames!" she cried, forgetting caution. "Mike told me he thought it was coming."

Illustrated by

Herbert Rudeen



"Thank God," says I, "that you're a night watchman, for as long as this wicked world goes on a night watchman will always be needed." Now chirp up, Jeffy. Eat your supper. I'll be back soon."

But the man stole to his wife's bed-side and knelt down. "Claire," he breathed. She opened her starry blue eyes and smiled.

"Easier, darling?"

"Oh, yes. Is it true, dear, what Mrs. Murphy was saying—?" His shaking hand on hers told the answer.

"Don't mind, Eric. You'll get something better. Think of your early experience as a seaman, think of all the other things you tried—"

"And tossed up, to go searching for—for you—"

"I'm glad you did. We've been happy, dear."

"I wish—I could have given you more, sweetheart."

"You've given me everything, and now—you're going to be brave and strong—for Julius. He will need you—more and more—as the years go on—"

Her voice broke. She lapsed into unconsciousness and passed away in the morning.

Eric, frenzied with grief, tore out, and when he staggered home at night he was the worse for drink.

Mrs. Murphy collared him roughly. "You fool!" Then tears streaming down her homely face, "Oh, you poor, poor fellow, who's going to keep you straight now?" She put him to bed, consoling and scolding by turns, and praying for a new interest for him.

There was a tap at the door on Monday morning. With the baby in her arms, the woman answered the summons.

Young Braithby stood at the threshold. "Mrs. Murphy? Mike told me—about Jefferson. I—I'm dreadfully sorry. When he feels like work. I've got a dandy position—"

"Sit down, sir." She bustled into the bedroom. "Jeffy! It's the young boss, with a cushy job for you."

"Tell him to keep it in his trucks!"

Apologetic the woman returned. "He's not himself, Mr. Ronald. I'll send word by Mike if he changes his mind. He might be glad of it after the funeral."

At the funeral, fellow-workmen were the only mourners. The service over, Canon Lightall, a benign-looking clergyman, accompanied Jefferson to his flat, but as the man retired to the bedroom he turned to Mrs. Murphy. "No relatives?"

"No, sir."

"Sad indeed. What about the baby?"

"Sure, Mike and me will look after it. 'Tisn't the baby that's troubling me, sir, it's the father. He's going to pot—lost his job too last week over those devilish trucks."

"That so? Send him along to the Vestry tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. I'll get work for him somewhere."

The Canon went away, but the woman looked dubious. "Getting it and keeping it aren't the same thing."

Her fears were justified. The man lost the position within the week, sobered up when Mrs. Murphy lectured him, went back to the Canon penitent, tried again, with the same result. As the weeks passed, and he grew shabbier and more unsteady, he avoided calling to see the baby.

He was leaning over a bottle one sultry night in June when the woman burst in on him. "You old toper! A fine father you are, soaking yourself in whiskey!"

"It—it helps me to forget," he mumbled.

"'Tisn't forgetting you should be, it's remembering! Remembering your saint of a wife and that poor lamb she left. She told me she knew you'd be a wonderful help to him, a good example always—" The man pushed the bottle away, his dark eyes glistening. "I wonder what she'd say if she saw you now—too drunk to move!"

"Don't!" he begged.

The woman was relentless. "And if she knew her baby was sick—"

"What?" He sat up on the instant.

"Sick, I said. Pining to a shadow in this dirty slum. It's country air he needs, and

"Joe," screamed Mrs. Watkins, "turn it off quick! Don't you see he's getting back his memory?"

more nourishment than the likes of us poor Murphys can get for him."

"My God—"

"That's right! Say your prayers. Here, take this—" She poured out some strong coffee she had brought. "Now go to bed, sleep it off, and then come around to see your baby."

As she slipped away, she brushed a tear from her wrinkled cheek. "If that can't keep him on the right track, nothing will."

IT WAS indeed with the baby's peaked face before him that Eric Jefferson made his way to St. Monica's Church the next morning and knocked at the Vestry door.

"Come in!"

Hesitatingly he entered the small crowded room, and glanced quickly around. Seven men were seated on a bench, five others on chairs, while one, a well-dressed, familiar-looking young man, was standing at the Canon's desk. The clergyman looked up, but at sight of the newcomer his face set in sad, stern lines. "I can offer you nothing more!"

"One more chance, Canon, please—"

"It would be useless. You are simply imposing on the kindness of those who make the positions possible, make them purposely in fact—"

Jefferson's arms outstretched in pitiful entreaty. "Please, Canon—"

The waiting men shuffled. The young one at the desk paled. "Try him once more, Canon," he urged in low tone. "He won't take anything from Dad or me."

"You wouldn't advise that if you knew the record, Ronald. Well—" An inspiration came to him. He looked up and addressed Jefferson. "I'll turn your case over to these thirteen men. They will decide." From the employment file at his right he drew out a card. "Listen—

Metropolitan Coal Co.	Discharged	Insobriety
United Pure Milk Co.	"	"
Montreal Lumber Co.	"	"
Southern Electric Co.	"	"
Canada Pressed Brick Co.	"	"
Standard Biscuit Co.	"	"
Regent Oil Cloth Co.	"	"

Balancing the card in his hand the Canon eyed the commandeered judges. "Guilty or not guilty?"

The twelve men who were seated, hesitated. The one at the desk spoke again. "We don't know what he's up against, Canon."

"God forgive me—I had forgotten—" The Canon's eyes sought a small framed motto near his ink-stand:

*"Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we would love the sinner,
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's failings
With more kindly charity."*

"Unto seventy times seven," he thought. Aloud he spoke. "My brethren, one of your number states that we have not heard the other side. Before judging, therefore, I would ask you to listen to these lines."

With slow emphasis he read the verse, then asked, "Your—verdict?"

As one man they answered, "Not guilty, Canon!" "Thank you." He turned to Jefferson. "Sit down." The men on the bench pushed up to make room for him while the Canon resumed his work.

"What was it for you, Ronald? Oh, a copy of your birth certificate for that insurance company. Here—" The young fellow took it and slipped behind the bench to reach the door unnoticed, but Jefferson turned and caught his hand. "I'll never forget this, Mr. Ronald."

The clergyman worked fast. Soon he and Eric were alone. "Come up here, Jefferson. There, sit down. Why can't you fight this trouble?"

"My lodestar is gone, Canon."

"She can still be your light. Do what she would wish. Stick to your work—"

"Work! Nothing but new things! I hate them all! They come in trucks, they go in trucks—whisky drowns the scene—but *that's* over." His shoulders squared. "I promised Mrs. Murphy this morning."

"Good! Now if you would try to conquer this obsession, you would be well started on the road to victory. Think of all the good that discoveries have



*Out he rushed
and carried him
to the trench.*

done, and are doing. They may help you some day. As for losing your position over it, why, every place you've had since has been better. You ought to be glad of the increased pay for that little lad of yours. How is he?"

The man's face twitched. "Weak, sir. Losing—weight—"

"We'll get him up to the Mountains at once!"

"Mrs. Murphy'll take him—as soon as I can get some wages."

"Get him away today!" The Canon drew four emergency five dollar bills from his pocket and pressed them into the man's hand. "Not a word. Just a little gift for the child. Now, let's see—" He looked over some papers. "Here's a vacancy in The Davis Bay Knitting Company. They will pay thirty a week for a reliable clerk. You could do it, Jefferson, if you are in earnest about your resolution."

"Don't fear, sir." The man's voice was determined. "I've sworn off."

"May God help you!" The Canon watched him depart, head up. "The heaven of love is working," he reflected. "Now if something can only remove his antipathy to new things, his spirit will be free; he will rise to vast heights." As the clergyman closed his desk, he asked himself, "I wonder what that something will be?"

Nobody on that sunny summer day could have foretold the answer.

AUGUST came. Eric Jefferson threw up his position in the knitting company, enlisted, and took the train up to St. Sauveur des Monts to bid farewell to Julius. The child laughed at the strange uniform with its shining buttons, but Mrs. Murphy wept. "You'll be alone—"

"No, Mr. Ronald has joined up too, and Canon Lightall is our Chaplain."

"But they won't be able to watch you."

"There is no need." With reverent touch he showed her his wife's picture and the boy's. "These will see me through."

In the Army Jefferson's early life with its varied occupations gave him a resourcefulness that singled him out. He was made Corporal the day young Braithby was raised to Sergeant.

A big battle dawned. Jefferson won his objective. As he was digging his last man into safety, he noticed Ronald had dropped. The memorable day in the Vestry rose before him.

"I must save him—" Out he rushed and carried him to the trench. The sight of others in like need drove him out again. Back and fourth he went, apparently indifferent to danger.

The old Colonel missed nothing. "He'll be rewarded for this," he muttered. "My God, that one's caught him—" He sprang to his aid.

In an English hospital Jefferson recovered. The doctor tossed him a paper one evening. "Congratulations! You've been mentioned in despatches!" He read and rejoiced. A medal! "When will it come?" he wondered. It didn't come. Instead, while he was convalescent, there came a royal order to attend Buckingham Palace for the presentation.

He went, taking his place in the long line of heroes. The King pinned the medal on and shook hands. "Your country is grateful—I thank you," he said.

Jefferson thrilled at the vibrant voice. "The King, my King, has spoken to me! How proud Julius will be of this—when he's older," he thought. He went back to the fighting line with renewed zeal.

A bitter night. A wounded comrade shivering. Jefferson spread his coat over him just as a bomb was exploding. It wrecked Eric mentally, so, unidentified, he was picked up and sent to a London nursing-home.

He wanted Claire. For weeks he watched for her, child-like, then stole out one day, wandered across the country to a small manufacturing town on the coast, made his way to the shore, and sat down on the quay.

There an old fisherman found him, in hospital garb, a desolate look in his dark eyes. "Here's where I do my bit," he decided, and laid a gentle hand on Jefferson's arm. "Lost your bearings, lad? Come with me." He led him to his cabin. "You're welcome to stay here." Jefferson stayed. The quiet of the cabin rested him. He roamed the beach for hours, but always returned at dusk.

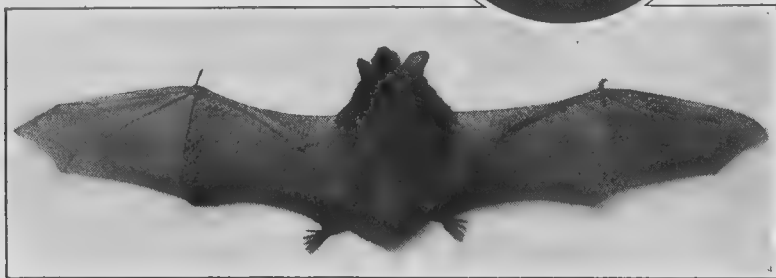
The fisherman pondered the case. "Work might help." He took him to a [Continued on page 36]

Western Prairie Bats

By H. H. Pittman

BATS are the least understood of our prairie animals, and there are probably still many people who would be uncertain whether to place them among the mammals or the birds, if questioned upon this point. This is not at all surprising, for they are not plentiful on the open plains and all are more or less nocturnal and only to be seen under unfavorable conditions. Some strange ideas and superstitions persist about them, for it is customary to cloak a want of knowledge with a garment of fiction and popular imagination has always run wild about the bats!

Although the food supply is ample on the prairie, bats are not abundant, partly, perhaps, because of the lack of suitable resting accommodation. Most of the Western species like to spend the hours of daylight concealed in hollow trees, crevices in old buildings or



Upper: Lower jaw of little brown bat. Lower: Little brown bat.

in caves, and such places are naturally scarce. On the edge of the bush and where neglected buildings stand, these little animals are more numerous. It is very probable that an increase in the human population of the prairie will bring an increase in the bat population, for this will mean more buildings and the planting of trees. This is much to be desired, because all Canadian bats are insectivorous and consequently beneficial.

The smallest prairie species is Say's Bat, and there are five others which I will give in the order of size as measured by wing-spread. These are the little brown bat, the silver-haired, the red bat, the great brown, and lastly, the hoary bat, with a spread of nearly sixteen inches. The little brown bats are the commonest species in the districts I know best, and fly from early dusk until after dark. In the months when the familiar noctuid moths are so abundant these small bats can be seen at night around windows and electric lights half through the night, while the food supply lasts. I know of a place in South-eastern Saskatchewan where dozens may be seen in the air at once and at one log-house there are sometimes almost as many inside as out when the windows are left open in the evenings.

The silver-haired bats are not so numerous, and the other kinds seem rather uncommon. As there is great difficulty in identifying bats in flight, however, it is perhaps more accurate to say that in some places the small bats are quite common and the larger ones are generally only seen singly. Another fact to take into consideration is that the small bats, seeking shelter in holes and crevices in buildings, are more easily observed, while the larger ones, some of which roost by day in the trees and bushes, hunt more in the open, away from houses, and are not so readily seen.

ALL bats are warm-blooded animals, suckling their young exactly the same as cats or dogs. The really remarkable thing is that they do not construct nests, but carry their young about with them until, in some cases at least, the weight exceeds that of the adult parent! Naturally we would expect the average number at birth to be one, and with most species this is probably the case, but our red and hoary bats produce from two to four at a time! The new arrivals are dropped into the interfemoral pouch and from there somehow get to the teats, to which they seem to cling all the time.

It is interesting to watch the little brown bats feeding in captivity. Grasping a large moth in their mouths, they bite it quickly several times to disable it, and then place it in the interfemoral pouch so that a fresh hold can be taken. It is then picked up by the head and eaten head-first, the wings being sheared off as it is swallowed. I have never been able to decide if the pouch is used in this way during flight or not, but it seems unlikely. These bats make attractive little pets, and readily feed from the hands of persons they become accustomed to.

Our prairie bats are really pretty when handled, although this group of mammals contains some surprisingly ugly species. Probably no warm-blooded creatures have been so misunderstood, or have awakened such wide-spread fear and aversion. Medieval artists used them as emblems of evil, and this practice continued for a very long time. In Durer's "Knight, Death and Satan," the face of the Devil suggests one of the bats, and no picture of a witch or sorcerer was considered complete without at least one in it.

Bats enjoy the distinction of being the only flying mammals in the world! The so-called flying squirrels, lemurs and phalangers are really only parachutists,

but the bats are capable of true bird-like flight, and even excel some of the birds in this art. It is impossible to watch these tiny creatures darting, wheeling and turning in bewildering fashion without admiring their skill. Like the birds, they migrate, going south at the approach of cold weather and returning in May. I have no evidence to back such a suggestion, but am inclined to believe that some of the smaller bats occasionally hibernate up here.

Most nocturnal creatures have relatively large eyes, enabling them to move around in the dusk or dark, to find food and avoid enemies. The eyes of our bats, however, are small, and this has led to the suggestion that they possess a sixth sense. Perhaps they do, but at present we must content ourselves with the knowledge that their senses are extremely well developed. It has been proved that blind bats can fly about freely and avoid numerous obstacles deliberately placed in their way, so it is obvious that they are not dependent upon the sense of sight to the extent that most nocturnal hunters are.

As a matter of fact bats are a mass of highly sensitive nerves. Even the delicate wing-membranes have numerous sensitive hairs connected with nerves, and the same is true of the muzzle and ears. The ears themselves are well developed, and each has that little extra flap called a tragus which, no doubt, is an extra aid to the senses, although in what way we are not quite sure.

The digestion of most small animals is rapid. They eat, their food is quickly digested, and they are hungry again. Most of the bats have to obtain their supply of prey in a few brief hours, so that all the wheeling, twisting and turning we admire so much is really strictly business. It is no wonder that they seem such fussy, restless little creatures when we examine a colony "at home." Their dentition is interesting too. The teeth are somewhat dog-like, and even a casual glance shows that they are not related to the mice, in spite of the common name "fitter-mouse," and some similarity of size.

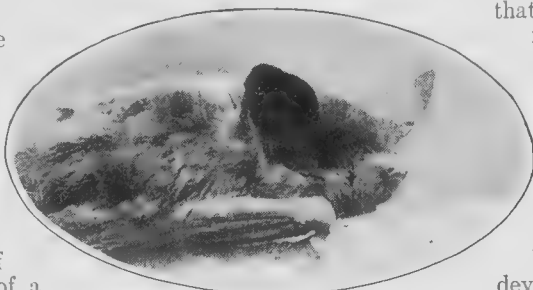
Bats presented a sad problem to ancient writers, and it was not until about 1650 that any uniformity of opinion was reached as to whether they were birds or beasts! Both Aristotle and Pliny appear to have considered them birds, although the latter admitted that they suckled their young. The Jews not only said they were birds but included them among the "unclean fowls" in Leviticus and Deuteronomy. This idea persisted for a long time, although a few people seem to have had arguments to the contrary. Macrobius claimed that they were animals, but Plato said they were neither! It rather suggests passages in "Alice in Wonderland!"

It is interesting to speculate upon the evolution of the bats and puzzle out the reason why these small creatures branched out so differently from the lines followed by other mammals. Paleontology does not help us very much, for practically all the fossil remains found closely resemble existing forms living in the same localities. Bats solved the problem of flight in quite a different manner to that adopted by the birds, but at the same time there are several curious parallel developments of structure. The keeled breast-bones and certain fused vertebrae are very similar, for example. However, of the past history of the bats we know very little and as to the reason for their taking to the air we know nothing at all. Perhaps the sunken continents of Atlantis or Lemuria hold these secrets.

Water frequently attracts bats, probably on account of the larger number of insects found in its vicinity. If we can overcome our repugnance it becomes a

pleasure to watch their aerial acrobatics and the memory of a placid, reed-surrounded slough in the twilight with bats wheeling and darting over the calm surface lives long in the mind. A little knowledge helps us to understand and appreciate what are perhaps the most interesting of the smaller mammals found on the prairie. It is well to remember that when bats enter a room through an open window it is solely in search of insects, and that when the food-supply is exhausted they are usually as

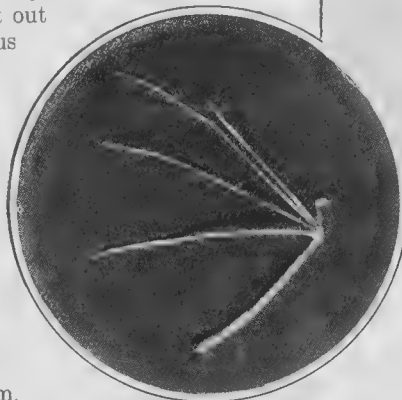
anxious to get out as most of us are to remove them. These little animals are highly valued by farmers in Southern U.S. where they actually build "bat houses" to keep them.



Head of the silver-haired bat.



Above: Silver-haired bat.



Left: Bones of a bat's wing.

A Church of All Nations

Introducing Rev. R. G. Katsunoff From Winnipeg, and His Unique Work
Among the Foreign-Born in Montreal

By E. G. Bayne

ONE evening some years ago an earnest young citizen of Winnipeg gave a lecture in that city entitled: "The Soul of Ukraina." He was approached afterward by none other than Lieutenant-Governor Burrows, who said to him: "As an employer of labor I feel that I must thank you for giving me an insight into the minds and the lives of the Ukrainian people. For thirty years I have been dealing with them in the mass, as it were, and I had had little knowledge of their problems, their capabilities and their racial individualism. From now on I shall see them with clearer eyes, for the address I have just listened to has been a revelation."

The lecturer was Rev. R. G. Katsunoff, whose gifts were soon recognized throughout the greater part of Western Canada, and to such an extent that he was in constant demand as a leader and organizer. In addition to his addresses he was teaching music at Wesley College and taking an active part in shaping the destinies of the Slavic population of Winnipeg. Although up to the age of 23 Mr. Katsunoff was unable to speak a word of English, he had mastered the language in a phenomenally brief time after his arrival in Canada in November, 1913, and, more remarkable still, there is today very little trace of an accent in his speech. He is an honor graduate of Robert College, Constantinople. He has also studied in Germany.

Aware that the great majority of Ukrainian immigrants to Canada went directly to the Prairies, Mr. Katsunoff, on arriving in this country, followed suit. He settled in Winnipeg. There he became thoroughly conversant with the needs of the foreign-born people, and an ambition to serve them more effectively led to a theological course at Knox College, Toronto. He obtained his degree, and after seven years of labor in Manitoba he was invited to Montreal by a church-board there to take charge of the work among the foreigners in that cosmopolitan centre. That was about a year ago. Though he had made a great many friends in Western Canada, and deeply regretted having to leave it, the call of duty was paramount. He journeyed east, and in twelve months since he became the head of the Church of All Nations, on Amherst Square, Montreal, he has accomplished literally marvels in organization. It is not often that the East borrows talent from the West, but in this case it was inevitable. The City of Montreal as a world port has immigration and citizenship problems which are frequently urgent and acute, and which demand special knowledge and administration. In Mr. Katsunoff it has found probably the only man in Canada fitted to deal with the situation which exists. His value as an executive is enhanced by his personal charm and popularity, and as a member of a highly musical family he has revealed a fine tenor voice and pronounced talent as a choir leader.

"The greatest problem we have before us in Canada as a whole," stated Mr. Katsunoff to the writer, "is to build up a nation out of the various racial groups, and our greatest problem here in the Church of All Nations is to so intermingle or bring together these divergent peoples that they cannot fail to have a better understanding of each other. We seek to promote a tolerance and a sympathy, one with the other, to establish a common meeting-ground and by so doing to destroy the superiority complex existing in many of the groups. I am aware that we have a colossal and a continuous task before us, but I am happy to be able to say that we are making definite progress. In our church we have twelve nationalities at present, cared for by our staff of four and a large band of

The Montreal Ministerial Choir, organized and led by the Rev. R. G. Katsunoff (in exact centre).



A group around one of the Christmas trees. Twelve different nationalities are represented among the children at the Church of All Nations.

volunteer workers." The staff consists of Rev. Mr. Katsunoff, Superintendent, Rev. M. Feher; pastor of the Hungarian congregation, Rev. A. Bersani, the Italian minister, and Miss Olive Isaacs, the principal lady missionary, who carries on the work among the children.

WEEK-DAYS are busy ones, but Sunday is a particularly crowded day, in which every hour is made profitable. A typical Sabbath begins at 9.30 with the Hungarian Sunday School, attended by fifty children. At 10.30 the Hungarian service takes place, this being the largest church group, composed of from two hundred to three hundred members. At 2.30 is held the Church of All Nations Sunday School, in English, with about sixty children in attendance. The Italian service begins at 4 and the Hungarian evening service at 5 o'clock. Then at 6.30 and continuing until 8, there is an all-Slavic service comprising Poles, Bulgarians, Russians, Czechs, Jews, Ukrainians, and a few Germans. Rev. Mr. Katsunoff preaches. From 8 to 9 o'clock the All-Nations service in English is held and in this group are to be found some negroes and Chinese, and a number of Syrians. Between 9 and 10 is Friendship Hour, a sort of free-for-all

distinguished by songs and lantern-slides.

Visiting, hospital, and court work take up a large share of the week. In addition there has been organized a women's union, a Bible Class for Jewish women, a handicraft guild, French classes for children desiring to learn that tongue, and English classes for French children. One hundred little ones attend the play-school each Saturday, and there is a school for Syrian children specially, Cubs, Scouts and G.G.I.T. groups have been formed. The church building is situated in the heart of the foreign-born section of Montreal. It originally belonged to an Italian congregation, but now remodelled and equipped with offices, gymnasium, schoolrooms, library, kitchens, etc., it admirably serves the cosmopolitan purpose for which it was taken over. Its main auditorium is large and is tastefully done in terra cotta and gold. Around the pulpit hangs a rich velvet drape in crimson with gold letters. The words of this scriptural text are in the Hungarian: "Jojetek En Hozzam Mindnyajan—Maté 11.28." Interpreted they are: "Come Unto Me."

MR KATSUNOFF and his associates experienced a certain amount of hostility and opposition on the start. There was an incident involving a broken window in the church—damage over fifty dollars—and on another occasion a young gang-leader lay in wait at the Sunday School door armed with a big stick with which he proposed to "beat up" some of his friends inside, Mr. Katsunoff finally persuading him to abandon the idea. The superintendent eventually gathered the lad into the fold. Since he speaks fluently half a dozen languages he is never at a loss with the boys.

"To unify these diverse racial groups insofar as we [Continued on page 49]



1. The Juniors on vacation.

2. Sports at Camp Macaulay.

3. Mothers bathing their babies at Camp Macaulay. The camp nurse in centre.





There was a muffled click of steel on steel as three rifles were cocked.

Under Frozen Stars

By George Marsh

Illustrated by A. C. Valentine

Third Instalment

THEY sat on the shore of the Lake of the Sand Beaches, the man of the forests and the girl of the city, oblivious of the gulf which separated them; forgetful of the fact that long months would intervene before the return of Aurore to Bonne Chance. The sun swung high overhead, ignored by the intoxicated Stuart and the headstrong daughter of Louis LeBlond. Once the solicitous Ojibwa girl returned with the canoe, to be sent paddling madly back up the shore. Hours were but minutes to the two who had found each other only to separate.

"The miracle of your wasting your lovely self on a fur trader!" Jim was repeating.

"My father is a fur trader," she reproved. "And I thought I was being rescued by a Viking that day you lifted me into your canoe. Oh," she said, with her contagious smile, "will you rescue me again, some time, Jeem?"

"You're in great danger, now, where you are," laughed the enraptured Jim. "I'll have to rescue you from the sand." And he swung her to his lap, that he might run his fingers through the raven ripples of her thick hair; marvel at the smoldering depths of her changing eyes; touch with his lips the satin texture of her skin.

So they spent the golden hours, hardly stopping to lunch from the basket Aurore had brought. And then, as the sun swung toward the western ridges, with a pang, like the stab of steel, Jim realized that his dream was near its end. For it all seemed unreal, imaginary—this lovely, headstrong creature caring for Jim Stuart, fur trader.

"It's been so beautiful," she said wistfully. "If we never meet again, we've had this day."

"Never meet again?" he gasped. "Don't even think of it! Meet again? Why, I'll only exist until you come back. It's all I have to live for."

"But you have your duty," she mocked with a toss of her black head. "We might have many days like this—before September—only for that duty."

"We'd be sure to have trouble with your father. He'd find out." He shook his head gravely. "And you'd not really want me to forget my duty, would you? You wouldn't have me throw up my work and follow you to Winnipeg?"

"I could not love thee half so much, loved I not honor more," she taunted. "Oh, you men! You'd die for love, so you say; but your duty—well, that's a cat of another color." Suddenly two great tears stood on her lashes. With a moan her arms found the neck of the man beside her. "Oh, Jeem, I love you so. I just can't think of your going away."

"You'll write very often and send them all by the Christmas mail?" he said, stroking her thick hair.

"But a canoe may go south in the fall."

"Yes, and I'll go to Expanse on the first sledding snow. The last canoe from the railroad might bring your letters."

"Jeem Stuart, what have you done to me?" she suddenly exclaimed, holding him at arm's length. "I've never felt this way before." She touched her heart. "It's as if I'd been stabbed, right here!"

"I know, sweetheart. I'll carry that longing through the short days and the long winter nights—that hunger for you." And the factor of Sunset House held the sobbing daughter of Louis LeBlond, as he kissed her hair, her eyes, her throat.

A yelp and the thrashing of a heavy body in the brush was followed by the reappearance of Smoke.

"Smoke! You'll take good care of him for Aurore?" The girl patted the hairy skull thrust between them.

A mile away a canoe slowly approached, following the shore.

"There comes Omar."

"It's over, Jeem—our golden day," she sighed. "There's Marie, too. Come over here in these alders!" she suddenly commanded. "I can't bear to share you with these people, and I've a secret to tell you."

In the protection of the alders, she turned and flung herself passionately into his arms. "This is my secret. I love you, Jeem Stuart," she whispered.

"You'll not forget me down there in Winnipeg—not forget me among all those city men?" he asked.

"Forget you?" Through half closed lids, she looked up at him as she shook her head. "You're a magician—a medicine man. They don't have them down

there. I had to come to the forests to find one. You've put a spell upon me, Jeem Stuart."

As the canoes approached, the two in the alders said their farewells. Stepping into her boat, she turned to the man beside her with: "Good-bye, magician! Don't forget me!"

Jim bent to shove off the craft and his lips touched her hair as he said: "It will be black night up here through the long snows, Aurore. Come back soon!"

The canoes of Aurore and Jim left the beach and separated. Then across the water she called back to the man whose eyes had not left her. "Au revoir! Until spring!"

With the premonition that the distant canoe was taking her out of his life—that the white figure of Aurore LeBlond was fading from his sight never to return—Stuart watched her canoe grow smaller and smaller, until it turned and disappeared behind an island.

FAR to the north of The Lake of the Sand Beaches, in the heart of the unmapped Kiwedine wilderness, lay a land of lake and forest and muskeg. From this country, for years before the advent of LeBlond, had come the best fur traded at Lake Expanse. The headwaters of a score of rivers, whose waters ultimately found the salt sea of the north, Hudson's Bay, it could be reached from the south through a network of lakes, thoroughfares and small streams only. To the men from Sunset House it was strange country, and often, as their canoe pushed north beyond the Height-of-Land in search of the summer fishing camps of the Ojibwas, Jim wondered how he was to win over these superstitious hunters who, since the building of his little post, had traded only with the North-West Company.

At last, one windless evening, the Peterboro rode the flat surface of a large lake, rose-tinted beneath a flushed sky, past ridges purple against the afterglow. In the distance, the smoke of supper fires, rising from islands, announced that the voyageurs had reached the first of the fishing camps they sought.

"Ah-hah!" exclaimed Omar, trailing his paddle while he wiped his wet forehead. "To-morrow we mak' talk wid dese people!"

"But it's going to be a job to get them to listen to us," said Jim.

"Dey listen all right, we'en we tell dem we come nord, before Crismas, in de Little Moon of de Spirit to trade wid dem."

"I'd like to know just how Paradis and Jingwak have got them to believe all this devil stuff."

"We fin' out, Esau and Omar."

"I trade for a bark cano' an' tak' leetle trip by myself. Den I know w'at mak' de troubl'," said Esau.

"You'll have to be careful, Esau. These Ojibwas are a wild lot. They wouldn't hesitate to do away with you if you interfere with their shaman, Jingwak."

The lean face of the old Indian wrinkled in a grin. "You see w'at Esau do to dat shaman."

"Goin' to get his ears?" laughed Jim.

"Eef I fin' heem, he mak' no more bad medicine for Sunset House," was the cryptic reply.

So the travellers turned in shore, where Smoke awaited them, and made camp. Later, as they smoked beside their fire, the ears of the dog lying beside them suddenly lifted; the hair of his back and ruff straightened, as his deep throat rumbled in a low growl.

The men stopped talking to listen.

"W'at you hear, Smoke?" whispered Omar.

The dog rose and picked his way on stiff legs to the beach.

"Cano' comin'!"

Then, through the gloom, the faint thud of paddles on gunwales reached Jim's ears. Smoke's warning growls changed to the angry husky challenge.

"Guess we're goin' to have some callers," surmised Jim.

"Ah-hah. Dey see us an' come to have a look," muttered Omar.

Shortly, as the canoe neared the camp, came the hail, "Bo'-jo', bo'-jo'!"

"Bo'-jo'!" answered Omar, strolling to the beach to receive the strangers and quiet the excited Smoke.

Presently, from where Jim sat by the fire, he saw the dark shape of the boat slide in to the beach and two figures step out. Reaching the circle of light, the Indians exchanged the customary salutation and handshakes with the white man and Esau.

Handing the strangers a plug of tobacco, Jim invited them in Ojibwa to sit down, while Esau went to the lake for water and put the tea pail on the fire.

"You have come far," vouchsafed the older of the Indians, in his native tongue, when he had lighted his pipe and made a minute inspection of the young white man through narrowed eyes.

"Yes," answered Jim, "we have come to talk to the people of the Pipestone Lakes and Sturgeon River."

"You are from Mitawangagama?"

"Yes."

"You are chief at the post of the old company, called the House of the Setting Sun?"

"Yes."

The small eyes of the Indian snapped, his body stiffened, as he leaned toward Jim and angrily demanded, "Why do you bring your evil spirits to the Pipestone Lakes?"

At the embarrassing question Omar, who had been studying the Ojibwa, broke into a loud guffaw, joined by Esau. "Paradees, he tell you that?" demanded the half-breed. "Are the men of the Pipestone Lakes children to believe the lies of the Frenchman? He tell you that to keep your fur to himself!"

Disconcerted by the ridicule, the Ojibwa glanced doubtfully from Omar to Jim's smiling face.

"Paradees plays with you to get your fur," went on Omar in Ojibwa. "He is a liar, and LeBlond is through with him; he has sent him away to the south. You will see him no more."

At the words, the Indians exchanged surprised and puzzled looks. For a time the older man smoked in silence, his eyes on the fire; then he addressed Jim.

THE STORY SO FAR

RESCUING a half-drowned human figure clinging to a capsized boat in a storm-swept lake, Jim Stewart, factor of Sunset House, discovers he has not only saved the life of a beautiful girl, but has rescued the daughter of his unscrupulous enemy in the fur trade with the Indians. Subsequent conversation discloses the fact that Jim's greatest personal enemy, her father's right-hand man, has been thrusting his attention upon her as well. Shortly after nightfall a well-manned boat arrived at Sunset House carrying LeBlond and Paradis, his right-hand man, in search of the missing girl.

The meeting was strained, the feud between Jim and Paradis was renewed, but Aurore was gradually taking the place in Jim's mind and heart heretofore solely occupied by the daughter of Andrew Christie, chief factor of the Hudson Bay trading posts of which Sunset House was the most recently established, facing the unscrupulous competition of the North-West Trading Company so strong that the ultimate failure of Sunset House was admitted by everyone in the North excepting Jim Stuart and Andrew Christie.

The January instalment of this fascinating story concerned itself with Omar, Jim's half-breed guide and counsellor, who, guessing Jim's mission across the lake was really to meet Aurore LeBlond, said little upon his master's return, but hastened their departure for Lake Expanse, the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company, and the residence of the Chief Factor, Andrew Christie, and likewise the home of Mary Christie.

Andrew Christie greeted Jim coolly, and reprimanded him severely for his failure to get a bigger share of the fur trade from LeBlond, and finally gave him one more year to make good. Jim found himself comparing Mary with Aurore LeBlond, but somehow could not experience the same admiration other than that for a true friend that he held for Mary previous to his meeting Aurore.

On the return trip to Sunset House, a rifle cracked near the shore, the bullet splintering the pole in Omar's hand. A second shot splintered the gunwale near Jim, while a third passed through the canoe close to Jim's head, as he lay in the bottom for protection. Beaching the canoe as promptly as possible, they took up the trail of the would-be killer, and finally captured an Indian from LeBlond's post, who had been sent by Paradis to ambush the Factor of Sunset House and thus, at one stroke, dispose of his enemy in both love and trade. After wringing a confession from the Indian, by threatening to burn him at the stake, the two traders took him to LeBlond's Post, where they found LeBlond, Paradis, and also a high official of the Company from Winnipeg whom they had previously met on the trail while en route to Lake Advance.

As a result of this shooting, Paradis was to be sent out of the country in return for Jim's promise not to notify the Mounted Police; while the Indian, who had been forced against his will to do the shooting and who, in reality, deliberately missed his mark, being a good shot, was given a job at Sunset House, whence he moved his tepee. Jim and Aurore agreed to spend one day together on a lonely island, and, before leaving, he and Aurore declared their love for each other.

"You do a foolish thing to come to the Pipestone country. The hunters fear you."

"Do I look like one to be feared?" demanded Jim opening his arms. "I come from the old company who gave you and your fathers honest guns and blankets, flour and tea, before LeBlond poisoned your hearts against us. I come here now to seek your friendship and kill the lies of this Paradis. This moon, in the south, he tried to have me shot, and his master LeBlond has sent him away. If I say but the word the fathers in Ottawa will send men and take him to the railroad to be punished."

As Jim spoke the Indian's small eyes probed his frank features as if attempting to measure his sincerity. "You seem to speak with a single tongue," said the Ojibwa. "Your eyes are not the eyes of a liar, but the hunters fear your medicine. They say you are the friend of demons. I came to warn you not to journey into the Pipestone country."

"What is your name?" asked Jim, impressed by the speaker's sincerity.

"My name is Baptiste Wagosh. This is my son."

"Where is the shaman, Jingwak?" asked Esau, abruptly.

Wagosh scowled at the question. He looked hard into the swart faces of Omar and Esau thrust toward him.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because," answered old Esau with a grin, "he is a false shaman, a wabeno, and is paid by Paradees to keep the trade for LeBlond."

Wagosh and his son exchanged significant looks. "Jingwak is a big medicine man," replied the older man, quietly, "this is his country. Go back to Mitawangagama, before it is too late."

The blood darkened the bronzed face of Jim Stuart as he replied: "Go back and tell your people that the old company traded with their fathers' fathers, and wishes to trade with them. I have come to talk to them as their friend and will not be driven out by this false shaman, this wabeno, Jingwak, who is paid by the French."

With muttered "bo-jo's" the Indian and his son went to their canoe and paddled away into the gloom.

"Well, what d'you make of it?" asked Jim of his friends.

Omar's black brows knotted, mapping his weathered face with lines. "Look ver' strange to me—dey come first night we get here."

"You think they'll do as he said—try to drive us out of the country?"

"Eef dey t'ink we got devil wid us, dey might try somet'ing, ah-hah."

"Well, are we going to be driven out by this Jingwak?"

Omar spat into the fire and puffed for a moment before answering. "Esau and Omar tak' good care ov dis Jingwak—nevaire fear dat. But we want de fur dis long snows—so we go easee."

"You're right, Omar, we'll go slow. They're wild and superstitious—these people. They might even ambush us if we don't handle them right. We've got a tough job ahead of us, but it's the only thing that'll save Sunset House—reaching these Indians."

Jim rolled up in his blanket to struggle with the problem which faced him, while the voices of Omar and Esau, smoking by the dying fire reached his ears in muffled monotone. But desperate as were the present fortunes of Jim Stuart and Sunset House, he shortly found himself back on the sand beach at Mitawangagama, gazing into the dark depths of Aurore LeBlond's changing eyes; watching the sunlight caught in the meshes of her thick hair; listening to her low laugh.

LONG since, the embers of the fire had grayed and died, leaving the camp in gloom. Overhead the night had thickened, masking the stars. Through the spruce no air stirred. Like a blanket, the murk had settled upon the great lake. Except for the heavy breathing of three muffled figures there was no sound.

Curled near his master, nose buried under bushy tail, Smoke dreamed of snow-shoe rabbits leaping before him, of lurking timber wolves and the white sterna of fleeing caribou. Then, of a sudden, his

visions of the chase faded and he stirred uneasily in his sleep. Presently a faint sound drifted to his pointed ears. He slowly lifted his head. His black nostrils quivered, but the air told him nothing.

Again his keen ears caught an almost imperceptible sound. The great dog rose to his feet, his black hair stiffening, his nose testing the air, as he listened. Then, satisfied, with a roar he leaped toward the lake. There was a muttered warning, the sound of moccasined feet, the churn of paddles, as the husky reached the beach to snarl his challenge to the unseen enemies who had faded like ghosts into the gloom. Then Omar, grasping his gun, followed by Esau and Jim, reached the shore.

Seizing the dog by the nose to choke his yelping, Omar listened, head close to the water, to get the direction of the retreating canoe; then fired twice. "Take dat!" he muttered.

"Light a candle, Esau. They were after the canoe when Smoke heard them," said Stuart. "They may

have ruined her!" Already Omar was groping with his hands over the upturned Peterboro on the beach, seeking possible damage, when Esau returned with a lighted candle.

"Not a mark," he announced; "dey want to steal her, but Smoke he hear dem too quick."

"Well, we know now what to expect from the Pipestone country" said Jim gloomily, with a shake of his head. "Do you suppose it was that Wagosh?"

"No," said Omar, "he know de dog was here."

"We'd better paddle straight to the islands in the morning and talk to them as if nothing had happened."

"Ah-hah, we go to de camp, first t'ing. I see w'at dat Wagosh say."

By sunrise they were on their way. As the strange canoe approached the fishing camps on the islands, groups of shawled women gathered in front of the tipis. Men, visiting their gill-nets set in the channels, stopped their work to call to each other, curious of the identity of the strangers. For the canoe of a white man had seldom nosed its way over the waters of the Pipestone Lakes, deep in the heart of Kewadin.

A rabble of wolfish dogs met the canoe as it slid into the beach of an island. Leaving Esau in the boat, with the challenging Smoke who, with stiff mane and bared fangs, answered the snarls of the Indian huskies, Omar and Jim stepped ashore.

"We are from the Lake of the Sand Beaches," announced Jim in Ojibwa to an old Indian, with face seamed with wrinkles, who left the group of women by the tipis and met them. "I wish to speak to the hunters who trade there. Send word to the other islands."

With face immobile as stone, the grizzled veteran scrutinized Jim and Omar through keen, mink-like eyes, before he replied.

"What are your names?" he asked quietly.

"I am Stuart, of the old company," said Jim, "and this is Omar, my head man." There was a shrewdness, an intelligence in the rugged features of the old man which impressed Stuart, and he wondered if he, too, were under the spell of Jingwak, the sorcerer.

"You have journeyed far. What have you come to The Pipestone to tell us?"

Irritated by the calm insistence of the Ojibwa, Omar broke in, "You will hear when you have called the hunters together. Send these boys here with word to the other islands."

The weathered skin of the Indian's face creased with a dry smile as he countered: "Who are you to give orders in the Pipestone country?"

Omar laughed goodnaturedly as he passed the Indian a plug of nigger-head. "My father has swallowed the fins of a doré and they prick his throat. There is tobacco and tea in the canoe. Send for the hunters."

With a grin, the old man ordered some boys, who stood near the group listening to the talk with hushed interest, to take Stuart's message.

"What d'yuh think of him? Has Paradis got him?" whispered Jim to Omar.

"Hard to tell."

Jim sauntered to the old Indian as he talked rapidly to the group of curious and awed squaws near the tipis. "You have seen many long snows come and go," he said in Ojibwa. "You have lived long and seen the faces of many men. Look at me! Do I speak with a single tongue?"

The old Indian met Jim's eyes with candid gaze. He removed the pipe he had filled with Omar's tobacco, spat, then replied: "I know the face of the white man. In my youth I voyaged many long snows for the old company down at Fort Hope on the Albany. There I learned from the Oblate father that there is no truth in medicine men. But the people here will not listen to me."

They believe this Wabeno, Jingwak?"

"Yes, many believe him and the Frenchman, Paradis."

Jim was stirred by the open speaking of the shrewd old man. Here was a possible ally. He must be cultivated.

"What is your name?"

"Ovide Zotaire, they called me at Fort Hope; my father was half French."

"Where is this Jingwak, now?"

"He summers in the Sturgeon River country, three sleeps toward the big water."

"Have you ever seen this Frenchman, Paradis?"

"Yes, he was here the last long snows; he came with a dog-team."

What does Jingwak tell the Ojibwas about me and the post of the old company to keep them from bringing me their fur?"



Ode to Lake Louise

By E. Gardner-Smith

*Among the world's treasures what jewel so rare?
In nature's vast empire what else can compare?
Here beauty attaineth the ultimate height—
The loveliest vision to greet mortal sight!*

*Bright gem of the Rockies in thy setting sublime,
Aloof from the world and unravished by Time,
The queen of the glaciers from glistening throne
Proclaims thee her daughter, true child of her own.*

*Thy crystalline waters of sapphire and blue
Attest in a twinkling each change of sky's hue;
The lights and the shadows that steal o'er thy face
Reveal but more fully thy beauty and grace.*

*The soft fleecy cloudlets that float on the breeze,
The serrated shore-line and sentinel trees,
The bold rocky headlands that lean from the height,
Are pictured again on thy mirror so bright.*

*The zephyrs caressing thy smooth placid brow,
The shimmering ripples outspreading there now,
The many-hued flowers, the ferns in the glade,
All tender thee homage, thou fair mountain maid.*

*Oh long would I tarry beside thy bright shore
To gaze and to wonder, to praise and adore,
Forgetting the world with its troubles and woes,
Here finding serenity, joy and repose.*

*Thou sweet virgin princess of high royal line,
The mountains thy guardians, thy home and thy shrine,
I've seen thee! I love thee! Ah, must we now part?
Louise, dear enchantress, I leave thee my heart.*

Old Zotaire laughed as he replied: "He says that the good spirits he talks with tell him that the House of the Setting Sun is the home of devils. He says you have the Evil Eye."

"And the people believe him?"

"Some do, but not all."

"What do you think?"

"Jingwak is a jessikib, a liar. Paradis keeps his tipi filled with tobacco and flour."

Jim glanced at Omar, who listened beside him. The face of the half-breed was black with rage. The muscles of his square jaws bulged as his teeth crunched. His little eyes snapped, as he leaned toward the old Indian. "You show me de trail to de Sturgeon Riviere?"

Zotaire calmly gazed into the blood-filled features of the half-breed.

"I am an old man, and it is far," he answered.

A look of satisfaction touched Omar's fierce eyes. "In our canoe is flour, tobacco and tea. You are a wise man and our friend," he said significantly. "The old company will not forget Zotaire."

Gradually the bark canoes from the fishing camps assembled at the island where Jim and Omar waited. Some of the men and women came forward with friendly "bo-jo's" and shook hands with the strangers. Others hung back, conversing in whispers, their grave, questioning faces picturing their misgivings concerning this white man from the House of the Devils. From the actions of the men and squaws it was evident to Stuart that Jingwak's efforts, successful as they had been in keeping the trade to these people from Sunset House, had failed to instill fear of him personally, except among the most superstitious. For at his request, they had come to look at him and listen to his words.

After passing tobacco to the men, Jim told them that their fathers for two hundred years had traded with the old company, and always had received fair treatment. To save them from a longer journey south, the old company had built a post on the Lake of the Sand Beaches, and wished to trade with them. But Paradis had come among them with lies which only children would believe. In his pay was a false Shaman who lived on the bounty of the North-West Company.

As Jim mentioned the name of Jingwak, from a group of young men in the rear of the Ojibwas rose groans of protest.

"It is a lie!" shouted a youth; but the voice of Zotaire lifted above the clamor of dissent.

"Bisan! Keep quiet!" commanded the old man. "You listened to Paradis when he said that this man who speaks had the Evil Eye and talked with devils. Now listen to him, and judge for yourselves who speaks with a double tongue."

Jim's heart leaped at the old Indian's defence of him. Here was a friend in need. Then Jim told the Indians that he would come in December, the little moon of the spirit, with dog-teams loaded with honest trade-goods and save them the long trip south.

At the announcement there was a nodding of heads among the older men, but from the rear of the assembly, groans and cat-calls. However, when Omar told them of the disgrace of Paradis by his own chief—how he had been knocked down in the trade-house and sent to Nipigon, a hush fell upon the swartfaced audience.

Shaking hands with most of the older men and women, Jim returned to the canoe, to find Esau and Omar squatted on the sand beach, watching Zotaire trace with his fingers a rough sketch of the trail north to the Sturgeon River.

THROUGH the afternoon the three friends paddled down the first of the Pipestone Lakes and made camp on an island near the outlet. To the north lay other and larger lakes of the Pipestone chain, which formed the headwaters of the Sturgeon River. Eating their supper of bannock, fried pike, and tea, they considered the situation as they smoked.

"Too bad old Zotaire wouldn't come with us," regretted Jim. "He seems to have influence with these people."

"He had fear to travel to de Sturgeon," replied Esau. "He tell me dey might keel heem eef dey foun' heem wid us."

"Paradees and Jingwak got plentee fr'en' up dere," added the brooding Omar.

"We're in for trouble on the Sturgeon, I guess. But I'm going to find that crooked fakir, trouble or no trouble," snapped Jim. "I've got just one year to get some of that fur, or quit."

For a space, Omar looked at his discouraged chief, as he sat, elbows on knees, head in hands. Then the half-breed rested an iron-hard hand on Jim's shoulder, as he said: "We stay een dees countree and hunt for dat Jingwak until ice drive us sout'."

"But suppose we do find him, how're we going to break his hold on the Indians?"

"Leave dat to Omar and Esau."

"What d'you two intend to do? You can't kill him, you know, you old wolf. You'd ruin me if you did. And they'd get you before you got out. Remember, you've got a family."

The black eyes of Omar twinkled as they met the sphinxlike gaze of the [Continued on page 43]

Breen of the Bisons

A Hockey Story

By Ronald Tuckwell

Illustrated by Bertram Eldraw

"Heh—you ain't the only one fooled by that boy!" he grinned. "Let's go eat—I'll tell you what happened—heh!"

* * *

"Tommy Breen was too big, strong and good-natured to ever amount to shucks—that's his trouble! He's one of them middles in a large family of boys; the big ones tromp on him, and the little ones run on him, see? He soon learns that it ain't policy fightin' back—he gets trimmed if he tackles an older brother, and his old man trims him if he lays a hand on a younger. So, he gets the habit of jist grinnin', whatever happens. You've met them kind — folks all think they're soft, 'specially if they're big and husky, like Tommy. 'How'd I know this? Heh—couple years back I'm boardin' at the same place as Tommy. I gets him started playin' hockey—no, hold on!—it's a girl which boards there, really does that. Anyway, I'm about the only one he ever talks to there—he makes a sort of 'father professor' of me, tellin' me all his troubles.

"Well, there's another big feller stays there — plays right wing on the Regals—named Baker. Fair player, but I can't see him—too stuck on himself, for me! You'd think he was the whole Regal team, jist hearin' him talk!

This girl—Fanny's her name—is a pippin! She isn't at our place a week before Baker and Breen has a crush. As usual, Breen's soon 'way behind. In fact, he's left holdin' the sack, while Baker gives Fanny all the runnin'-round she's time for. I'm sorry for Breen—the poor kid's sufferin'.

We're at breakfast, mornin' followin' Regals' first League win. Baker's tellin' everybuddy all about it—and, while we all see the game, he leaves nothin' unsaid to prove he's the baby which wins it! Fanny sits there, smilin' proudly at him, as the big ham corrals all the credit. I sneaks a look at Tommy; he's white as a sheet. It starts me thinkin' hard.

After breakfast, I grabs him. "Listen, you big boob!" I yelps, "why don't you come alive? You played hockey, back in your home town, you tells me—if you're any good a-tall, with that build you can get out and make this Baker like it!" He shifts his feet. "Fanny," I says, "seems to dote on hockey players—come alive, kid!"

He flushes. A hard look crosses his face. Then he gives that old softy grin, and mumbles somethin' about bein' a dub.

"Say," I yelps, gettin' mad, "this Fanny—like her very much?"

His face turns hard again; he colors, and a flash comes in his eyes. "Ed," he snarls, "we'll leave Fanny out of this, please! Like her? Say, I'd gladly die for that little girl!"

"Huh—you ain't got enough sand!"

I'm sorry I says it, next second. His face turns white—he yanks himself up straight—takes a step towards me, snarlin'.

Then he shudders—drops his arms—and back comes that foolish smile on his map. "Coming up town, Ed?" he grins.

"Listen," I growls, "I'd hate to tell you, right now, what I thinks of you, kid! But, I've a notion you've got better goods in you, somewheres, if you only shook off that dang lazy coverin'. Me, I can get you a work-out with the Vics—I said the Vics, see? Why not—"

He grins again, like a bashful kid. "Aw," he mutters, "I can't play hockey—"

"Didn't you ever play, Mr. Breen?"

We swings round, startled at the chirpin' voice. Here's this Fanny standin' watchin' us, a queer smile on her pretty face.

The kid reddens, mumbles somethin', then shuffles his feet—tongue-tied! Of all the bashful, backward —! Fanny giggles, then trips away.

"Ed!" Tommy's all eagerness now, "when's next practise—d'you think they'd let me—I'm not much good, Ed—"

"It's tonight," I says, "and didn't I say I'd get you in?"

Well, I s'pose you're expectin' me to say Breen turns out an' turns everythin' upside-down? Heh—this is no fairy story! He's pretty crude, I mean!

But, dang it, I can't figger him nohow! Comes from a hockey family, all right—we has sev'ral Breens on th' old Stanley Cup Vics—but seems they never slips him much! Parades up and down left wing; packs a fair shot; but, he's so careful not to bump into anyone, he messes up all kinds of chances to shine. Hopeless, I figger. And yet, they's somethin'—

Seems Fanny's among th' hundreds of rail-birds at that work-out; comes with Baker. Baker, he gets a kick out of Breen's showin'. I'm standin' behind them two, once, and I hears th' line he's shootin' to Fanny. Heh—big blow!—I'd give a V. jist to see him out there with Breen, an' Tommy come to life just once!

[Continued on page 30]



She stares at him—reddens—giggles a little—then chirps, "All right Tommy—I'll wait."

ANXIOUS eyes sought the big Time Clock; the most hopefully optimistic in that huge crowd knew it was too late—their idols, the mighty Victorias, were beaten! A couple of minutes more you'd see new champions crowned—

With the fury of despair, wearers of the famous red jersey with the proud buffalo on breast, battled frantically to overcome the two-goal lead. Tenaciously the confident Tigers, the Cup in their grasp at long last, met every thrust—stuck grimly to their task—thwarted the savage attacks of the fast-tiring Bisons.

Then, with a suddenness that tingled the blood of the fans, and jerked them erect in their seats, roaring madly, Tommy Breen went into action. Snaring the rubber from a melee near his own blue line, he skimmed down his wing with short, choppy strides, swerved in sharply on the crouching Tiger defence men, and scorched a drive between them that was in the net behind the sprawling goalie before either could turn.

A quick face-off—a flurry at centre-ice—then Breen grabbed the disc again; he swirled in on the defence, faked a shot, then went between them like a flash to bore right in on goal for the tying score.

Fans were in a frenzy. From depths of despair they had soared to heights of happiness—all in less than a minute's time!

But Breen was not yet satisfied. He raged up and down his wing, eyes glued to the bobbing puck, as the Tigers fought frantically to regain lost ground.

A furious clash—the puck flew to the left wing—Breen snapped it up, circled opposing forwards, jumped into his short, choppy stride and flashed in on the defence; at the blue line he swerved sharply outward, then unleashed a terrific drive that smashed into the corner of the Tiger net!

Bedlam broke loose. The sound of the bell was completely smothered by the roaring crowd. Those three last-minute goals turned a rout into a victory for the Bisons.

Fans swarmed on to the ice, streamed for the exits, danced on seats and in aisles, delirious with joy. They had seen smashing finishes to Allan Cup finals in that old rink—but this one out-thrilled the most thrilling. Breen's name was on every tongue.

OUTSIDE, the excitement and frenzy of that spectacle simmered down. I turned, puzzled, to my friend—an old Victoria coach, at whose invitation I re-visited the rink, after a year's absence from the city, to see this game.

"Ed," I muttered dazedly, "I saw a miracle, in there—this Breen, now—what the dickens? Last time I saw him, he was a big, soft dub; slow on his skates, and—er—yellow, if you'd ask me! Other players banged him about, and he took it all without a come-back. What's the answer?"



Next morning at breakfast, Baker starts in riding Tommy.

The Mother Hospital of the English Speaking People

OF ALL the gifts that God can bestow on a man the greatest is the power to "dream true." It is given to few. Most men are very definitely either Sons of Martha or sons of Mary. Not many are able to combine vision with action.

Yet down through the centuries, here and there a rare spirit has achieved the fusion of these two mighty forces, from which has been born a dynamic power against which opposition, enmity, scorn and treachery have proved impotent. Among them are St. Paul, St. Francis d'Assisi, Joan of Arc, Ignatius de Loyola, Abraham Lincoln, Florence Nightingale, General Booth.

Visions and voices have played no small part in calling these supermen and superwomen to their life's work. Psychologists may analyse and scientists may smile frigidly, but the stupendous results of the vision seen or the voice heard by many of these practical mystics remain. These are solid facts which neither cold analysis nor cynical disbelief can explain away.

Prominent in the glorious company of practical dreamers stands Rahere, the founder and builder of the Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew—the Mother Hospital of the British Empire.

When William the Conqueror came over to England he brought in his train Rahere, a youth of humble origin but "a lad of parts." Thanks to his charm, wit and tenacity this "pleasant witted gentleman" as the chronicler describes him, rose to be the friend and favorite of the King's son, afterwards Henry I. The Norman King and his courtiers brought with them from France gaiety and elegant manners, rich attire, art and learning which they strove to impose upon the conquered Saxons. And Rahere was the merriest and maddest of the Court jesters and Century London. Suddenly a great tragedy occurred which overwhelmed King Henry's Court, and had a sobering effect on the people of England.

The King's son the promising heir to the throne was drowned with his sister and his entire retinue, when the White Ship sank off the coast of England. Tradition says that the King never smiled again.

Then to Rahere came a change of heart.

He exchanged the courtier's dress for the monk's robe, throwing himself into good works with the same zest as he had applied to his merrymaking at Court.

He started on a pilgrimage to Rome, which fact is in itself proof of the sincerity of his conversion and repentance. A journey to Rome in those days was no light matter. Bad roads or none, wolves, marauders and robber barons more ferocious than the beasts had to be faced. But the former pampered favorite of a luxurious court was undismayed.

In Rome he fell ill with the plague. He did not want to die and he prayed to God in his agony, vowing that if he returned to England safe and well he would build a hospital for the poor.

Rahere recovered and began his tramp back to England. On the way St. Bartholomew appeared to him in a dream saying:

"I am Bartholomew, Apostle of Christ and come to help thee in thy difficulty. I have chosen a place in Smithfield where, in my name thou shalt found a church. Have faith and act manfully. Do thy part of servant and I will discharge the duty of master and patron."

The returned pilgrim saw

Foretold by a Saxon Dreamer, Given by a Norman King, Built by a Jester Turned Monk, and Maintained by Public Charity.

By Gracia MacPhee



Rahere, who built St. Bartholomew the Great and the hospital in 1123

little to encourage him when he beheld the scene of his future labors.

Smithfield was "a right unclean marsh" close to the New Gate. Strangely enough the Saxon King, Edward the Confessor had foretold that the place would be "great before God and all people," and certain Greek pilgrims had prophesied that its fame

should reach "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof."

Undaunted by its unpromising appearance, Rahere petitioned the King for the use of this place. Henry graciously acceded, thereby becoming the first benefactor of St. Bartholomew Hospital.

Ten years later, in 1153 he granted the Hospital its Foundation Charter, so justly called the Magna Charta of Health.

Rahere, with his fire and eloquence filled all men with enthusiasm. Rich and poor, old and young, even the children, all helped, carrying stones to fill in the marsh. Compassion and devotion were built into the very walls of "Barts" as it is now affectionately called. Today, 800 years later, "Whatever Thy hand findeth to do, do it with all Thy might" is written over its Medical School.

Rahere lived to see his Temple of Healing become one of the glories of Norman England.

BARTS history must surely stir the imagination of every English-speaking man and woman. It is without parallel. Indeed it savors of the miraculous. Before its actual birth, so to speak, its destinies were already closely interwoven with the history of England. Its very inception was due to a national tragedy.

Down through eight centuries Barts has ministered to forty generations of the English people.

As the Hospital was founded in 1123, when Henry I, the son of William the Conqueror was King, there is little doubt but that among its first patients were men troubled with old lance or arrow wounds made at the battle of Hastings. The Black Death and Sweating Sickness were episodes in its story of service. The subjects of Edward I gathered outside its walls to see William Wallace executed. Wat Tyler raised the standard of rebellion and met his King, Richard II, face to face at its gates, after being struck by Walworth, the Mayor, Tyler was carried into "the hospital of poor people at St. Bartholomews and laid in the Chamber of the Master." The Mayor, however, "went in and had Tyler brought out and beheaded, there in Smithfield. In 1555-6-7 the smoke of the Martyrs' fires rose within a few feet of its walls. The Civil Wars in the days of the Stuarts brought Roundheads and Cavaliers into Barts to be healed. The Great Plague filled its wards. From the sacking and burning in Newgate Gordon rioters crawled in. Later Peninsular veterans and Waterloo victims were cared for, and

in our own day Londoners injured in Zeppelin raids and British soldiers from Flanders tortured by German poison gas sought relief from their agony here.

When Rahere built his Church and Hospital, the cement on the walls of the Tower of London was scarcely dry. The Magna Charta was a thing of the future. The English Parliament was not even contemplated.

During the 800 years which have elapsed since it was built, Barts has enjoyed the patronage and favor of 37 Monarchs and 612 Lord Mayors of London.

The list of names of those who have served humanity through the medium of St. Bartholomew's Hospital is a brilliant one. John Mirfield, Physician to the Hospital, wrote the first printed book on medicine about the year 1400. William Clowes who was a surgeon in the fleet that defeated the Spanish Armada,

[Continued on page 38]



St. Bartholomew Hospital in Medieval Times

A
BARGAIN
 TODAY OR
 ANY OTHER DAY



THAT'S Fels-Naptha—a bargain because it brings *extra* help to every soap-and-water task. *Extra* help that saves you—and that's the only thing that makes any soap a bargain.

What is this *extra* help?—it's the perfectly natural result of having two busy cleaners combined in one generous bar. Not “just soap” alone, but good golden soap and plenty of naptha.

Naptha is the dirt-loosener used in dry cleaning. And you know how dry cleaning *cleans*. Fels-Naptha is rich in naptha. So rich you can smell it! It's blended with the soap by a special process that keeps it on the job until the bar is down to its last thin sliver.

And that's why, the instant Fels-Naptha hits water, two eager helpers get into action. Together, they swish in and out through your clothes—dissolving stubborn dirt and washing it away—getting your clothes clean and spotless—without your doing hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha's *extra* help brings another welcome saving. It keeps your clothes nice-looking longer. It saves your hands, too. For Fels-Naptha loosens dirt so quickly that your hands are out of the water sooner. And every golden bar contains bland, soothing glycerine!

Get Fels-Naptha. Put it to work. In tub or machine; in hot, lukewarm or even cool water; for soaking or boiling. And let its

extra help prove to you that here is a bargain for washday and every day!

© 1931, FELS & CO.

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

W.H. 8-31

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and sample bar offered in this advertisement. I enclose four cents in stamps to help cover postage.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Please print name and address completely.

Road Signs

By Strickland Gillilan

Illustrated by Graham Hunter



*And when you get around
the curve and see where
the men are, whom you
were solemnly adjured not
to hit, they are away up
on a bank plowing.*

ONE of the most entertaining features of motor travel or peripatetic petrol patrolling is the display of signs one notes along the highways. One type of sign in particular has always intrigued me—the little low square one that redly says:

**DANGER!
ROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION**

That sign means that you are to go softly for a bit until you shall have passed by a gang of leisurely and reluctant workmen. The sign is always put right out in the road so you have to go as carefully as the very mischief to avoid hitting it. And when you get around the curve and see where the men are, whom you were solemnly adjured not to hit, they are away up on a bank, plowing. You couldn't reach those men or their horses or their plow or anything pertaining to them unless you had an army tank or some other form of caterpillar tractor.

I have always held that such signs were wrongly placed; that the admonitory sign should be fastened on the men or the southern exposure of one of their horses, or the plow-beam or something like that, warning the motor-traveller against hitting the sign that was squatting out in the highway to obstruct traffic. The sign should be on the thing that is out of danger and is in no danger, warning against the thing that is in danger and in itself a source of peril.

I hope the constructors of motor-traffic road signs may take kindly to my suggestion with regard to this.

Another matter of the signs is the suggestion they always give of romance in the making!

One time in my more romantic days, when I was more of a free-lance emotionally than the non-Ben Lindsay type of marriage lets one be, I saw a lovely damsel riding hard on a flock of noisy school children. They had all boiled or oozed out of a little country school-house. The teacher looked good enough to eat. I understand her looks were not deceptive. I afterward learned she actually did eat occasionally.

Author of "Off Again, On Again, Gone Again, Finnegan"

She ate, in fact, a hole bigger than a tunnel right through my bank account, some time later.

I wished very much to start a flirtation with that edible-looking young woman. But a glance from her Irish eyes as I crept by held two things:

The assurance that she was in precisely my state of mind, and that present caution was necessary. She had a figure that bespoke the born coquette, and experience should have made me see, in my mind's eye, "Dangerous curves ahead." But the look in her Irish eyes also said: "School—go slow." Glancing at the flock of keen-eyed chicks, I understood.

But when the children had scattered to their various places of abode and the girl and my roadster were still upon the highway, both sauntering in low gear, she stepped into the seat beside me, and as I raised her not-too-reluctant chin toward me, I—well, you know the sign:

"Tourists accommodated."

The kindness of these road signs is almost beyond comprehension.

For instance, when a road disappears while you are looking right at it, your last view of it being one that is a sort of header to the right or left, you are mystified. You say to yourself:

"What the, as the feller says, heck! Where can that road have gone? What can have happened to it? It must be a dead end I'm heading for. Of course cars come squirting out of that portion of the landscape, but that merely adds to the mystification." Then, like a great white light, there springs before one the sign, "Curve ahead," which explains everything! The road bends there, in one or the other direction, and surprises you nearly to death. Yet there is comfort in knowing that nobody had stolen the road or buried it or rolled it up and thrown it over into the field, as its sudden and complete disappearance from your sight had led you to suspect.

Then the signs at the beginning of a bridge-approach, telling you the load-limit on that bridge—haven't you often, when feeling important, hesitated about entrusting your eleven tons of self-esteem on a frail structure of mere steel and stone? Maybe next day after a session with your family, you would be feeling so insignificant you would promptly walk out of a tenth-storey window without fear that gravity would even be bothered to show such a light weight the way to the ground!

Also it rubs me the wrong way to be told by a blatant sign in stentorian type that the road is "under repair," and that I am to "proceed at my own risk!" What the dickens does anybody do in this world that he doesn't do "at his own risk?" Everything—why, we are even born at our own risk! It is up to us from that moment on. Our marriage, our assumption of parenthood, our attempts to succeed, to make a speech, to get an education, to invest money, to go travelling, to stop at a hotel, to repair the plumbing, to try to be honest, to pet a skunk—all these are undertaken at our own risk. Nobody assumes responsibility for us or our acts for a solitary blessed minute. We are on our own, strictly; we can't pass the buck to anybody and get away with it.

So why rub it in with a highway sign that merely reminds us of our helplessness except in so far as we can help ourselves.

THERE is one solemn warning I should like at this time to pass out, and that is not to mistake the number of the highway for the speed limit. I was kidded that way one day and got along fine as long as I was on highway No. 28, but when I came to the fork of the road and had to take the left turn and found it was No. 107, I burned out a recently inserted bearing and was arrested for speeding and reckless driving, before I found out my error.

The garages marked "Motor Inn" are almost as prevalent as are the Dew Drop Inns at a summer camping resort. I make it a rule never to encourage public and permanent [Continued on page 43]

"Every girl wants a nice skin!"

... MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON

...the
Lovely bride
of the late
J. Pierpont Morgan's
grandson

With lovely fair skin, wide hazel eyes and blonde hair full of golden lights, young Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, bride of the late J. Pierpont Morgan's grandson, a great-great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, is a tremendous favorite in society. As Katherine Comly, of Tuxedo and New York, Mrs. Hamilton was one of the most popular of all New York's débütantes. Her complete naturalness, her simplicity of manner are as irresistible as they are unusual.



In her flower-filled, paneled sitting-room high above distinguished old Sutton Place, young and lovely Mrs. Hamilton talked of the care a girl should give her skin.

"Most of the girls I know lead outdoor lives all day," she told us. "In summer they are swimming and playing tennis... in winter it's skating or some other sport... and in the evening it's dining or dancing or going to the opera. This strenuous existence makes it important to give one's skin care to keep it looking as nice in sunshine as by candlelight.

"I have used Pond's for years," Mrs. Hamilton said. "In fact, it is the only cold cream I have ever used. I have found that there is nothing like Pond's Method for day-in, day-out care of the skin.

"The Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream are splendid," she added, with her clear eyes intent. "They are so much more absorbent than ordinary tissues. And the new peach-colored ones are lovely!

"Everyone's skin needs something to tone it up and keep the pores fine. Pond's Skin Freshener is wonderful. Most New York girls nowadays use very little make-up, only lipstick and powder, and the Skin Freshener helps to bring out a natural color.

"It is a mistake to put powder right on the skin," Mrs. Hamilton pointed out earnestly. "It is bound to clog the pores, and tends to coarsen and harden the texture. Pond's Vanishing Cream is an excellent powder base and makes the powder last much longer.

"I am always absolutely faithful to the Pond's Method—the four steps are so quick that you always have time for them. And every girl wants a nice skin!"

These are the four simple steps of the famous Pond's Method that keep Mrs. Hamilton's skin exquisite, as they do many other famous beauties'. Make them part of your régime:



DURING THE DAY—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face

and neck, several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores and float the dirt to the surface.



SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. Parisian peach color and white.

THIRD—pat skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm. So gentle that it cannot dry your skin, this mild astringent is safe to use as often as you please.



LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it not only on the face but wherever you powder... arms, shoulders, neck. Marvelously effective to keep your hands soft, white and unchapped through the winter.



SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR PREPARATIONS
MADE IN CANADA

Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. 0 166 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd.



A House in Orange and Black

By V. W. Horwood

Registered Architect

TRACING the vast amount of literature and the endless series of plans described in different magazines it might seem to the casual reader that everything has been written about house planning that is possible. The big house is big enough to take care of itself and whenever approached in articles the treatment it receives leaves the average reader with something of the aloof sensations of a spectator at a play. So the big house seldom becomes the subject of elementary or familiar literature. How different do we find the situation when we turn from this House Superlative to the smaller dwelling—not only do treatises abound, “How to build,” “What to build,” as if the planning of the large house was entirely different from the small one. On examination of current notions and practices we are led to believe that every normal person is born like the bird with an innate capacity to design his own habitation in an entirely practical and artistic manner. There is no doubt that most people possess the ideals which tend toward home building—or how could homes be built? I will say that as regards the Architects, they cannot be expected to design a home for a person whose ideals are entirely different from theirs, but they can co-operate and direct the planning on the lines which have been sanctioned by usage and science.

I show a plan and drawing. It may suit one but not another. Some may object to the kitchen on the front without considering that this home is to be placed near the street line and that the lot is not large, giving free play to the designing of the grounds at the—no, I will not say rear—but Garden Front. But the object of this sketch is not to be slavishly imitated. There are so many ready-made patterned plans to suit the busy person who chooses his house—not home, it might be said—as he chooses his clothes; something to fit for a few months and then sold or thrown away. A home is a building that must be mellowed by associations. As a celebrated architect said the other day, the word “home” is being overdone in architectural literature, but to me who has made a study of home requirements all my architectural life, the word means more than enclosing walls for protection. Most of us in this young West have come here leaving a home, and as we went over the hills before leaving, looking at each familiar landmark, many of us knowing that most likely we would never see those loved spots again . . . I shut my eyes, and lo, a flickering snatch of memory floats, of those old places where every wood housed some spot of romance, and the brook

was full of fish, and every lonely hillside gave a glimpse through the trees of some enchantment. The farm house with its big kitchen and the sweet smell of the wood fires . . . and in this place we left our old home friends, and then comes the bitter cry of Hagar in the desert; the bitter cry of those who by circumstance are cast out to found new homes in strange places. But another side comes swiftly as we venture westward. We have come like Ruth, and many of us have prospered likewise.

So when I write of a home I do not mean the selection of readymade houses. These are only the epitomes and final step in “House building made easy,” and the traveller may travel from Canada to California and meet the same houses staring at him on every street of every city, everywhere the current house like current fashions familiarly presenting the same style of front, the same choice of materials, the same array of novelties in bay windows. We are too busy to invent. In the old handwork days which we so cunningly try to imitate, each craftsman gave an individual touch. He might try to imitate but if genius was his he unconsciously improved. I have designed this house to be near the street line, and here the garage has an important part to fulfil in the design. The including of the garage has, like all home improvements, been a gradual evolution. The automobile as it gradually developed from the novelty stage to become practically an essential of modern life brought with it certain specialized housing requirements. These, as we all know, have grown from the point where any extra space in an out-building was considered sufficient, to the present time when it might be spoken of as

demanding the use of a specially prepared room of the house. The first generation of motor cars were constantly taking fire—today, however, the fire risk in automobiles is almost negligible—although every garage should be fireproofed and also let it be added, foolproof. An automatic arrangement should be on the windows so that if there should be

any danger of gas the windows will be opened, and a device to attach the car's exhaust to. It must be said that it was the heating problem which finally brought the attached garage into practical consideration. Cold motors in unheated quarters on a winter morning carried matters to a head. Home builders now demand that there be some physical relationship between the garage and the heating centre of the building. Architects did not at first take kindly to the idea. The garage was a necessary evil, to be tolerated, but not brought frankly into the picture, and a considerable time elapsed before the system of treating the garage as a component part of the design.

The general rules to apply to the garage in the design is that it should be arranged so that thorough ventilation is assured. The door opening for a single-car garage should never be less than eight feet wide, and ten by sixteen feet is the minimum space required for a one-car garage and longer will allow for a work-bench, as shown in the plan, which is ten by eighteen. The garage floor slopes about one-eighth of an inch in every foot toward a central drainage grating. The doors are of the folding four-panel overhead type. In designing a garage the municipal ordinances in regard to garage construction should be consulted before making final plans. If a double car garage is designed on this house it should be at least eighteen feet wide and twenty feet long. The height at the door entrance is eight feet in the clear and the ceiling inside should not be less than nine feet, six inches. The amount of money expended in the average automobile justifies a garage that should be well built in every essential and most important, in security against fire. This [Continued on page 32]



Accessories bring life into a room

TAKE THE WHEEL ... and re-capture your first big motoring thrill



YOU have only to take the wheel to know the difference. You have only to make your own tests, over your own roads, to realize what McLaughlin-Buick's 22 years' experience in fine-car manufacture means in building a Straight Eight. You have only to make comparisons to find out how the combined resources of General Motors and Fisher Body have been translated into value in The Eight by McLaughlin-Buick.

Accept this invitation from the McLaughlin-Buick dealer in your community. Take the wheel. Thrill to the 80-mile per hour speed—the swift acceleration—the marvellous hill-climbing ability of this great new eight. Test the ease, the quietness, the smoothness of McLaughlin-Buick's new *silent-shift* Synchro-Mesh Transmission. Experience the luxury of new Insulated Bodies by Fisher . . . richly appointed, and skillfully sealed, by a new method, against heat, cold, and noise.

Take the wheel, as thousands already have, and recapture your first big motoring thrill. Then you will understand why The Eight by McLaughlin-Buick received such an overwhelming public reception when it was introduced three months ago . . . and why it is now out-selling any other eight-cylinder car in its price range by more than two-to-one!

The Straight Eight by

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK



There is about this room an air of dignity that we must appreciate, a serenity that is worthy of a little special study.

Old World Charm---New World Comfort

A HIGHLY interesting situation seems to have evolved in the realm of house furnishing. Homes, speaking broadly, never before approached the standards of today, in beauty, comfort or adequacy.

The interesting point I have in mind is this—our best effects today are gained either when we furnish in the spirit of one of the fine old periods of a century and more ago—or when we follow the real artists of the present period, the exponents of *art moderne*. Oddly enough, the old masters and the new have this in common—there is a liveableness, a natural charm, which is behind the ideal cherished by every homemaker.

The living-room which I have for *Western Home Monthly's* readers this month, is a fine example of the complete way in which delightful things of an earlier age can fill to perfection the desires and needs of today.

The room in our photograph is not aggressively "antique" in spirit—if it were not for the spinning-wheel, many people would not attribute it particularly to any set date. Yet every detail of it actually is in the very best tradition of the day when the originals of these pieces lent their gracious atmosphere to the important homes of the land. We do not always pause to consider how fortunate we are in our day, to be able to have quite freely, reproductions of the masters among the 19th century furniture designers, how much we owe to the new scope given by modern manufacture.

There is, about the room in question, an air of dignity that we must appreciate, a serenity that is worthy of a little special study.

IF YOU will look at the picture for a moment, you will see in just what way this serene and dignified atmosphere is built up. It lies first, in the good proportions of rooms and furnishings and second, in the predominance of plain surfaces. The walls, floor and most of the furniture coverings, are unpatterned. The

All Things Desirable Seem to Meet in Today's Furnishings

By Katherine M. Caldwell

lines of the mantel, the recessed bookshelves (only one section of which is shown, its companion standing to the left of the fireplace), the windows, all are straight and simple. Simplicity, too, is the keynote in the designs of the various pieces of furniture, although there is enough departure from straight lines to avoid any suggestion of stiffness or severity.

Some discussion of the detail will no doubt be of interest, for this is the type of room which can be achieved gradually and into which many of one's present pieces could be happily worked.

The plain rug is very much a leader today, and it often extends right to the footboards—taking us back completely to those carpeted-all-over days that were no doubt thought to have been left definitely behind. The advent of the vacuum cleaner, however, removed the terror from large rugs and even from fastened-down carpets. Such rugs as the one shown are developed both in the broadloom types and in the seam variety, which has the advantage of being less expensive.

The color of the rug in this room is a lovely warm rose-taupe. Above it, the walls rise in a softly stippled two-tone effect, light taupe on a green ground; with a warm cream on the ceiling and the enamelled woodwork all finished in the same rich creamy tone, a most satisfying result is obtained.

The almost-plain covering on the big comfortable chesterfield (a very modern piece which lives in complete harmony with the rest of the furnishings) is really a sort of jaspé stripe in effect—it is a slub repp, one of the most practical and durable furniture coverings that are being shown at the present moment. A monk's cloth or one of the several types of interesting

wool coverings that are so good just now would have been equally attractive for the purpose.

THIS rose-taupe tone is tremendously valuable from a decorative standpoint—it combines in a rare way neutrality with a living warmth; and it seems also to afford a sort of pivot point from which delightful color combinations can be built up.

The warm ivory tones are especially lovely with it, and so besides featuring so prominently in the finish of walls and woodwork, they appear again in the fabrics that are used. Fine ivory marquisette hangs full and straight, at the windows and for side curtains, a fadeproof cretonne is used, which has a deep ivory tone as its ground color. A glow of color appears in the rather bold design of the cretonne—colors that are vivid without being garish. The fresh flowers used in the room would inevitably pick up these colors in a lovely echo. A bit of the same brightness is carried to the end of the room which disappears because of its closeness to our camera—another comfortable chair brings the cretonne across the room and helps in achieving a nice balance of color and design. Added bits of color appear in the quaint crocheted afghan that gives promise of such comfort in an odd quiet hour.

When the artificial lights are on, the low lamps glow from beneath shades of creamy parchment and bronze tone. And bronze, by the way, is the metal that appears in the fireplace fittings.

An interesting detail that we have to appreciate for its contribution to the truthfulness of which this modern decorator has produced in an old room, appears in the lighting fixture which hangs from the ceiling. It is a perfect replica of a group of oil lamps! Most of us would probably have to fall back upon the always attractive though more usual candle-type fixture, which is so much liked for both wall brackets and ceiling fixtures.

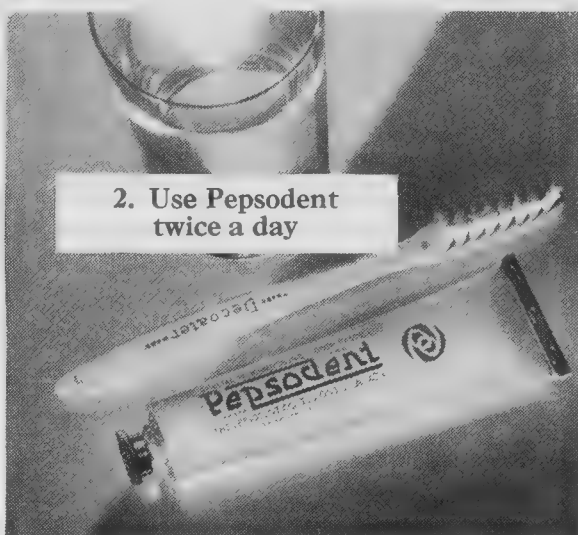
The chairs in this living [Continued on page 39]

Do these three things...to have strong, healthy teeth



1. Include these in your daily diet:

One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery, 1/2 lemon with orange juice, One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.



2. Use Pepsodent twice a day



3. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Eat correctly ... See your Dentist ... Use Pepsodent twice a day

These are the three rules to follow if you seek lovely, healthy teeth

EACH day new discoveries are made in dentistry. Now it's found that the proper diet aids greatly in building natural resistance to decay and gum disorders. On this page is shown a list of foods to be included in the daily diet.

Remove film from teeth

There is another highly important thing that you yourself can do to keep teeth strong and healthy. On your teeth there is a stubborn, clinging film. That film absorbs the stains from food and smoking—teeth become unsightly.

Film harbors the germs that cause decay and other troubles and glues them to the teeth. To protect teeth and keep them lovely, *film must be removed each day.*

To do that more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE... yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth through life.

* * *

Amos 'n' Andy The most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time, 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:00 p. m., Pacific time.

Pepsodent

—the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.



Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay... to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

"LAUGHTER" is probably the best light, sophisticated comedy to be seen on the screen. Its plot is woven about the not very original "Poor Little Rich Girl" theme, but is well handled and very much enhanced by the bright dialogue of Donald Ogden Stewart, author and playwright. Although Mr. Stewart's stage comedy success, "Holiday," made an attractive picture, "Laughter," constructed especially for the films, is undoubtedly its superior, for the action and incidents are expressly suited to the medium of the talkies. The photography and recording are excellent.

The story of "Laughter" concerns a chorus girl who marries an elderly millionaire, but soon the wealth which had once seemed so enticing, becomes a burden and a bore and she realizes that she really loves a merry young man whom she had discarded for the rich husband. Nancy Carroll is attractive and winsome as the girl, and Fredric March gives a most intelligent and thoroughly delightful performance as the young lover. Frank Morgan is excellent as the husband and Glenn Anders, well known on the stage for his fine work with the New York Theatre Guild, gives a splendid interpretation in the role of a temperamental and unhappy artist. "Laughter" is excellent entertainment.

"Tol'able David"

WITH Richard Barthelmess in the title role, "Tol'able David" was one of the classics of the silent screen. Now the story comes to us in a talking version with an entirely new cast of players.

It is a fine picture, having as its basis what so many films lack: a really first-rate story. Many people who saw the silent film and were impressed by Barthelmess's appealing characterization of the boy hero will probably miss him in the talkie. But Richard Cromwell, the new David, is good in the role and an attractive young man, as well.

The mountains of West Virginia make a picturesque background for the tale. "Tol'able David" can be highly recommended entertainment for both young and old.

"Kismet"

MANY theatre-goers have affectionate memories of this oriental romance, "Kismet." I saw it first, years ago in Munich at the Kunstler Theatre, a playhouse famed for its beautiful, ultra-modern productions. The play was colorful and amusing, and made particularly notable by its bizarre settings and its bare-legged oriental dancers—an innovation which was then considered bordering on the scandalous. A little later the play was produced in America with Otis Skinner as the beggar. It was a role that suited him admirably and it became, of all his many splendid characterizations, perhaps the most popular. No one who ever saw him in it will forget the scene in the harem in which the beggar drowns the wicked Mansur. Surely this was the merriest murder ever seen on the stage!

Those who saw Mr. Skinner in the original stage version of "Kismet" will want to see him again now that he is starring in the new "Kismet" of the talking picture. They may or may not be disappointed. Frankly, I was. Mr. Skinner, of course, is excellent. But the story seems stilted and old-fashioned. And while it was never a great play, it was redeemed and enhanced on the stage by the warmth and color of the production and the charm of flesh and blood actors. The cinema

version is flat and chilly in comparison, tawdry and unreal.

"Min and Bill"

PICTURESQUE, beautifully cast and unusually well-directed, "Min and Bill" is one of the strongest pictures of recent months. It opens with a good bit of boisterous comedy, but let no one think it is a comic. On the contrary it is a tragic picture, often harsh and sordid.

The story concerns a young girl who, as a child, has been deserted by her drunken, degraded mother, and Min, the proprietress of a questionable joint on the waterfront. Min, an uncouth and tougher version of "Stella Dallas," is superbly played by Marie Dressler. Marjorie Rambeau, one of the cleverest actresses on the American stage, gives a fine characterization of the conscienceless, drink-sodden mother. Wallace Beery, also, does very good work. A picture well worth seeing, but remember to leave the children at home.

"Remote Control"

ON THE stage "Remote Control" was a very clever mystery play.

In the movies, it is just another vehicle for William Haines. If you like Haines's smart-aleck comedy, you may enjoy this picture, which, although it is a mixture of radios, crooks, and Junior League

girls, is pretty banal entertainment.

"Sin Takes a Holiday"

THE plot of this picture is not marked by any astounding originality. The story of the wife who wins her husband's love again after he had become smitten with another woman is the basis of the plot of several plays and books each season. It is, in fact, a hardy perennial. This particular version of it has plenty of action, is jazzed up with many twists to the plot, and decorated with bright dialogue. It is an entertaining society comedy.

Constance Bennett plays the leading role. She has inherited from her well-known actor father distinct histrionic talent and, what is more, she is most pleasant to look upon. Kenneth MacKenna is both clever and attractive in his role, and Basil Rathbone is always delightful in suave epigrammatic parts.

This is a well turned out picture, distinctly above the average in its line.



Richard Cromwell featured in "Tol'able David."

"Oh, For a Man!"

THIS film is based on one of a series of short stories by Mary Watkins which have appeared periodically in "The Saturday Evening Post." The stories tell of various adventures in the life of a highly temperamental operatic prima donna. In print they make light, but fairly diverting reading. But this single story, as arranged for the screen, is foolish to the point of being ridiculous. It is also too thin of plot for a full length picture. Jeannette MacDonald and Reginald Denny are pleasing in the leading parts but are hampered by the material with which they have to work.

"One Night at Susie's"

HERE is a sentimental melodrama with many stereotyped characters: the lascivious theatrical producer, the beautiful young girl who commits murders to defend her honor, the self-sacrificing young hero, etc. It is well directed and the characters, though stereotyped, are clearly drawn. Local color of the underworld is plentiful. And there is a strong love interest with a happy ending.

Billie Dove and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. have the leading roles. Helen Ware gives a clever performance as the landlady of a crooks' boarding house.

"One Night at Susie's" is not a remarkable picture but it is fairly acceptable.

"The Blue Angel"

HERE is the English version of the picture which was such a success in Europe last summer. And it brings Emil Jannings back to America in his new medium of the talking picture.

The plot deals with a high-school teacher in a German town. He is a fine man who takes a personal interest in his pupils. He discovers that many of them are carrying photographs of a girl who is an entertainer in a rather disreputable beer garden, and, anxious to rescue them from harm-

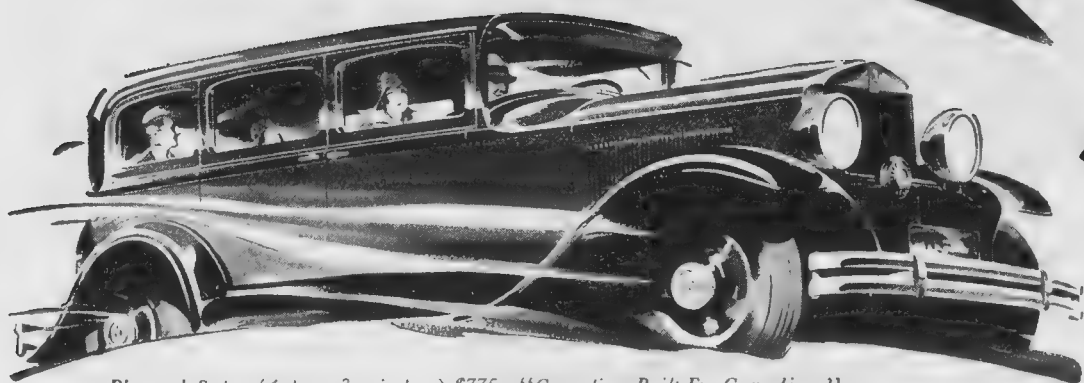
ful associations he visits the amusement place, meets the girl and falls a victim to her wiles. The boys discover this and he is reported to his principal and discharged. Finally he marries the girl, and, completely enslaved by her, he loses all sense of pride and dignity. One humiliation follows another until he is eventually seen as the comic "stooge" of the show magician, the abyss of his degradation shown in a scene where he crows like a rooster as the rough magician breaks eggs on his head. At the end he finds the wife for whom he has sacrificed everything is unfaithful to him, and he goes back to his old schoolroom to die.

The story, while strong in many ways often tends to be overdone and mawkish. And the story seems too much of a rehash of all Jannings's other famous roles in "The Last Laugh," "Variety," and "The Patriot." Jannings is a distinguished actor and it is a pity that he should always have to play the same character with merely a change of setting and costume.

The role of the girl is played by Marlene Dietrich, a new German star. She gives a good characterization of the brazen hussy who causes the downfall of the poor schoolmaster. She is very beautiful, really fascinating, and will probably soon be a success in this country in her own right.

Jerome Carver

Naturally, IT'S A GREAT CAR WITH ALL THIS GREATNESS BEHIND IT.



Plymouth Sedan (4-door, 3-window) \$775—"Canadian-Built For Canadians"

KINSHIP with three great cars gives Plymouth its extraordinary value . . . From Chrysler, it gets its *speed* and *power*. From Dodge, *dependability*. From De Soto, *dashing smartness* . . . Built side by side with quality cars, Plymouth quite naturally shows the same quality traits. In every characteristic of appearance, performance and quality, it has features of higher-priced cars which make it the greatest value in its field.

Business Roadster \$665 • Coupe \$700 • Roadster (with rumble seat) \$760 • Sedan (4-door, 3-window) \$775 • Coupe (with rumble seat) \$775 • Convertible Coupe \$865 F. O. B. Factory, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra)

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED
Division of Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

CHRYSLER
PERFORMANCE

DODGE
DEPENDABILITY

DESOTO
SMARTNESS

\$665

AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY

PLYMOUTH

SOLD AND SERVICED BY CHRYSLER, DODGE AND DESOTO DEALERS

TANGEE



HARPER'S BAZAAR
SAYS —

*"Natural Color
is the mode
of the moment"*

"The rouge and lipstick which blend into the natural flesh tones," says this world famous fashion magazine, of New York and London, "are the ones which flatter all types alike and which fit most perfectly into the fashion picture of 1931."

"This is precisely what the TANGEE preparations do. They accentuate and intensify the actual skin tones of the individual because of an interesting change of color when applied to the skin. For this reason they are becoming alike to all types; blonde, brunette or Titian-haired woman."

TANGEE, the world's most famous lipstick is non-greasy, natural, non-drying and permanent!

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.

Tangee Lipstick, \$1.25. The same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact \$1. . . . Crème Rouge \$1.25. Face Powder, soft and clinging, blended to match the natural skin tones, \$1.25 and 75c. Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, \$1.25 and \$1. Day Cream, protects the skin, \$1.25 and \$1. Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart. \$1.25.



SEND 20c FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-Up."

PALMERS LIMITED, DEPT WH2
750 Vitre Street, West Montreal, Canada

Name.....

Address.....

Bliss Carman's Shrine By H. G. Wade

"Have little care that life is brief.
And loss that Art is long.
Success is in the silences
Though fame is in the song."
—Bliss Carman.

WITH leaders in public life in the Dominion taking part, the unveiling of the granite shrine to Bliss Carman, first memorial to the poet, took place in his native city on October 18th.

Forest Hill Cemetery, Fredericton, where Carman's ashes are interred in a concrete tomb, was the scene of the ceremony. Over a simple grave on the slope of Forest Hill and overlooking the city of his birth and environment which played no small part in the development of Carman's ability, the shrine is located in an ideal position. It rests on the family plot above a concrete tomb where a little over a year ago the mortal remains were interred with state funeral rites.

The shaft, straight and simple and of a height of eight feet, is of native New Brunswick granite. It is fashioned in a design embodying ideas expressed by the poet himself.

Premier J. B. M. Baxter of New Brunswick unveiled the shrine to the memory of Bliss Carman. Grouped about the shrine, as the rain-drenched folds of the flag were drawn aside, were many prominent figures in Canadian literature and in public life, including Lloyd Roberts, Charles G. D. Roberts, Premier J. B. M. Baxter, Sir George Foster, Chancellor C. C. Jones, Judge Crockett, and Theodore G. Roberts, Dr. Loren Pierce and R. H. Hathaway. They had gathered to pay tribute to the foremost personality through which Canada's spirit had been made audible in poetry, the man whose ashes rest above the valley of his boyhood and the river that flows down to his "grey port of the grey sea."

Religious features fitting to Carman's portrayal of the manifestation of the Creator in nature, were important in the ceremony. An invocation was pronounced at the opening of the proceedings by His Lordship Bishop Richardson of Fredericton, and the dedicatory prayer offered at the close by Rev. George Telford.

Dr. H. V. B. Bridges, principal of the Normal School, a contemporary of Carman as a student at the University, gave a feeling rendition of the poet's composition "Vestigia." Theodore Goodridge Roberts, cousin to Carman and another U.N.B. alumnus, recited his own memorial poem to Carman, which we give here:

TO BLISS CARMAN

*In some green valley of the Hills of
Har,
In such a twilight happy poets know*

*Of dawn and the soft shining of eve's
star*

*And moonrise and the spent day's
afterglow*

*He wakes — and lo! the quest we
thought was done,*

*Starts bright before him as if just
begun;*

*And he who made the rhyme of Hack
and Hew—*

*(God's workmen, striking beauty
from dull clay)—*

*He turns his head at rustle of a wing.
He knows the spruce-tops where the
white-throats sing.*

*No golden trumpets play him to his
place;*

*But glad friends greet him in the
beechen shade;*

*And from a wayside window smiles a
face*

*To which so many of his songs were
made*

*In his old days of singing, with brief
breath,*

*This mortal life along from birth to
death.*

*And now in that green valley of that
land.*

*The tawny eyes are bright and quick
again;*

*And heart and soul go bravely, hand
in hand.*

*On the old quest of beauty, not in
vain—*

*And Heaven for him is as he dreamed
this Earth*

*Between his April, and his Summer,
birth.*

In the words of Sir George Foster, who taught Carman as a boy and who gave the unveiling address: "Bliss Carman lived close to Nature and possessed a particular instinct to understand and to interpret the mystery of Nature and man. But he has left us the increment of his rich thought and love of the spiritual.

"His life was protest against the grosser materialism of modern times, an appeal strong and musical to the spiritual as dominating the material.

"It is very fitting that the ashes of Bliss Carman should rest in this particular spot known to his youth.

"This is not a time for sorrow, but an occasion when Canadians of like spirit may take in the lessons of life taught in Carman's work.

"He has passed from us, but has left us the increment of his rich thought and love of the spiritual in Nature and in man. His life was a protest against the grosser materialism of modern times; an appeal strong and musical to the spiritual as dominating the material. He has sounded the battle cry that matter is inferior to spirit.

"This ceremony seems to me to mark a step in the advance towards that dominance of the intellectual and spiritual over the material, that we as a young and growing nation may learn the lesson he has taught."

Sir George pointed out the necessity of keeping in sharp and constant memory the circumstances surrounding the birth of the nation.

"Teaching the children in homes and schools what the pioneers have done should be kept in mind . . . It is in the carrying out of this that the future of the country depends.

"Canada has been endowed with a noble body. She is keen of mind and strong of limb. But if she has no soul within her, she will never reach the acme of our hopes, towards which our efforts are made.

"If we are to attain that end, the achievements of the poet we honor will be instrumental. It is a strong, virile and home-like expression of thought Bliss Carman has left us."



Above is shown the eight-foot column of native New Brunswick granite which has been erected in Forest Hill Cemetery, Fredericton, as a memorial to Bliss Carman, Canada's Poet Laureate, whose ashes rest there. The design is simple and follows wishes expressed by the poet. In an inset Gothic panel is a cross with three interlocked circles and below is the simple inscription: BLISS CARMAN, 1861-1929. Before the shaft is represented a desk at kneeling-height and upon it an open book.

*Feels the sweet urge of song, as sharp
and new,*

*As April morn of mortal yesterday.
And knows the labor and the joy again
Of building words to beauty, not in
vain.*

*His no eternal rest! His still the quest
Of word, of phrase, to catch the
spirit's gleam;*

*To mark the meaning of the swift
stream's zest;*

*To fix, in ink, the radiance of a
dream,*

*And sing, in rhymes, the challenge of
old seas*

*Rolling their fog among the windy
trees.*

*His is no vast repose, no seat of gold,
In some high heaven for the Saints
of God.*

*He walks the ferny paths he knew of
old*

*And sees the dewdrop on the mossy
sod,*

"The 1931 Pontiac ... Isn't it a beauty?"



TRULY the 1931 Pontiac is a beautiful car. From the distinguished V-shaped radiator, with its in-built chromium-plated screen, to the rear bumper, the flow and sweep of its lines are pleasing and conform to the most modern ideas.

But the 1931 Pontiac is more than beautiful. It is a practical car. Great economy, dependability and serviceability are disguised in its beauty.

Notwithstanding its new beauty, its refinements, and its larger size, the 1931 Pontiac sells at lower prices. On seeing this car you will be cheered by the value which General Motors has made possible.

You will find a larger car—longer, more spacious and more restful. This added size makes possible more pleasing lines. Other details of appearance that will be noted are the graceful, one-piece fenders, the useful and decorative fender parking lamps and the generous use of chromium plating.

The new Fisher Bodies, of com-



bination hardwood and steel construction, assure lasting quietness. Interiors are luxurious. Greater vision is attained through narrower windshield posts. Insulation protects the driver's compartment from heat and cold.

In consideration of the owner's comfort and pleasure, General Motors has included many mechanical refinements in the 1931 Pontiac, so that it will be known for its riding ease, smoothness and quietness. For instance, there are 43 points of rubber insulation throughout the chassis to absorb vibration, muffle chassis noises and smother road shocks.

There is a new air silencer that chokes "power roar." The frame has been greatly strengthened. Pistons are electroplated to assure a closer fit and assist lubrication. Proven elements, such as the harmonic



balancer, the cross-flow radiator and Lovejoy shock absorbers are continued. As another indication of added value, five wire wheels are standard equipment at no extra cost on all regular models.

The new 1931 Pontiac may be purchased out of income through the facilities of G M A C, General Motors own deferred payment plan, with the lowest rates available. Your complete and continued satisfaction is assured by the protection of the liberal General Motors Owner Service Policy.

PONTIAC

.... a fine car, a modern car, a great value

THERE IS A PONTIAC DEALER NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU



EXCESS ACID

A common cause
of constipation

HEAVINESS after meals; a sour, burning stomach? Then, suspect an over-acid condition.

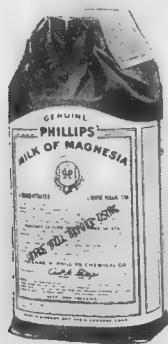
Too much acid dulls appetite; causes "indigestion." The tongue may become coated; or the breath bad. Sick headaches occur; constipation begins.

These are Nature's calls for help. They should not go unheeded. Something is needed to help remove acid-waste and restore alkaline balance. An anti-acid to correct the results of rich food, worry, nervousness or excitement.

Men and women who meet this need with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia have no further trouble. They eat well and their food doesn't form sour gas. Every trace of an over-acid condition soon disappears. No more heartburn, nausea, biliousness, "indigestion." Stomach, liver and bowels function as they should.

If there is the least hint of too much acid, take a spoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia today and for several days. See how it sweetens the stomach and bowels; how appetite, digestion and elimination improve. You'll wonder how anything so pleasant-tasting can be so effective.

The genuine, prescribed by doctors for over 50 years, is always a liquid. It cannot be made in tablet form.



PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

In conjunction with this ideal anti-acid, use Phillips' Dental Magnesia; a magnesia tooth-paste that guards against acid mouth

[Made in Canada]

Breen of the Bisons

Continued from page 17

NEXT mornin' at breakfast, Baker starts in ridin' Tommy. The corn-flakes nearly chokes me, as I'm sittin' listenin'.

"Say, Fan," Baker says sneerin'ly across the table to her, "I see we've another hockey star in our midst! And I understand the Vics are so anxious to take us, they've dug up a new left-winger." He takes a sly squint at Breen, sayin' this. The poor kid nearly spills his coffee; his face reddens, and I'm feelin' sorry for him, he looks so dang uncomf'table.

Baker shoots more sim'lar remarks, and Fanny giggles a lot; so do the other boarders. Breen jist sits an' suffers in silence. Finally I can't stand it no longer—

"Mebby th' Vics will have a new lef'-winger, next game," I butts in. "It's again th' Regals—so we won't need our best team, anyway! If Tommy does play, he'll be against you, won't he? Mebby you'll be s'prised, mister!"

They's sich a guffaw goes up at this, I'm sorry I lose my temper an' spills it. Baker yelps 'till he nigh chokes; Fanny she giggles. Poor Breen he goes red and white in turns. But then his old foolish grin comes—an' I feels like kickin' his shins.

Them boarders tease Tommy so much, meal-times, I sees it's up to me to get him out th' mess I puts him in. So I starts pullin' strings, an' gets th' Club officials to give him a try-out. Then I goes to his room, an' does everythin' 'ceptin' beg on my knees, coaxin' him to come through.

"You can do it!" I urges. "They's hockey in you—an' you got build enough to spill this tramp Baker all over. Wake up, Tommy dear, please!" "Aw!" he mutters, shufflin' his feet, an' grinnin' foolish.

I ain't never suffered so much, before or since, as at that game! Baker steps out to show Tommy up—an' makes a first-class job of it, I mean! How any feller, built like Tommy, could take what Baker hands him an' not want to start in chewin' railroad spikes an' shingle nails, I can't figger!

Tommy works hard—that is, he tries to work the puck every chance. His stick-handlin's promisin', but his main idee seems not to run into any-buddy. Gets out of th' way, even if it means losin' th' puck—which it usually does—rather than bump anyone—'stid of borin' in an' lettin' th' others take th' chances. Got no confidence—passes when he should go in—won't try anythin' on his own. Crowd calls him yellor—an' if I wasn't next thing to his room-mate, mebby I'd done th' same. Looks bad, th' timid way he paddles up an' down that wing!

Looks 'specially bad with Baker layin' for him like he's doin'. Dang it, that big tramp rides him raw—climbs over him every chance, an' makes plenty chances he don't need to. Tommy takes everythin'—still wearin' that grin—Baker has a pleasant evenin'!

But, nearin' th' end, Tommy shoots two nice goals. He's wide open on his wing, when th' chances come, an' all's he has to do is shoot—but them goals come in handy! After th' game—it's a tie—th' Club officials decides to keep Breen on; they like his wing shot, an' they're hopin' he'll improve.

Heh—I figgers they're long on hopes, an' short on sense. I'm Tommy's chum, too—that's how bad he looks to me!

Baker rides him, every meal-time. Fanny chirps in with her dang giggle, until I'm gettin' so's I don't like Fanny half's well as I did. Breen, he jist takes everythin', with his goofy grin.

Still, I knows he's sufferin', 'count of Fanny not givin' him no play!

We rates along 'till near th' end of th' schedule. Breen's still holdin' down left wing—'count of th' Club officials not quite havin' given up hope. Heh—if it wasn't so painful, I'd got a kick out of them an' their hopin'! Tommy's jist about th' goat of th' League, now. Players on all th' teams has his number—they all figger he's short of them internal decorations which it ain't polite to mention out loud—an' boy, how they ride him! So do th' fans. Baker still digs away at him, meal-times—with Fanny's infernal giggle rubbin' th' kid 'till I know he's raw!

WE'RE playin' th' Regals in th' decidin' game. Rink's packed with howlin' fans. Bettin's not on th' Bisons! I'm almost tempted to do what I ain't never done—hedge. Regal fans is sure backin' their boys heavy! I don't blame 'em—we're still hand-capped with this Tommy guy on left wing.

Th' bell rings—they's sev'ral flurries in centre ice—then suddenly I jerks up in my seat. From then on I sit tight, starin' 'till I'm nigh goofy—

They come a mix-up, close to where I'm sittin', an' Baker an' Breen's right in it. They both jab away at th' puck—then Baker surges forward an' rides plumb over Tommy, who slithers to th' ice, hard. Th' crowd's quiet—one of them grippin' moments when th' cheerin' stops—an' jist as Tommy hits th' ice with a thump, they come a loud giggle.

That's Fanny! Squintin' round, I see her, jist a few seats away. Next minute I'm starin' at Breen; th' kid has scrambled up, skates to th' rail, where Fanny's parked, an' shoots one long, hard look at her. *She laughs out loud.*

Th' crowd starts jeerin' an' ridin' poor Tommy then. He turns to skate into a play—jist as Baker comes swirlin' back; seein' his chance, Baker rams into Breen, an' down he goes again! It was raw—I figgers Baker'll get ticked; but th' ump's follerin' th' play, an' not lookin'.

Then Baker comes down th' boards, jugglin' th' puck, tryin' for a break. Suddenly he darts ahead like a streak—then stops jist as suddenly, an' goes sprawlin'.

With a scowl he gets up, an' glares at what stops him. It happens jist in front of us—an' I jerk clear out of my seat when I sees Tommy glarin' back. They's no sign of a grin on his white, set map!

"I'll flatten you, feller!" we hears Baker hiss.

"Mebby!" Tommy mutters. Baker stands gapin'.

Heh—that's all th' standin' done from then on! Them two starts comin' together with clashes which jars th' spinal colyums of all fans along them boards. First Breen goes hurtlin' to th' ice, rammed by a hard-

thrust shoulder; next Baker takes a nose-dive for th' same reason. Hammer-an'-tongs—give-an'-take—they's a fight goin' on out there which leaves me shiverin' with amazement.

At half-time I hits for th' Vics' room. "Good boy!" I yelps, slappin' Breen on th' back.

He gimme one look. "Get t'hell outa here!" he growls. I takes one look—then goes!

Well, they keeps on hammerin' at each other. Breen gets a cut across his head—looks like a delib'rate slash to me—from Baker's stick, an' has to get it bandaged. They're both war-wrecked lookin' sights, now!

They's jist five minutes to go when Breen starts travellin' like a cyclone. Speed? Say—them short, choppy strides, stick-handlin' an' tricky work paves th' way to four goals before th' tired Regals can turn around twice!

Seein' it's gone, Baker opens up an' does nothin' but try to get Breen. Cross-checks, butts in th' ribs, throws, trips—everythin' gets by—an' Breen comes right back for more, while he's skatin', stick-handlin' an' playin' Baker right into th' ice.

It's jist about full time when they meet, head-on, in a man-size clash. Baker tries to cross-check Tommy, stick held high—everybuddy see it. But Tommy slips aside, sets himself, an' crashes hard into Baker's juttin' shoulder. **WOW!** That jar rattles th' back-teeth of every fan in th' neighborhood!

Breen staggers a minute, wobbles, then straightens up, still ra'in' to go. But Baker he jist sags to th' ice, groanin'.

"Git up!" th' crowd yells. Baker jist sags, his face white.

That's th' last time they clash. Baker dodges out th' way every time Breen comes, after that. Tommy's ready an' willin'—but Baker, he's through!

Tommy settles down to playin' hockey, then. He brings th' crowd up roarin' by shootin' two more sweet goals, after end-to-end short, choppy rushes which makes hairs stand right up straight on th' fans heads. Mine, anyway! They roars his name for a full minute.

Jist after they quits roarin' Breen's name, th' bell clangs. Vics is champs—an' I wins my bets.

I'm standin' there, feelin' good thinkin' of them bets, when they's a commotion starts right out in front. I swings round jist in time!

Baker's standin' by th' rail, chin-nin' with Fanny. She's gigglin' a little—not much—an' lookin' sidewise like at his bandaged bean.

Suddenly they's a swirl of skates an' th' harsh, grindin' of a quick stop. Breen coasts to th' rail—shoulders Baker aside—glares right at Fanny.

"Oh, Fan," he hollers, "I'm going to see you home!"

She stares at him—reddens—giggles a little—then chirps, "All right, Tommy—I'll wait."

* * *

Heh, heh—kid tells me, afterwards, that what got his goat was her laughin' out loud.

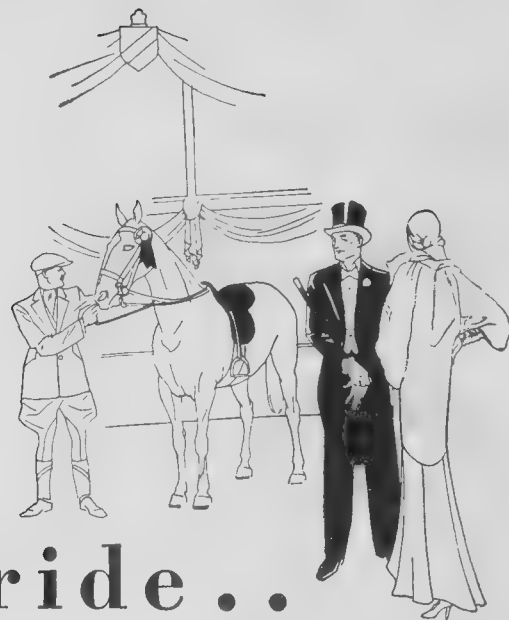
"Giggling," he says, "I can stand—but, Ed, laughing out loud at a fellow—that's too much!"

Added to which, pers'n'ly, I believe that first jolt Baker give him, 'stid of jarrin' him loose, tightened up that long, rangy stride of his, an' turned him into th' snappiest-skatin' winger which ever pulls on th' old Bison jersey."

Heh—s'funny, they's queer things happens in this hockey racket. Often they's jist a thin line between dub an' star!"



Own it with even more pride.. Buy it with even less money



OWNERS of the new Chevrolet Six enjoy a double satisfaction from their investment. They are proud of the greater size and beauty of the new car . . . and gratified that it costs less to own than any previous Chevrolet.

Distinctive new beauty has been added to the smooth, economical six-cylinder performance which has already won more than 2,000,000 owners to the Chevrolet Six. Due to the lengthened, 109-inch wheelbase, the Fisher Bodies have a new sweep and gracefulness of lines. Deluxe wire wheels, with large chrome-plated hub caps, are now standard equipment at no extra cost. The radiator is deeper and

narrower, presenting an unusually pleasing front view. Bright metal parts are neatly designed and heavily plated with nickel and chrome. The interiors are roomier, more beautifully upholstered and completely appointed than ever before.

With its new beauty, impressive size and many improvements . . . the new Chevrolet Six is offered at even lower prices. You can own it with even more pride . . . buy it with even less money.

Chevrolet's policy has always been one of service to the public . . . The GMAC plan of deferred payments offers the lowest financing charges available . . . and the General Motors Owner Service Policy pledges lasting satisfaction.



NEW LOW PRICES

The Standard Roadster	- - -	\$610
The Sport Roadster	- - -	640
The Phaeton	- - -	655
The Coach	- - -	695
The Standard Coupe	- - -	695
The Standard Five-Window Coupe	- - -	705
The Sport Coupe (With Rumble Seat)	- - -	745
The Super Sport Roadster	- - -	760
The Standard Sedan	- - -	820
The Special Sedan	- - -	840

Prices at factory, Oshawa. Taxes, bumpers and spare tire extra. A complete line of Commercial Cars and Trucks from \$470 up.



CHEVROLET SIX

THERE IS A CHEVROLET DEALER NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

Stop that COLD!



Drink water and rub chest with MENTHOLATUM

Water helps clean out your system. Mentholatum acts *directly* and *quickly* on the very spots where your cold is located. Rub lots of it on your chest and throat. After rubbing thoroughly, cover chest with warm flannel. Clean and pure, Mentholatum will not stain clothing or bed linen. It is important, also, to use Mentholatum in the nose to soothe the irritated membrane and clear out unpleasant stuffiness.

Get Mentholatum today at any drug store. Tubes and jars, 30¢ and 60¢



TRIAL OFFER
Mail Coupon Today!

Send your name and address with 10 cents to Dept. WM-4, Mentholatum Company, Bridgeburg, Ontario. You will receive a sample of Cough Drops and a trial box of Mentholatum free.—“Feel it Heal.”

Name _____

Address _____

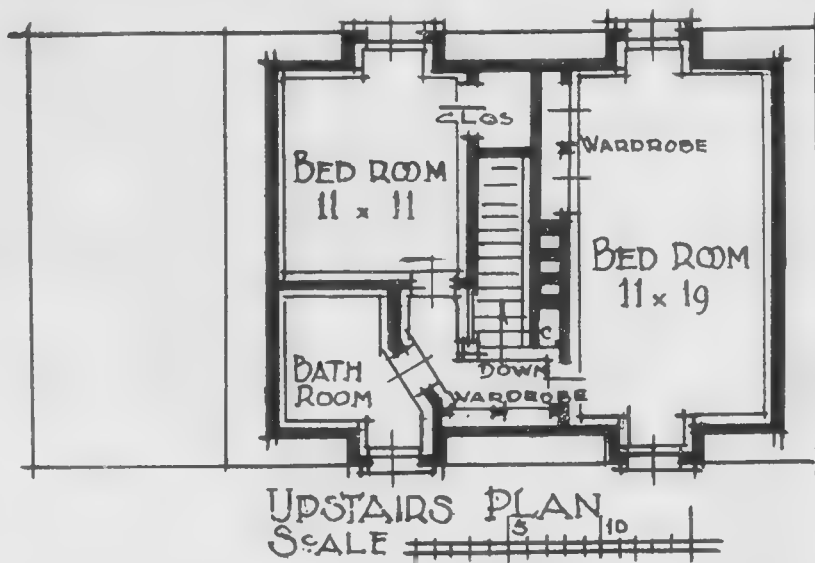
A House in Orange and Black

Continued from page 22

garage is built of brick but would harmonize equally well in concrete construction. Then consideration must be given of protection from the weather and reasonable convenience in its use and maintenance. The gasoline and oil generally stored in a garage adds greatly to the fire hazard, which makes it of prime importance in an attached garage that it be fireproof.

romantically on a most modern feature, reaches back to a castle portcullis. Why should this ideal give us pleasure? We all dream of castles and treasure-trove and pirate ships, unless we are indeed very prosaic. Any of those who have read “Tom Sawyer” remember that Tom and Joe Harper, after read-

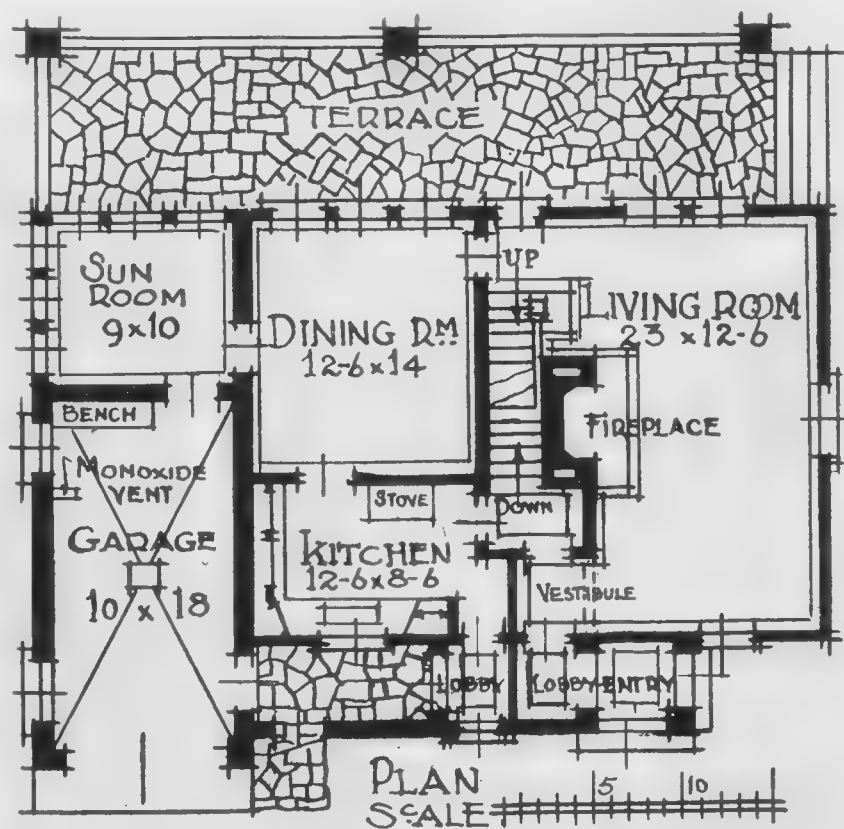
into our home of any of the queer compound of fads with which we are deluged under the name of Art, new or old. I do not advocate a return either to Adam or Sheraton or to the modernistic. All no doubt are excellent in their way, but to the person who requires rest I would not surround him with a system of triangles or try to seat him on a spindle-legged chair; I would introduce him to something comfortable whether ancient or modern. Art is somewhat like Freedom—many crimes are committed in its name. True art in home building is not merely a spectator's concern or the plaything of the ultra-refined. It is essentially an element of common sense living, analogous to a certain extent to moral stability or intellectual integrity. The common notion that art is a species of mental extravagance is most unfortunate. As we look into our living room what do we see? First we noticed as we entered that the color scheme is in orange and black and the floor is of a dark oak with on it two rugs in tan color with blue to give life. The fireplace is in a dull yellow stone with a tapestry over it. On the walls I have used a panelling in oak, the finish a little lighter than the walls and its height being four feet. The detail of the moldings are very simple, in fact I would prefer in a modest home of this character the moldings to be just rounded off the square and have the wainscot cap unobtrusive. This wainscoting should run up the stairs and around the small hallway at the top, and it should also be taken into the dining-room. If you will consider you will see that the ideal used in working out this plan is to get a homey house, and every consideration is given to this characteristic. The ceilings are low, eight-foot six inches on the ground floor and eight feet high upstairs. Above the wainscoting the walls are plastered in a sand finish in a dull ivory color and the ceiling is a tone lighter. In the draperies I chose a silk



IN THE designing of the exterior the influence of the plan is distinctly shown, and the blending and contrasting of materials should be well thought out. It is never advisable to use too many different materials as the tendency is to confuse instead of harmonize. I chose a dull orange tapestry brick for the foundation above the grade. Below the grade the walls are twelve inches thick of concrete reinforced and tarred outside and with drainage around the footing to catch any seepage. The brickwork joints are raked back, one-quarter of an inch, finished with a black joint and the stucco walls are plastered on expanded or wire metal lathing, in this case laid on a wood superstructure. Leave the concrete gray, or a dull yellow pigment might be used to give it warmth. For the roof, hand-split shingles would be best, but they are almost impossible to get now, and this roof requires a heavy horizontal line to give it the snug look. I have been experimenting with one-inch spruce boards about eighteen inches wide, laying them on like shingles. The effect is good and gives a distinction to the roof that is surprising, but it must be laid very carefully and the nailing absolutely perfect. These shingles should be dipped in red stain before placing on the roof and then covered over with another coat of stain in browns. The window-frames, doors and shutters are in a bronze green with the window sash and muntins picked out in glowing white. After surveying the outside we may enter. As you see, the entry to the kitchen is by a gateway and a small court. This court has a brick wall with a stained plank gate, and the brick entry joins and combines the garage into the house scheme, yet we know that it is a garage, not an impertinent intrusion on the house. This, I may say, is one reason for the small court. It at once given an air of distinction to the garage and gives also private access to both garage and kitchen. Ordinarily you look rather disgusted as you see the large doors of the garage protruding on your eyes at every point. You cannot get away from them, but here the pleasant relation between entry of garage and house entry is such that your mind rather

ing Robin Hood said that “They would rather be Robin Hood for one year than President of the United States forever,” and I have no doubt that Lord Strathcona, Jim Hill and The Adventurers Trading into Hudson Bay all dreamed the same adventurous dreams. So this may explain my first portion of planning. We enter the front door and seeing the convenience of the entry from kitchen and down to the billiard room in the basement, go into the living-room.

WE NOW come to a discussion of the living-room environment, and let it be remembered that I am writing



of thoroughly practical possibilities, of things that one might say can be bought around the corner without necessitating on the part of the owner any greater outlay than he has in mind. I am not pleading for the introduction

velour giving a very luxurious tone to the room by its folds and sheen. If this is too expensive at first, use a sun-fast weave in a stripe of blue and dull orange on a sand-colored background, or again, a cretonne in blue, orange

A House in Orange and Black

Continued from page 32

and brown pattern, or tan or ecru background. The curtains I would choose of ecru, and while on the subject of curtains and draperies let me advise the choosing of proper rods. Curtain rods are designed now that add simply the right touch to the decorative features of the room besides giving the proper drape to your materials. In the choosing of the furniture, a couple of upholstered wing chairs in blue and orange and the other occasional chairs in a dark oak, with two tables, one of the library type, and the other a gate-legged table. The accessories of this room are what will bring it into life. Orange is a warm color, so your incidentals must have spots of blue; cushions in blue and orange; a pottery vase of deep delft blue. Bracket lamps are used and on these could be used the modernistic arrow-shaped shades which will give a touch of modernity, not too much, to the room.

In the dining-room, the same scheme might be carried out, but in both rooms provision should be made for plugs to attach lights for candles or reading lamps. In the living-room the radio and phonograph should be of the same dark oak finish, and also the piano.

REFERRING to the walls of the rooms, never make them of a dominant color. I see so many triangular designs on walls and you cannot hang a picture on them. Pictures on walls should be few. Some decorators advocate that they carry out the dominant color scheme, but this to me seems rather extreme. You might as well say that your clothes should also conform to the color idea. Choose your pictures from good prints and always remember that in the West we have some of the first artists in Canada. Art naturally knows no border, but when we have the best within our own border

let us—not patronize them—but use their gifts to our own advantage by hanging their pictures on our walls.

In decorations never forget your color scheme. Many effective decorations look haphazard, but on examining them in detail you will find out that they are very much the reverse.

The kitchen is not large, it might be called a one-woman-power kitchen, as this is a small house. The cupboards take most of the wall-space, so I think the whole effect should be in ivory. The walls in a hard cement ivory finish, or better still in a cream tile. Underfoot should be a good linoleum in small-patterned tile effect, and the cupboard doors are panelled in glass. The curtains are in orange with blue touches. As you will see by the plan, there is easy access to the dining-room, the cellar and the entries, and as the billiard room is in the basement, easy access is from the living-room for the guests.

The bedrooms are individual in their decorations, but in the plumbing fixtures get only the best and use the best piping for them. It is a useless economy to put in good fixtures and then install rust-destroying pipes. The small first cost will be the least in the end. This is a home, not a house to be sold and then forgotten. Ventilation should be provided in all the rooms, especially the kitchen, and in the heating arrangements, humidors should moisten the air. If gas or electrical appliances are available all these conveniences can be installed without trouble. The heating is hot water, although in a house of this size hot air furnaces properly installed—and that means what it says—could be used. In the basement the billiard room could be made extremely comfortable with a fireplace, and guests could come and go without disturbing the rest of the house.



The Valentine

By Gwen Pharis

My Love and I quarreled long and loud
A week ago today;
And I was very, very proud,
And sent my Love away.

Today upon the avenue
I met him without warning.
I didn't know quite what to do,
So coldly said "Good Morning."

Now I will never be cajoled,
For he was all to blame,
But haughtily aloof I'll hold,
And put him quite to shame.

My Love has sent a Valentine—
He plans to cool this rage of mine
A heart with golden strings.
By doing such foolish things.

I think perhaps I'll write my love
A formal invitation.
And if he calls, I'm thinking of
A reconciliation.

And in my note, perhaps I'll say
That all the fault was mine.
—Acknowledge, in a modest way,
That I'm his Valentine.

Now the dentists speak: ABOUT

SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO YOU



PEOPLE in all walks of life agree that sound teeth and healthy gums are vitally important . . . to appearance, to success, to health. But here, popular agreement seems to stop. There are countless different dentifrices—and literally dozens of conflicting theories about proper mouth hygiene. How will you decide the best way to take care of your teeth and gums?

E. R. Squibb & Sons asked a prominent research institution to make an investigation among 50,000 practicing dentists—a real court of authority. Here is the summary of the answers received:

- 95%** of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;
- 95%** agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;
- 85%** stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

No other dentifrice has ever had the correctness of its formula more conclusively proved than Squibb Dental Cream. Squibb's is made with more than 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb Dental Cream cleans beautifully—and safely. It contains no grit, no astringents, nothing which might injure. It is refreshing to the mouth and is particularly excellent for smokers. Get a tube from your druggist.

Copyright 1931 by E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada, Ltd.



GUARDS THE DANGER LINE

Here was a Land to be Opened

*H*ere in Canada was a land to be opened. It was fitting that the men of the North, British and French, imbued with the spirit of adventure, should find their way across the broad Atlantic to this work. ☞ The fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains found their match in Alexander Mackenzie. The task was superhuman, but at last man triumphed, broke through and topped the hitherto impassable barriers of the Rockies. ☞ Where man could go, a path could be found, rails could be laid and trains could move. Thus British Columbia could join hands with Nova Scotia and trade with the Orient was assured. ☞ Confederation, long dreamed of, thereby became an actuality and the Canadian Pacific fifty years ago commenced to forge the link that was to bind the Dominion with tracks of steel from sea to sea.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, native of the Island of Lewis in the Hebrides, was the first white man to reach the Pacific by land. For many years the rock from which he viewed the Western Ocean bore an inscription

painted by his own hand: "Alexander Mackenzie from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three. Lat. 52° 20' 48" N."



CANADIAN PACIFIC TODAY

The Canadian Pacific Railway runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Its liners sail from Vancouver and Victoria to Japan and China, and from Montreal, Quebec and Saint John to Great Britain and the Continent. It operates winter cruises to the Mediterranean, the West Indies and Round the World, and a winter service to Bermuda. Its chateaux and hotels represent the latest word in comfort and luxury. Its telegraph service employs 225,000 miles of wire. Its express travellers' cheques are current all over the world. Canadian Pacific offices and agents are to be found everywhere.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

1881 fiftieth anniversary 1931



We don't want your money until you've made this test



Customers won by exaggerated claims are quickly lost. We prefer to win you by the sheer merit of our product.

GENTLEMEN: It's easy to make promises. It's harder to live up to them. Instead of taking up your time to tell you all about Palmolive Shaving Cream, we say: "Take a free supply and try it for 7 days at our expense; you be the judge."

Outsells all others combined

That offer attracts men by its fairness. We must win you by sheer merit—and we do. Proof of that is the fact that more men use Palmolive Shaving Cream than all other kinds combined. Of every 100 who try it 86 remain our steady customers. You'll want to know the reason why. Send coupon.

1000 men helped us

A few years ago men asked why we, makers of outstanding soap products in other fields, had never made a shaving cream. They told us—1,000 of them—where other preparations failed.

So we developed a shaving cream based on the olive oil principle—one that embodied five important features exclusive in Palmolive Shaving Cream:

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

Where shall we mail yours?

You risk a stamp. We risk the rest. Our profit comes in keeping you a steady customer. That we can do if we show you a better shaving cream than you have ever tried before. Please fill in your name and mail—at once.

Made in
Canada

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—9.30 to 10.30 p.m., Eastern Time; 8.30 to 9.30 p.m., Central Time; 7.30 to 8.30 p.m., Mountain Time; 6.30 to 7.30 p.m., Pacific Time—over stations WEA, CKGW and 39 stations associated with The N.B.C. red network

6296A



NEW! Palmolive Shave Lotion

Here's a new way to leave the face tingling and fresh—clean and free of germs that cause infections. Try it!

Also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.

7 SHAVES FREE and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. WHM2, 64 Natalie St. Toronto 8, Ontario.

(Please print your name and address)

His King's Voice

Continued from page 11

rope factory where the Superintendent assigned him a corner and some one to teach him. Jefferson learned with ease, but arrived and left spasmodically, sometimes remaining away for a week, then coming in for an hour or two. Those in charge understood, and paid for what he did. The fisherman saved it for him, and for thirteen years his wheel of fate was unchanged, finally it turned.

ON THE 20th of September, 1929, two well-dressed visitors called at the rope factory.

"My name's Braithby," remarked the elder one to the Superintendent, and this is my son. We're visiting here, from Canada, and heard about this interesting concern—"

"Delighted to show you over." The Superintendent escorted them around. Presently they came to a corner where a thin dark workman was splicing rope with dexterous hand.

"Jefferson!" they gasped. He stared, continued his work.

"Memory gone," explained the Superintendent. "You knew him?"

Mr. Braithby's voice was low. "One of my men—once. He was listed as dead. Our Chaplain is educating the boy—"

Ronald spoke eagerly. "He saved me, Dad. Let's take him home. The sight of Julius might bring the father to himself."

"Anything you say, Ronald."

The Superintendent was dubious. "I'd say it would take a mighty big surprise to do that. It's a long trip. Better talk it over with the old man he's living with—115 High Street."

The Braithbys visited the cabin that evening, and told their plan. The fisherman, feeble now, thought it the best thing for the soldier. He bade him a tremulous 'Good-bye' and gave him his earnings.

Mr. Braithby took out his pocket-book. "I'll change it into Canadian money." He counted out one hundred dollars. "Now you can pay for what you want," he said to the soldier. "Pay for what you want," he repeated.

"For what you want," echoed Jefferson dully.

Preparations were made, clothes bought, passage booked. They docked in Montreal on a mild autumn day. "You're home, Jefferson," said Mr. Braithby. "Home. What are you going to look for now?"

"Look—for—Claire."

Sadly the father turned away. The son answered in meaningful soldier language, "She went west, you know—"

"Went—west?"

The Customs man approached. In the flurry Jefferson slipped away. Ronald was the first to miss him. "He's gone, Dad!" They rushed to the exit, but saw no trace of him. They taxied to his old home, the stables, the church—in vain.

"He walks miles!" cried Ronald.

"What if he walks west?"

"We'll wire an advertisement to every western paper to be sure," replied his father, "but I think it's more than likely he'll turn up around here. He can't very well get off the island."

But he could. He walked along the river front, and up Bon Secours Street with his small hand-bag. "I'm going West," he confided to a passer-by. "Where is West?"

"A long way from here, friend. It will cost money."

Jefferson produced his bills.

"Careful!" expostulated the man. "Better put them back." He helped

Jefferson tuck them in. "Come along. I'll show you where to go."

He took him to the railway station. "Here's a queer chap wants to go out west," he told the clerk. "He doesn't seem to know much, but he's got the money."

Jefferson laid his bills on the desk. "Pay for what you want," he remarked gravely.

The clerk agreed. "That's right. Whereabouts do you want to go?"

"Go—west."

"Rather indefinite. Well, if you're not set on any one spot, I'd say keep away from the big cities." He checked the bills. "Now that will take you as far as—" he looked over his list in calculating way, "as Broadview, Saskatchewan, and leave you a nice little margin for incidentals." He handed back the change and the ticket. "Track eight. Six forty-five tonight. Get your berth further along."

The Good Samaritan, a passing pilgrim himself, saw that he got his berth, and left him with a porter. The trip puzzled Jefferson, but he was uncommunicative.

THE conductor put him off at Broadview. "Nobody to meet you? There's a farmer over there. Ask him to drive you to your friends."

Now Joe Watkins, his fair skin tanned to an Indian brown, his shoulders bent with toil, had just jumped from his dilapidated buggy to get his cream can, but as the train puffed out, he watched the only passenger. "Looks lost," he reflected. "Wonder if I can help." He approached the man. "Want work?"

Jefferson shook his head in bewildered way.

"Then what in the dickens did you come out here for? There's nothing but work on these prairies, and nothing to show for it. What with the drought, and rust, and hail, and frost, it's fight all the time."

The word struck a familiar chord. "Fight," repeated Eric dully. "Fight all the time."

"Oh, I say, you were overseas!" The farmer grasped his hand. "My boys went—but—they didn't come back. What's your name?"

There was another troubled shake of the head.

"Forgotten, eh? Come along, Jack. We'll go home to the wife. That's always a safe move when you don't know what to do."

The tone was sympathetic. Jefferson followed the weather-beaten farmer to the buggy and they drove fourteen miles to his ranch in Goldplain, Jefferson scanning the landscape vaguely. "West?" he queried.

"This is West, Jack."

Jefferson sighed.

"Gee whiz, I forgot the mail," the farmer thought as they neared the isolated shack. "Oh, well, nothing but papers, and no time to read them."

A sweet-faced woman in faded blue serge, met them at the gate. "A soldier, Amy," her husband explained as Jefferson investigated the buildings. "Shell-shocked, I guess, but where he's been all this time, and why he should have landed here, are points beyond my comprehension."

"Thank God he has landed here, where there's a shelter for him, and food."

"It will take more than food and shelter to bring back his memory."

"That will come, Joe, when we least expect it."

"You talk as though we were going to keep him." [Continued on page 37]

His King's Voice

Continued from page 36

"We are until somebody claims him."

The farmer nodded approval. "That's right. His guardians can trace him here if they want to."

"It's the extra clothing I'm thinking of—"

"We'll manage that: I'll sell a cow if he stays."

Jefferson stayed. Something about the small homey shack soothed his restlessness. He chopped wood, brought in water, and fed the stock while Joe hauled the scanty crop to town. Indoors he turned the washing-machine, the separator, the churn, the bread-mixer—doing all with a dog-like devotion to the kind old couple.

The days were alike to Jefferson. He did not notice the eagerness with which the farmer awaited Christmas. He was splitting wood in the shed when Joe Watkins proudly showed a radio to his wife. She clasped her hands, then her face fell. "Can we afford it, Joe?"

"No, we can't," he chuckled as he set to work to install it, "but if we waited till we could afford it, we'd never get it. There, Amy, don't look so worried. I got it cheap at a sale, and the red heifer paid for it. We don't spend much on pleasure—"

"I know; but it's not like you, Joe, to go trading a heifer we need for something we could do without."

"It isn't only for ourselves, Amy. I thought—Jack—might like it too."

The woman beamed. "That would absolve you, Joe, for any extravagance." To their disappointment however, Jefferson was indifferent to the radio—a strange box with people and noises inside. He tramped out of doors when they turned it on.

January came, a stormy month. Plenty of time for reading now. The Naval Conference filled the papers. The King's Speech was to be broadcasted. The Watkins thrilled at the prospect.

"Fancy hearing the King speak!" exulted the man on the evening of the 20th. "Listen, Amy. He's going to stand on a Turkish rug, on a golden throne lighted by golden lights. He's going to speak into a gold and silver microphone made specially for him, and particularly fitted to the pitch of his voice."

"You mean His Majesty's voice will come into this kitchen?" The contrast awed her.

"Yes, at about four-thirty tomorrow morning. We mustn't lose a word of it. I'll sit up, and call you when it starts. Come—" He led her to the sofa and covered her with a shawl. Then he turned to Jefferson. "Go to bed, Jack. We're sitting up late tonight." Jefferson, perplexed, did not budge.

"Go when you're ready then," amended the farmer kindly. He consulted the paper, adjusted the radio to the right wave length, noticed with pleasure his wife was already sleeping, stretched himself in an easy chair and began to read. Twenty minutes later the paper dropped to the floor. He too was asleep. Jefferson's brows

wrinkled. For some reason the old people were staying downstairs—he would stay too and tend the fire. He drew a high stool near the stove, and as one log burned low, put another in.

Seven hours passed. In the stillness and warmth he became drowsy; his body drooped. There came a strange whirr, a sharp click. He roused himself, lost his balance, and fell to the floor with a thud, striking his head on the stove leg. He got up and rubbed his forehead. The farmer and his wife awakened with a start. The radio was on.

"It is with sincere satisfaction that I am present here to welcome the delegates of the five principal naval powers assembled with the object of eliminating the evil results in naval armaments. Every nation represented here is proud of its navy..."

The King was speaking from his golden throne in The House of Lords, but the old couple heeded not. Their eyes were rivetted on the soldier. He was standing at attention. Once more he was in Buckingham Palace. He saw the King coming nearer; he heard the vibrant voice, the gracious, heartfelt words. His face glowed.

"Joe," screamed Mrs. Watkins, "turn it off, quick! Don't you see he's getting back his memory?" She darted to the man and seized his arm. "Your name?" she demanded. "Where do you come from?"

He stared. "I'm Eric Jefferson, Madam, from Montreal. May I ask whose home this is?"

"It's ours! We're farmers, living in Goldplain, Saskatchewan. Our name's Watkins," she raced on, "and we're listening to The King's Speech over the radio—at least, we were going to listen to it. The Powers are having a Conference in London. They are talking of reducing the Navy—"

"Great Scot, they mustn't do that!"

"It will be all right. The war is over."

"Over?"

"Twelve years ago." She pointed to the calendar—1930.

Astounded, he sat down, and gazed about. She patted his shoulder reassuringly. "You're fine now. Have you anybody waiting for you?"

"Julius, my little boy. Little—he'll be seventeen—!" Jefferson's head drooped suddenly in silent thanksgiving at his restoration. "What chums we'll be," he murmured.

The farmer's wife was tense. "We must get him back to Montreal, Joe, to that boy of his," she whispered. "There's that egg and chicken money..."

The farmer gripped her hand. "We'll get him off by the morning train." Two hours later, chores done and breakfast over, he carried the buffalo robes out to the sleigh. "All aboard!" he cried.

Jefferson turned to the woman. "Many, many thanks, Mrs. Watkins, for all your kindness."

"Why, it's nothing! Lucky you were here last night though—the radio is wonderful."

"Marvellous indeed," he smiled. "A glorious discovery."



LEADERSHIP THE WORLD OVER

THE judgment of the world is forever picking out one particular product in a field and saying, "This is the best."

That splendid and unique distinction was conferred on Champion Spark Plugs years ago, and the passing years have made the world's motorists even stronger in their endorsement.

Preference depends on performance, in the last analysis. And *the New and Improved Champions*, available at Champion dealers throughout the Dominion, *better the performance of even Champion's previous best.*

The advantages in engine performance with the New and Improved Champions are so great that we urge you to equip your car with them immediately, irrespective of the make or age of your present spark plugs.

NEW AND IMPROVED



CHAMPION

Spark Plugs

WINDSOR, ONTARIO

A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT





Take no Chances in sanitary protection *Be sure to specify Kotex*

Kotex stays soft; it is cut to fit inconspicuously; it deodorizes; and it is marvelously absorbent.

YOUR health, your comfort, your ease of mind demand the best sanitary protection. That is why you should be sure to specify Kotex.

Kotex is the original manufactured sanitary pad. There is nothing like it. Nothing like its softness, its absorbency, its truly remarkable comfort.

Lasting softness

Kotex is guaranteed to last longer, to stay soft longer than any other sanitary pad. Such a guarantee is possible because of the material of which Kotex is made, Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. This is a delicately soft substance laid in many air-cooled layers, each layer a quick, complete absorbent in itself. You can remove these layers, to adjust the pad to your individual needs—a most important advantage and one that particular women are always quick to appreciate.

Kotex absorbs five times more than surgical cotton. Five times more! Think of that! And it absorbs scientifically—over a large area, not just in one concentrated spot. Canada's leading hospitals use Kotex for their women patients.

Truly inconspicuous protection

Kotex is rounded and gently tapered, to make the pad fit better. And though this

IN HOSPITALS

1. Canada's leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.
2. **Kotex is soft**... Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
3. **Safe, secure**... keeps your mind at ease.
4. **Deodorizes**... safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. **Disposable**, instantly, completely.

improvement was introduced primarily for comfort, it offered a second advantage: Kotex is inconspicuous, even under snug, smooth-fitting gowns. Buy a box of Kotex today. Kotex Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

TRY KOTEX—Free... 3 Kotex pads will be mailed to you in a plain wrapper, as soon as this coupon is received. Also, a very interesting and valuable booklet, "Preparing for Womanhood." It answers many questions that are in every woman's mind. The sample and the booklets are yours, at no cost.

MADE IN CANADA

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

For 3 FREE KOTEX Samples

Send coupon to:—Moyra Monk, R.N., Dept. 9-2-1
Room 908, 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

You may send 3 Samples of Kotex and book, "Preparing for Womanhood," in plain envelope.

Name

Address

City.....Prov.....1477



The Mother Hospital of the English Speaking People

Continued from page 18

practised at Barts. His books are described as "the best surgical writings of the Elizabethan age." William Harvey, to whom modern medicine owes its existence, was physician here for over thirty years (1609-1643). His epoch-making discovery of the circulation of the blood revolutionized medicine and was the starting-point of experimental physiology, without which bacteriology could never have come into being. This discovery, universal in its effects was a strange fulfilment of Edward the Confessor's prediction of the great things which would come forth from Smithfield.

As William Harvey may be justly called the Father of Modern Medicine, so may John Hunter, another Barts man be regarded as the founder of Modern Scientific Surgery. He in his turn trained Abernethy, who was probably the greatest lecturer the art of healing has ever known. He instructed in the Hospital College for years and it is said that he lost a royal appointment by refusing to attend George IV till his lecture was finished.

THE women-nurses at Barts may truthfully be said to have 800 years' nursing tradition behind them. While the scientifically-trained nurse is a product of the last fifty years, it is a fact that Rahere, when he appointed the first Four Sisters (Nuns) who formed with a Master and eight Brethren, the original body corporate of Barts, came surprisingly near the modern ideal. His charge to his Four Sisters was:

"Ye shall faithfully and charitably serve and help the poor in all their griefs and diseases, as well by keeping them sweet and clean as in giving them their meats and drinks after the most honest and comfortable manner. Also you shall use unto them good and honest talk such as may comfort and amend them."

In course of time the number of the Sisters increased and by 1551 it had risen to twelve. In 1549 Rose Fysshier, the first of all Matrons, was appointed "chief Governess and worthy Matron of the House, to have charge, governance and order of all the Sisters, to see that every one of them do their duty unto the poor."

Rose Fysshier and her Sisters wore watchett or light blue, which color has continued with slight variations of shade in Barts' Sisters uniform to the present day. After her there has been an unbroken line of twenty-nine Matrons.

Another great advance was made in 1647 when "Watchers" or official helpers to the Sisters were appointed and engaged chiefly for night duty. This idea was the germ from which probationership or practical training in nursing sprang.

Able and loyally these Sisters and Nurses played their part and through the centuries it is recorded that they were on special occasions publicly and officially thanked, for example for staying in their posts during the Great Plague and "during the dearthness of these times" and for their "extraordinary pains about soldiers" in times of war.

Barts' nurses and Barts' doctors are known throughout the world. To the most distant outposts of our great Empire and to the loneliest missionary

stations they go to carry on their magnificent work and from the farthest corners they come—to study and absorb the lessons of a great tradition. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa are all well represented at Barts.

And now, in 1930 the Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew, for the second time only in 800 years, is making a public appeal for help. It is calling to the Nation and to the Empire to aid in its great work of reconstruction.

A large new block of surgical wards has just been completed and also a block of six operation theatres, all equipped with the latest scientific safeguards, appliances and apparatus never before assembled under one roof.

This is but a small part of the great reconstruction scheme.

Incredible as it may seem, patients have still to be wheeled in all weathers to and from the wards across the open quadrangle to the operating theatres—an intolerable state of affairs. But it must be remembered that the present quadrangle blocks were built in the days of sedan-chairs and link-boys—when London streets were cobblestoned alleys.

Barts now asks for £1,000,000 (\$5,000,000).

What is one million pounds? The price of a single super-submarine!

IN CONNECTION with this appeal a unique Historical Medical Exhibition is being held. Visitors have at the same time the opportunity to inspect the two great new surgical blocks at present empty and in process of "drying out." They are the latest word in construction, equipment and design, the newest thing in an 800 years-old institution!

But to one unversed in the technicalities of surgery the Exhibition makes a stronger appeal.

At the door of the large ward where the exhibits are shown are two carved wooden figures in the dress of the Stuart period. They are "The Wounded Soldier" and "The Wounded Sailor" and formerly stood at the main entrance to the Hospital to indicate the nature of the building to those unable to read.

Time and space are too limited to allow of a detailed description of this most interesting if somewhat gruesome Exhibition which depicts the progress of medical and surgical practice from pre-historic, through Roman and Medieval times down to the present day. But among the most striking exhibits are the old oil-paintings lent by the Medical Association and Royal College of Surgeons showing most realistically the progress made through the centuries, from the Greek Temple of Healing with its beneficent snakes gliding in and out among the patients, down to Eighteenth Century amputations by means of tourniquet and searing irons and without anaesthetics, to say nothing of internal operations under similar conditions with the luckless patient as a pallid spectator! We may congratulate ourselves that we live in a less robust age!

The tableaux show from the original style of bed, which was merely a shallow wooden tray filled with straw, with a life-size figure of a tonsured monk bending over the recumbent

(Continued on page 39)

Old World Charm---New World Comfort

Continued from page 24

room are worthy of note, for each one is not only very much in its period, but it is infinitely attractive in its own light, and is being quite widely offered us by the manufacturers and cabinet makers of our own day. The Windsor arm-chair that you will observe in front of the bookshelves is an especially delightful one, graceful to an unusual degree. In the same corner there appears that timeless favorite, the wing chair. There has always been a flavor of delightful domesticity about wing chairs, and their very strong appeal to furnishers in general, is shown by the wide demand there is for them today. Nothing can surpass a well-made wing chair, in comfort, if its lines are right and its springs and upholstery worthy of its repute.

Another old-time favorite that is equally a new-time favorite, is the Cogswell chair, and a greater part of a very charming example, has managed to appear at the right side of our picture. This is a type of easy chair which declares at first glance, the deep enjoyment and comfort that it holds for you. Like the graceful stool against the far wall, the covering material is a plain rose-taupe velvet, the use of which adds a note of richness in the

room, yet according perfectly with the other fabrics.

When musical instruments enter the picture, we have perhaps one of the finest examples of the perfect union of old and new. The piano, be it a grand of classical beauty or a little apartment upright that is the embodiment of practical charm, will admit its allegiance to any of the fine furniture periods of the past, and stress with equal pride the fact that within its polished case, the last word in modern craftsmanship has been said. The same is true of the later models of radio cabinets; just a few days ago, I spent a charmed half-hour in examining the cases of the many new models in a great showroom. There is a truly classical purity of line and treatment about some of the cabinets, whilst others, with equal success, follow the mode of *l'arte moderne*.

IN SHORT, this is a time of unrivalled richness of opportunity for the homemaker. Whatever the type of house, whatever the furnishing budget, we can all bring to our homes today a very real measure of the beauty and comfort, the satisfaction and the service, that constitute the ideal of every true home-lover.

The Mother Hospital of the English Speaking People

Continued from page 38

patient, to the latest of modern hospital beds with the most recent and most attractive of young nurses in attendance.

There are also life-like figures of doctors and surgeons.

The solemn, highly respectable individual dressed in a rather greasy-looking black frock-coat and trousers and black rubber gloves carefully drawn up over his sleeves was the typical surgeon of 1840. At that time it was considered undignified for a surgeon to turn up his coat sleeves when operating! He contrasts strongly with the figure next to him which is that of the modern surgeon, covered from head to foot in spotless white and showing scarcely an inch of his skin. On the other side is a sinister figure in a shapeless, sack-like garment of grey canvas, two glass-filled holes for its eyes and a curious, black snout protruding several inches. This represents a London doctor or "leech" during the Great Plague. The "snout" was filled with aromatic herbs as a safe-guard against infection.

Among the innumerable interesting hospital "properties" exhibited is the first stethoscope used at Barts in 1827 and also a small tin candlestick and

candle which was the only means, until 1863, by which patients could be examined by artificial light.

A few leeches move sluggishly in a basin. About 300 are required annually at Barts. But in 1837 the year of Queen Victoria's accession, 96,300 leeches were used, the average being seventeen leeches to each patient in addition to "cuppings" or "bleedings." Until 1867 the only "specialist" known was the "cupper" or "bleeder!"

This unique Exhibition is open all day and all night that every one may have an opportunity to see for themselves the great work that has been carried on without intermission, through the centuries.

In his speech at the inauguration of the £1,000,000 appeal, the Prince of Wales said:

"Nothing really vital has been, or can be accomplished without imagination, without carrying our vision over immediate obstacles."

And to pause for a moment in the Quadrangle of Barts, before turning out into the roar of the traffic outside, and to look at those grey blocks of buildings, is to realize as perhaps never before, that we are, in truth "such stuff as dreams are made on."

Just Memories

By Jessica E. Money

As I sit in the hush of twilight,
And feel the pulse of the gloom,
My eyes see naught
But the crescent shape
Of a Will-o'-the-Wispish Moon;
For the last pink rays
Of the dying day
Have followed their course to the glowing
West,
Far off to the West—and you.

And the pulse of the gloom keeps creeping
Right into this heart of mine,
That beats with its beat,
Throbs with its throb,
And follows your path to the Siren West;
Great Land of Dreams,
And New Born Hope,
Great Mother of Plains, and Glacial Peaks,
She is yours—to me, JUST MEMORIES.

Dr. Allen Rogers

Ph. D., University of Pennsylvania

says:

"As a Cleansing Dentifrice
Colgate's has no equal."



Dr. Rogers is head of the Department of Industrial Chemical Engineering, Pratt Institute. His tests on toothpastes and their action are of the highest interest, not only to the public, but to scientific circles as well.

Dr. Rogers says:

"My tests reveal that Colgate's Toothpaste produces the lowest surface tension. Since surface tension determines detergent or cleansing action, it follows, therefore, that as a cleansing dentifrice, Colgate's has no equal."

"The sole purpose of a dentifrice is to give the teeth and gums a complete cleansing. It must, therefore, have the ability to get into the crevices between the teeth and remove the decaying foods. A toothpaste that has a low surface tension is the one that gives the best results. My tests indicate that Colgate's gives these desired results."

Allen Rogers

WHEN a distinguished scientist announces that one dentifrice is vastly superior to all others, the world wants to know his reasons. And Dr. Allen Rogers gives them. Conclusive, scientific reasons. Backed by painstaking, impartial laboratory research.

Colgate's has no equal. Very well, why? It is a matter of low surface tension, as Dr. Rogers explains. "The sole purpose of a dentifrice is to give the teeth and gums a complete cleansing. It must, therefore, have the ability to get into the crevices between the teeth and remove decaying foods."

"A toothpaste that has a low surface tension is the one that gives the

best results. My tests indicate that Colgate's gives these desired results."

Nothing need be added to that convincing statement from one of the country's recognized authorities.

But if one should ask further scientific proof of these facts, there are such noted scientists as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University, Washington, D.C.; Dr. Henry Leffman, noted lecturer at leading universities, author of many books on scientific subjects, and scores of others equally well known, whose individual researches agree entirely with those of Dr. Rogers.



MADE IN CANADA

FREE COLGATE, Dept. WHM.2, 64 Natalie St., Toronto, Ont.

Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name

Address

25¢

1470

The price is important—but the quality—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

TASTE ITS FLAVOUR



SMELL ITS FRAGRANCE

COMPARE ITS RICHER CHOCOLATE FLAVOUR

DON'T be satisfied with the average cocoa. Drink Baker's because it's *richer* in Chocolate flavour. This test will prove it. Make a cup of ordinary cocoa. Then make a cup of Baker's Cocoa from the famous recipe right on the tin. Smell the *richer* chocolate fragrance of Baker's Cocoa. Taste its *richer* chocolate flavour. Enjoy smoothness... richness... easy digestibility: cocoa at its best. As a family drink, Baker's Cocoa is supreme. Children prefer it. Give it to them often as well as to the whole family.

When you buy a tin of Baker's Cocoa at your grocer's note the recipe. It tells how to make the most delicious cup of cocoa you ever tasted. Made in Canada.

BAKER'S



COCOA

USE BAKER'S PREMIUM CHOCOLATE FOR COOKING

The Great Heart

Continued from page 9

IN a short time the tent was up and we were eating, with the smell of bacon and coffee good to the nose. I was a fool, of course, to leave the rifles on the sled but it seemed to me that since the gun of Barbette was there also there could be no present chance of trouble. I had begun again to have suspicion.

I was just taking a big drink of that good coffee when I heard a yell, as of twenty fiends at once. I leaped up. It seemed to me that an army had burst forth from the woods. Men were bearing down upon us from every side. We were all on our feet, and for an instant we were all motionless. Then Barbette leaped for Remi and the fight was on.

I was not an old man then, monsieur, and I say to you that I gave an account of myself. There was a man on my back and another in front before I could get my knife out; this one in front closed with me but I was fortunate enough to find his ear between my teeth and that ear was not the same afterward. It was, however, only a matter of a minute or two; another joined them and then I lay in the snow, trussed up like a chicken for the oven. After that I saw what was happening.

Mademoiselle stood with hands tied and lightnings in the blue of her eyes. She and I were gazing at the same great thing; a sight it is not given many to see, and then rarely more than once in a lifetime. One man against twenty; with no weapon, no wall for his back, no help save in the courage of a great heart.

Three or four of these fellows rolled in the snow, groaning. The others came at Remi from all sides. He flung them off as a bear flings off dogs. I marvelled then that they did not use their weapons but later I was to know why. No, they fought with only their fists, teeth, and feet. The knife of Remi had broken and the hilt lay on the snow.

He turned constantly. When they mounted his back he roared and threw them over his head. When they came within reach of his hands they went down with a thud. One man he hugged until his ribs cracked. Remi was bleeding but it did not appear that this affected his strength.

It was not until they came on all at once, with great desperation, that they got him down. Barbette and another hung upon one arm, and then they swarmed over him. Even when they were all on him, like wolves fighting over a kill, he rose once more and I saw his face lifted to the gray sky. He did not cry out, but slowly he went down again. When the pack drew away Remi was tied so that he could not move hand or foot.

Louis Barbette wiped blood from a cut over one eye. He walked up to Remi and kicked him in the ribs; then in the face. After that he turned to mademoiselle and bowed, and his smile was not pleasant to see. She was, I think, without fear, for she looked him steadily in the eye.

They got up the men who had been put out of the fight and all of them were able to walk except that one whose ribs Remi had broken. There was one among them who was the leader, a small and hairy man with the most evil face I have ever seen. When Barbette called him "Georges" I knew that this must be Georges le Couteau. It explained everything. Without doubt this had been arranged. Barbette had needed men for what-

ever he had in mind and here were at least twenty.

They put the man with the broken ribs on the sled, and freed the legs of Remi and me. Then we started into the bush, in growing darkness. They kept Remi by himself and Barbette prodded him now and then when he did not march fast enough. That much I saw before it became night.

Ariane Lamarre marched just ahead of me and her chin was high, monsieur, in spite of all that had happened—in spite of all that might happen. This was a narrow trail made that day by the snowshoes of the men of Georges le Couteau and we went one by one. But as mademoiselle and I were in the middle of the line there was not the slightest chance of escape.

IT MUST have been a march of two hours before we came to an old *chantier*, of good size, where it was apparent that Georges le Couteau had at least temporary headquarters. There were two or three men in the *cabane* and a great kettle of soup and another of beans stood on the stove. Many candles had been put up along the log walls. There were broad shelves, one at each end of the room, where the men slept in blankets of an unspeakable dirtiness. It was on one of these shelves that Barbette told us to sit down; and after he had set two men with rifles to guard us he went to the soup and beans with the others. They ate like hungry dogs, they themselves, but among us it was only mademoiselle who had an offer of food. She refused.

I think the denying of food and even of water to Remi and me was a part of the plan of the scoundrel, Louis Barbette. It was a preparation; he wanted to break us down. Remi sat silent, with the blood dried upon his face. Now and then his glance met that of Mlle. Ariane. There was naked worship in their eyes, and despair, and courage of a great quality.

When Barbette had eaten he smoked, looking upon us with grimness. Meanwhile they had got the man with the broken ribs onto the bunk at the other end of the room. He lay there and cursed Remi so that it was a wonder the bark on the logs did not smoke up into a blaze. There were others who had reason to join him, and they did; for there was a broken nose or two and any number of black eyes and sore heads. Georges le Couteau showed all his yellow teeth in a grin.

"They'd like to take this Remi Noel off your hands," he said to Louis.

"They are being paid for their bumps," answered Barbette, shortly. "I myself am as sore as a licked dog."

After Barbette had knocked out his pipe he rose and nodded to the men who were guarding us. All had been arranged. They knew what to do without being told; we were herded out of the cabin and to the edge of the bush. A good fire burned there. A stout pole ran between two trees, higher than a tall man's head; and there was a great iron kettle swung up far enough from the ground so that a fire could be built under it.

"We butchered a pig here yesterday," said le Couteau, who had followed us out with half a dozen men behind him, "but this will be more profitable, Louis!"

Louis Barbette made no reply. He stood with his rifle across his arm and made a sign to the half dozen

[Continued on page 41]

The Great Heart

Continued from page 40

men who had come out. They threw themselves upon Remi, knocked him down from behind, and then with two to each arm and leg and one sitting upon his head they untied his hands. Instantly they had a rope around each wrist and then they strung him up with the ropes over that pole. He hung there with his feet clear of the ground, all his weight pulling down against shoulder sockets and wrist joints.

Ariane Lamarre gave a cry that mounted into the night as though the agony had been her own. Then she was silent. Barbette looked at her with a gleam in his eyes; Georges le Couteau chuckled. I do not doubt that he was used to such things. It was said that he tortured a trapper named Picard until the man died. And all for a *cache* of pelts! The lips of Remi parted as he hung there, but he made no sound. The men of le Couteau watched, muttering.

"*Sacre!*" grunted one of them. "But I am glad to see that!"

"I don't need you any more now, Georges," said Barbette. "In a little while, perhaps."

"Bon!" exclaimed le Couteau. "It is warmer by the stove."

He turned and went into the *cabane*, taking his men with him, and the four of us were alone out there in the black night. Barbette sat down on a log and laid his rifle across his knees.

"Be seated, mademoiselle," he said, "and you also, Tremblay."

We managed it, awkwardly enough because of our bawky wrists. Mlle Ariane walked around me and sat next to Barbette, with not more than a foot of space between them. I thought this strange but I did not consider it long because the agony of my friend, Remi Noel, filled my soul with a great pain. I wished to have just one moment with a knife in my hand. I knew that Barbette would go to meet the devil even if I took a bullet and had to go with him.

The forehead of Remi had drawn into little ridges; and between them glistened drops in spite of the cold of that night. I do not think, monsieur, that I have ever hated more than one man. That one was Louis Barbette. At last he spoke.

"Noel," he said, "I do not want to kill you. It would be a pleasure but I have no stomach for a life in the country above the rivers and that is where I should have to stay. The arm of Philemon Lamarre is too feeble now to reach for me but the police would look for the man who killed Remi Noel. However, I shall kill you if it is necessary. Do you understand?"

There was no reply from the man hanging there on that pole from which they hung dead pigs but Barbette knew that he heard and understood. He went on.

"If you will agree to do one thing I will cut you down and give you your pack and snowshoes, and the dogs. Go south of Lac St. Jean and never come back!"

The parted lips of Remi drew still farther apart and I saw, marveling, that he was trying to smile. Slowly his head moved from side to side.

"*Eh, bien!*" exclaimed Barbette, with a new note in his voice. "We shall find out about that! An hour or so where you are may make a difference!"

"M. Barbette," said mademoiselle, in a choked voice, "what is to become of me?"

"Ah, my beautiful!" exclaimed Louis, turning and letting his teeth gleam at her. "You will either marry me and I will show you how to enjoy the wealth of old Philemon or he will pay to get you back! I think he will pay very well! Tremblay shall go and persuade him. It was not without reason that I saved the life of Joseph. These cut-throats would have preferred to finish him with a bullet."

There were more minutes of silence. I strained at the cords around my wrists, and worked at them until the flesh was bleeding, but it was useless. Those scoundrels knew how to tie a man. Then I felt that something was happening. It was in the air, like the crackle of lightning. I turned and looked at mademoiselle.

Her face was upturned to Barbette, and from the swift surprise and pleasure written in his eyes, plain to be seen in the firelight, her look was not unfriendly. She glanced at Remi, in pain before her, and then back to Barbette. Louis smiled.

Monsieur, you may have noticed that an evil man sees evil. It was as though the thoughts of this monster, Barbette, were spoken aloud. He believed that Mlle. Ariane was discarding a beaten lover for one who was on his feet, strong and victorious. That much I guessed, but as to what was in her mind I could not tell. If this girl will desert a man because he is down, I thought, then I shall no longer believe that *le bon Dieu* had anything to do with the making of womankind.

"I am not comfortable, M. Barbette," she said, at length, in a soft voice. "If you could untie my hands...."

"He hesitated and no doubt he asked himself what a girl could do to a man like him. Nothing! Moreover, this one was melting fast. He drew his knife and cut the cords that held her hands behind her back. She rose and stretched, with a great sigh. She did not even look toward Remi and I thought I saw a spasm of pain that was more than that of the body cross his face.

"It goes better!" she said. "*Mon Dieu!* But my feet have grown cold!"

Deliberately she placed her hand on the shoulder of Barbette, although that girl needed no support, while she beat her moccasins against the log. It was then that I heard a long whisper, as of a soul passing beyond the stars, and looked up. The head of Remi had fallen forward and all the strain had gone out of his body. He hung like a rag. He, also, had seen.

"Look!" cried Mlle. Ariane. "He will die, M. Barbette, and then you will be in trouble!"

"He has fainted, that's all," said Louis, getting up in a leisurely fashion. "But I'll let him down for a few minutes while he revives. Perhaps he will have sense then."

Barbette kept his rifle in one hand while he cut the ropes with the other. Remi tumbled forward and lay with his face against the snow. Then Louis came back and took his place again on the log; but this time much closer to Ariane Lamarre. She did not move away from him.

He said something to her in a whisper, and she answered, but I could not hear. There was a little silence and then more whispering. The body of Remi stirred slightly but he did not lift his head. Suddenly there was a

[Continued on page 42]

Italy's great beauty experts teach olive and palm oil method to keep that schoolgirl complexion



And the world over—more than 20,000 leaders in beauty culture advise their patrons to use no soap but Palmolive.

Pezza, of Naples, says: "No woman deserves a lovely skin if she fails to observe the most important daily beauty rule: wash the face with Palmolive Soap every morning and every night."

PEZZA OF NAPLES

Prescribes Palmolive Soap to Neapolitan beauties who wish to "keep that schoolgirl complexion."



The glamorous olive-tinted Italian beauty keeps her skin fresh and exquisitely fine by regular use of Palmolive Soap.

FROM busy, metropolitan Milan to sleepy sun-drenched Naples, Italian women are discovering how to keep that schoolgirl complexion, just as their sisters in 15 other countries. They act on the advice of experts.

Eugenio, of Milan; Pezza, of Naples; André, of Palermo; Salvino, of Venice! These are some of the well-known leaders of Italian beauty culture.

Specialists to royal houses, with stars of the famous La Scala Opera and other notables among their patrons.

And wherever complexion problems arise, all the lovely clients of Italy's great beauty experts are told, first of all, this one fundamental rule: "The skin needs, before and above everything else, deep, thorough cleansing."

Retail
Price

10c



1475

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—9.30 to 10.30 p.m., Eastern Time; 8.30 to 9.30 p.m., Central Time; 7.30 to 8.30 p.m., Mountain Time; 6.30 to 7.30 p.m., Pacific Time—over stations WEA, CKGW and 39 stations associated with The N.B.C. red network.

Here's the new Wax that cuts work in half



"Yes, and its finish lasts longer."

"It's surprisingly easy to use!"

A NEW and secret way of emulsifying and blending wax has been found that will save you a great deal of work and worry—not to mention expense.

As a matter of fact, waxing a floor is now almost as easy as sweeping. And frequent re-waxing is unnecessary.

For this remarkable new process—called the Koric Process—removes the objectionable features of ordinary wax and makes a super-fine compound that is creamy-smooth, supple and exceedingly durable. Neither heavy, slow-drying nor sticky.

When you use this new wax you'll discover, first of all, that in a very few minutes it gives the floor a soft, lustrous beauty that adorns a room like mellow sunlight.

Then, with the passing of days and weeks, your admiration will increase as you watch the rich, velvety surface resist wear, heel-marks and scratches much longer than you expected.

Now wax your painted, shellaced, varnished, waxed, or linoleumed floors—keep them gleaming like new and at the same time save yourself a lot of work... Use this new-process wax.

Attention: There's just one wax prepared by the exclusive Koric Process...and that is *Old English*. Made by The A. S. Boyle Company, Windsor, Ontario.

Old English Wax

THE ONLY WAX MADE BY THE KORIC PROCESS



The Great Heart

Continued from page 41

swift movement beside me and the voice of mademoiselle spoke.

"The point is on the big vein in your neck, Barbette! If you move so much as a finger I'll drive it in!"

That girl, monsieur, had stolen his own knife and she was ready to stick him as they stick pigs! Yes; she would have done it. I knew the breed of Lamarre, and so did Louis Barbette. He did not dare even to curse.

"M. Tremblay," she said, "come and shove his rifle away with your foot! Push it toward me!"

I did that; and when I looked down into the face of Barbette as I stood on one leg and kicked the rifle from his knees I was very glad. He was the prisoner of death. He could have shouted to those in the *cabane* but he knew what it would mean for him.

I pushed the rifle along on the snow until it was at the feet of mademoiselle but she could not reach down and pick it up without risking a sudden spring from Barbette. He was as quick as a panther, and if her knife point drew away half a foot from his neck he might throw himself forward and take his chances. I, of course, was helpless; but at that moment I heard a sound behind me and turned to find Remi swaying on his feet.

"Merci, bon Dieu!" breathed mademoiselle.

"Stand up, Barbette!" commanded Remi. "Keep the knife on him, Ariane!"

Louis Barbette rose, because there was nothing else that he could do and live. The knife point followed his neck. It pricked him a little, I thought, for he flinched.

Remi Noel pivoted on one leg and drove his *botte sauvage* into the stomach of the captive of Ariane. I never saw a harder blow given. Barbette went backward over the log, kicked, and lay still.

Then it was no more than a matter of seconds before Mlle. Ariane had freed both of us. Remi seized the rifle. He glanced at the *cabane*. There had been nothing for those inside to hear. Our dogs had bedded down at one end of the building and when we went carefully over to them we found that they were still harnessed to the sled. Remi and I took two pairs of snow shoes from the forest of them stuck up in the snow around the doorway. This time Mlle. Ariane did not protest when Remi put her on the sled. She knew that she could not travel with us and the dogs when we were fleeing from death.

"Marche, Bijou! Marche!" called Remi, softly, and we were off along the trail over which we had come. We plunged into the bush. I have never known whether they tried to follow us. Georges le Couteau was hung the next year, and his gang broken up.

THAT was over. But as we went north monsieur, with our legs doing all that human legs could do and the dogs pulling as good dogs will, I knew we were going to face something which various men had considered as bad as death. That was the wrath of Philemon Lamarre. For Mr. Lamarre, in his time, had thrown

[Continued on page 43]



SLEEPLESSNESS

THERE'S nothing more distressing than lying awake hour after hour . . . nerves tensed . . . brain active . . . body weary . . . sleep just will not come! A warm bath before retiring and then a brisk rub-down with Absorbine, Jr., the antiseptic liniment, will relieve congestion . . . soothe the nerves . . . and induce gentle sleep. At your druggist's—\$1.25 per bottle.

126



Will 1931 be the turning point in your career? Will you advance upwards to success, position and wealth? Or, will you remain in a rut—always an employee—never a leader?

Make your decision today. Cast off the shackles of self-satisfaction. Bring your problems to us. Let our Faculty of experienced men advise you. Act now!

Shaw Correspondence Courses include Accountancy (degrees), Secretarial (degree), Stenography, Commercial Training, Story Writing, etc.

SHAW Schools

LIMITED

1130 Bay Street • • • Toronto 2

MAIL TODAY

SHAW SCHOOLS LIMITED, DEPT. 3
1130 BAY STREET, TORONTO 2.

Please send me, without obligation, your booklet on the Course.

Name.....

Address..... 30



At Your Grocers

Cleans Pots & Pans.

Sinks, Bath Tubs, Dishes & Floors.

The Great Heart

Continued from page 42

the fear of eternity into more than one heart. He was not a man to forgive an injury; and a breach of trust was as poison to him. He had placed his daughter in our charge, you understand, and I had allowed these two young fools to fall in love with each other. Although what could I do when I was not the leader of the expedition?

Thus we came, late that afternoon, to the *manoir*. The first man I met told me that M. Lamarre still lived. He said old Philemon was so smoking with rage that the devil would not take him yet, for fear of being scorched. Picture to yourself, monsieur, my thoughts as I led these two into the chamber where that old bear lay, with his little eyes like knife blades. Not by the movement of a muscle did he show surprise when we entered. He was silent as we stood side by side at the foot of the bed. I

thought, however, that his face changed a little as he looked at Mlle. Ariane.

"Monsieur," I said, "we have brought your daughter!"

To that he made no reply. Remi and Ariane looked at each other, and of course betrayed everything with that glance.

"*Mon pere*," said Ariane, "I am here!"

"M. Lamarre, began Remi, "I have to tell you that I have disobeyed your orders! I love mademoiselle, your daughter!"

There was a long stillness, while we stood there waiting. Then the spreading beard upon that once mighty chest heaved and I swear to you that Philemon Lamarre chuckled.

"Exactly what I planned!" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "It was my desire that you should marry her while I still live!"

Road Signs

Continued from page 20

punning in print, so never yet have I stopped at a garage thus labeled. I am always afraid the man who put up that sign may suddenly go crazy while working on my car and feed it a monkey-wrench through the feed-pipe. Or I may be all wrong—he probably can't go crazy; the job having already been attended to.

I have often had experience with the "Tourists Accommodated—Free Garage" legends by the path-side; signs put up by disciples of Sam Walter Foss, who wanted to "live in a house by the side of the road and be a fiend to man"—printer, don't you dare put an r into that word fiend and spoil my carefully constructed merriment!

Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 16

old Indian. "Esau and Omar find de way to feex dat wabeno."

"Hello, Smoke!" Jim circled the neck of the dog with his arm. "Smoke loves Jim, even if he's a poor fur man, and a fool to love her."

As if sensing the mood of the man who held his devotion, the dog whined, his red tongue caressing Jim's hand.

Then, as Jim held a lighted match to his pipe, in the indigo gloom of the spruce of the mainland across the straight, there was the flash and roar of a rifle, followed swiftly by another.

A bullet wrenched the shattered pipe from Stuart's teeth. Then he dove headlong for the bushes, as Omar and Esau took cover on the opposite side of the dead fire.

"You heet?" called Omar.

"No!" growled Jim, hunching toward his gun which stood propped against a bush. "If they want war—give it to 'em!"

Again the twilight silence was split by the guns on the mainland, and bullets spattered around the camp, while the excited Smoke yelped as he raced back and forth, still untouched.

"They'll ruin the canoe if we don't stop 'em!" stormed the maddened fur trader, as he drew himself within reach of his gun. "Here, Smoke, they'll get you! Here! Down!"

Then the rifles of Omar and Esau opened on the ambush two hundred yards across the strait. Shortly the repeating guns of the three men, firing at the flashes, made the opposite shore too hot for the single shot rifles in the ambush. The shooting stopped.

"Well, the war on the Pipestone is on, Omar!" called Jim. "I think they're making their getaway—afraid we'll cross in the canoe in the dusk and hunt 'em."

Knowing that rifle sights were now invisible in the murk of the opposite shore, Jim stood up, to find Omar calmly examining the canoe.

"Now who do you suppose pulled that trick, Esau?"

"Dose young men follow us from de camp."

"I suppose they're some of Paradise' people—only they don't know that they'll never see him again."

The sun was high in the sky on the following morning before the three who waited in the river willows saw a canoe turn the bend above them. Clearly the two paddlers were confident that the Peterboro was somewhat far ahead of them downstream, for the men in the willows plainly heard their voices.

There was the muffled click of steel on steel as three rifles were cocked. Then the willows were silent.

[Continued on page 44]



CAUGHT COLD?

IT'S easy to throw off a cold when you know what to do—and do it. Two or three tablets of Aspirin will break up a cold in a jiffy! Take them promptly. Aspirin will check your cold at any stage, but why wait until you are miserable? These tablets are perfectly harmless because they don't depress the heart. If your throat feels sore, crush three tablets in $\frac{1}{3}$ glassful of water and gargle. This will ease your throat and reduce any infection. A cold needn't worry you if you take these simple precautions. But even a simple cold is serious if you don't.

Remember that, and remember to get the genuine tablets stamped Bayer. Read the proven directions for headaches, neuralgia, neuritis, sciatica; and for the prompt, positive relief of periodic pain. Until you are familiar with the many valuable uses of Aspirin you can't realize how much suffering is really needless.

All druggists have the genuine tablets of Aspirin. The box says Aspirin and you will see the word Genuine printed in red. Full directions are enclosed.



ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG.

"Made in Canada"

Trees For Prairie Farms FREE

Tree Windbreaks and Field Shelters
Are
Sound and Profitable Investments
ON EVERY FARM



"The Owner of this Farm Wanted Trees on the 'Bare Prairie' and Got Them"

Plan now to make your farm a
REAL HOME

Application forms for FREE TREES in 1932
will be sent on request. Application must be
made before March 1, 1931

Write at once to

NORMAN M. ROSS

Forest Nursery Station

Indian Head, Sask.

Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 43

Presently, as the birch bark canoe drifted abreast of the ambush, there was a roar, as the guns spat from the shore. The paddle of the bowman fell, splintered from his hands. With a cry of terror the sternman swung the nose of the craft towards the opposite bank, as the rifles again exploded.

In his fear the Indian in the bow of the canoe plunged headlong into the river and made for the shore, while his mate flattened on the floor of the canoe. Then from the willows, two men paddled rapidly across the stream to the drifting canoe, while the third covered the craft with his rifle. Running the Peterboro alongside, Omar stepped into the birch bark and, lifting the grey-faced young Ojibwa in his great arms, with a curse threw him into the water.

"We not shoot jijag, de skunk, an' we not shoot at you, dis tam!" roared the infuriated half-breed, deprived of his vengeance by the commands of Stuart. "But de next tam, I weel split your t'roat lak' I stab de caribou."

Wondering what further evidence of Jingwak's hostility awaited them, but forced by the necessity of breaking the conjurer's influence in the Pipestone country if Sunset House were to survive, Jim continued down the river.

THROUGH the Pipestone chain of lakes travelled the canoe from the south, visiting the fishing camps, and denouncing Jingwak as a false shaman, an imposter, the paid agent of Paradis and LeBlond. Often the appeals of Jim and Omar were met with sneers and shouts of dissent. More than once, superstitious Indians refused to talk to them, and frightened women herded their offspring into the tipis at the coming of the white trader with the Evil Eye, but to Jim's satisfaction, most of the older Indians listened, while many were friendly. And notwithstanding sullen and black faces among the younger men, the progress of the Peterboro through the Pipestone country had not been again molested. But one night an old Ojibwa came to their camp on The Lake of the Great Stones, which emptied into the Sturgeon.

"You are going down into the Sturgeon River country?" he asked, accepting the tobacco and dish of tea Jim offered him.

"Yes," replied Jim in Ojibwa, "this false shaman, Jingwak, has turned the hunters against us for the pay of Paradis. We are going to find him and make him eat his lies."

For a long interval the old man smoked, his slit-like eyes on the fire. Then he said: "Do not go. He is waiting for you."

In silence the Indian rose, shook hands, and went to his birchbark. As he pushed out from the shore, he said to Jim, who followed him with the customary, "bo'-jo's," "Your canoe will never pass this way again."

"Well, what d'you make of him?" asked Jim of the silent figures of his friends "Was he nosing around trying to find out something, or was he bringing a friendly warning?"

"He is fr'en' of Jingwak," said Esau, "and Jingwak is scare'."

"Ah-hah!" agreed Omar. "He ees scare'. He got no Paradees to help heem now."

But in spite of the confidence of his men, Jim was troubled.

[Continued on page 45]



A Great Advance in the treatment of Grey Hair

We take pleasure in announcing a great scientific advance in the making of INECTO-Rapid—In the future this famous hair tint will be non-alcoholic—This means that hair treated with INECTO-Rapid will keep its color better—will be much softer and more glossy.

More than ever before, INECTO-Rapid offers now the ideal way to overcome grey hair. It may be applied safely and easily at home and is absolutely non-injurious to any healthy scalp. One application will restore your hair to its original color and sheen.

Get this better hair tint today. It is for sale at hair goods stores, drug stores and department stores, or write to us direct.

**W. T. PEMBER STORES
LIMITED**

Sole Canadian Distributors

129 Yonge St. Toronto

WRIGLEY'S



A BIG 5¢ WORTH

THESE WRIGLEY packages contain the best that can be produced in chewing gum.

Freshens mouth—sweetens breath—the chewing steadies the nerves and aids digestion—the sugar is energy that keeps you "up and coming." Keep fit with WRIGLEY'S.

CL15

**HAVE YOU THE URGE TO
WRITE
STORIES?**

Learn the Methods of
Successful Writers
Under the Personal Direction of
ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE
Famous Canadian Author

Capitalize your natural story writing abilities. Learn the fundamental, basic principles of successful story writing, through the expert instruction of Archie P. McKishnie. This outstanding author and teacher will give you a qualifying test of your ability. It is Free. \$-1

Write for it Today.

Dept. 3, Shaw Schools Ltd., Toronto 5

WRITE TO-DAY FOR DETAILS

Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 44

As he brooded with his thoughts, the day on the island with the daughter of the man whose wiles were fast drawing the net of defeat about the little fur post seemed more like something he had read—more the fancy of a dream than reality. Those brief hours of unalloyed delight had been given him to torment his memory in the years to come. She would never return to the Lake of the Sand Beaches.

The following morning, Esau left them. Travelling in a small birch-bark canoe he had got by trade from an Ojibwa, the old man started ahead of them down the Sturgeon on his lone search for Jingwak. Time and again Jim had endeavored to learn how he hoped to circumvent the medicine man who had such a hold on the hunters of the Sturgeon, but Esau had kept his own counsel. With a smile, the wily old Indian had replied: "Eet may be Esau ees too old. Hees pack no longer carry de beeg load for de companee. His leg are stiff for de winter trail. But he has seen manee ting and hees memory ees long. Eef ne nevaire come back, eet mean hees dead, also, ees no good."

So Stuart parted with his friend with misgiving in his heart. The loyal old Indian was going down the Sturgeon into the enemies' country, alone, to fight for Sunset House. What could he do to Jingwak there, in his stronghold, one against many?

He gripped the old Ojibwa's hand in parting. "I don't like to have you go alone, Esau," Jim said. "We ought to fight this out together."

"You an' your fader was de good fr'en' of me," replied Esau, his eyes bright with feeling. "I am ole man. Soon I go talk to your fader. W'en I meet heem, he ask, 'Esau, how you leeve de boy?' I wan' to tell heem de boy ees ver' fine wid de beeg trade at de House of de Setting Sun." The old man's fingers gripped hard on Jim's. "Dat ees w'y I go to fin' Jingwak."

Turning, Esau shoved off the canoe and was soon out of sight behind a timbered point. In the grey eyes of Jim Stuart, as he watched the dip and swing of Esau's paddle until the bent back of the old man disappeared, there was the mist of memory and the emotion of a full heart.

The father he had buried on the shore of far God's Lake—what would he not give today for his companionship and his counsel?

IT WAS September, the moon of the mating of the caribou; September, when through the wild valleys, the lifting sun rolled back curtains of mist, veiling ridges touched here and there with yellow and gold by the magic wand of the frost; September, when the muskies were blue with ripened berries and the loons, restless with the urge of far journeying, called at sunset across nameless lakes. North, on the vast marshes of the great bay, the legions of the geese were assembling for their autumn rendezvous—later to ride the first stinging winds south over the green seas of the spruce and the flaming islands of the hardwood ridges.

Passing over the spawning-beds of the sturgeon, at the outlet of The Lake of the Great Stones, where, for a mile, on the sandy bottom, the dark shapes of the huge fish were visible beneath the Peterboro, Jim and Omar entered the river from which the old Ojibwa had warned them they would never return. Two days' journey

downstream, where the river widened to form a large lake, Jim hoped to find the man they sought. How, when he found him, he was to break the power of the sorcerer, he did not know. But the future of Sunset House depended on it, and in his desperation, Jim was prepared to go far—how far, the man who realized that failure in the trade would mean in the end the loss of Aurore LeBlond, did not dare admit to himself.

All the morning the Peterboro rode the swift current of the Sturgeon. Toward noon the drum-beat of rapids which the old Ojibwa had warned them they could not run, sounded in their ears. Then, as they dropped alongshore, with their poles toward the first broken water, they saw the portage trail leading from the river shore back into the timber.

They landed, and Omar, first swinging to his back on a tump-line a haunch of the yearling moose they had shot at daylight, balanced the heavy, water-soaked Peterboro on its centre thwart across his thick shoulders and walked briskly off up the trail. To Omar Boisvert, the man who had packed five bags of company flour a half-mile without resting, this back load, while awkward to balance in the thick brush, was a toy.

With his tump-line Jim lashed the two guns to a provision bag, swung it to his back, adjusted the head-strap over his forehead, and piled on the rest of their outfit, while Smoke thrashed off through the "bush" after snow-shoe rabbits. For a half mile the trail held to the high land back from the river, then turned toward the water. Bent under his heavy load, Jim followed the moving legs of Omar under the Peterboro. From the slowly increasing clamor of the rapids, Jim judged that they were nearing the end of the carry and approaching the river, but his sweat-blinded eyes did not lift from the moccasins of the man in front.

Suddenly, the legs of Omar came to a halt. Curious, Jim raised his head banded by the tump-line, but the canoe on Omar's broad back, blocking the trail, alone met his blurred eyes.

Then, to his startled ears came Omar's hoarse whisper: "De gun! Quick!"

"What is it? Game ahead?" Jim wondered, as he slipped off the head-strap.

As his load slid to the ground he wiped the sweat from his eyes and squinted past Omar toward the river. With a bound his heart started drumming against his ribs. There, twenty yards up the trail, leering at the waiting Omar, stiff as a spruce under the canoe, stood Paul Paradis.

"Trapped!" muttered Jim, working desperately to free the rifles from the knotted tump-line which bound them to the pack.

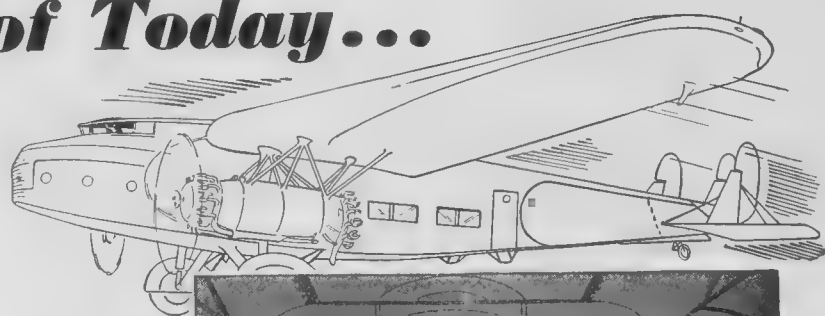
Again came Omar's whispered warning: "De gun! Tak' to de bush! Queek!" followed by the jeer of Paradis: "So you have come to viseet me?"

With his gun almost free, Jim heard a movement in the bush, and looked up to see two Indians hurl themselves at the man waiting, legs braced, under the canoe.

As they came headlong on, with a lunge of his great shoulders Omar pivoted and swung the heavy Peterboro crashing into their heads, at the same time slipping his tump-line and avoiding the falling boat. Then with a roar the enraged half-breed met the rush of a third man and, lifting him

[Continued on page 46]

The Spirit of Today...



THOSE fortunates to whom a luxurious plane is simply the quickest means of getting there, naturally seek the cards that provide the greatest pleasure when the Bridge table calls. Luckily it is easy for every card player to enjoy this same delightful thrill of breaking the seals on packs of

CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

The World's Most Beautiful Cards

These cards never disappoint . . . as so often happens with unknown brands. You can depend on the reliable Congress quality . . . famous for many years for the snap in shuffling, the smoothness in dealing and play, the high, lustrous, soil-resisting finish that gives the utmost pleasure in the game. More beautiful than ever this year, with delightful new art backs created by foremost designers to lend colorful variety to smart card tables. The U. S. Playing Card Company, Windsor, Canada.



Smart new styles on sale everywhere. Rich color backs. Gold edges. Bridge size.

Produced in Canada

When Men Play . . .

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

They feel right, deal right, and stand the gaff of long hard play. Clearly printed on pure white stock, specially made, specially treated, they have the perfect slip, the brisk, snappy shuffle, the easy pick-up, the quick, flexible fanning that men enjoy. Regular and Bridge sizes.



Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 45



"Pink tooth brush" means trouble ahead

Start tonight with Ipana

ANYONE who goes on day after day using a tooth paste that merely cleans the teeth is shutting his eyes to the past ten years' progress in the field of oral hygiene. For we doubt if there is a dentist in the land who won't tell you that your gums as well as your teeth must be cared for—that no matter how white and perfect your teeth may be, they are faced with danger if your gums become tender, soft, unsound.

Ipana is the newer type of dentifrice specifically made to meet this need. For with it, your teeth are white and shining. Your mouth is cleansed, refreshed, invigorated. And your gums are strengthened, toned and stimulated.

Under our soft foods and sub-normal chewing, our gums suffer from an artificial lack of exercise. The tissues become congested, soft and weak. "Pink tooth brush" often ushers in more serious troubles—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even the less frequent pyorrhea.

Defeat "pink tooth brush" with Ipana and massage!

Ipana and massage will rouse your gums and speed the fresh, rich blood through the tiny capillaries. Hundreds of dentists preach the benefits of massage and urge the use of Ipana. For it contains ziratol, a preparation long used by the profession for its efficiency in toning and invigorating tender gum tissue.

Get a tube of Ipana at the nearest drug store and start to use it tonight. Give it a chance to show how it can improve the health of your gums as well as the brilliance of your teeth.

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

MADE IN CANADA

BRISTOL-MYERS CO. 1-A-1
1241 Benoit St., Montreal, P. Q.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two cent stamp.

Name
Address
City Prov. 5

above his head in his vise-like grip, flung the writhing body to the trail. Leaping over the stunned Indian, he made for the surprised Paradis.

Dodging into the brush to escape the charging Omar, Paradis shouted: "No knives!" as two Ojibwas were catapulted into the half-breed from the rear, bringing him to his knees.

But they were fighting to take alive a man whose strength was a byword from God's Lake to the Barren Grounds, and, as he tripped and fell with two clawing Indians on his back, legs twined around his, Omar snarled: "I tak' you, too, Paradees!"

When Omar clubbed his first assailants with his swinging canoe, Jim, with his hands on his lashed gun, was hurled to his face by the impact of two heavy bodies. As he fell the realization that all he had worked for—all he loved—hung on the next few seconds, flashed through his consciousness.

They had not knifed him! Thought they could take him and Omar with their bare hands, did they?

The old fury he had known in many a trench fight overseas returned as Jim fought the men on his back who sought to pin him to the ground. A desperate heave and he twisted and thrashed in their clinging arms until he reached his knees. A wrench, and he had a hand free, as they fell to the trail—a heap of straining, panting men. Chin clamped on chest to cheat their clawing fingers seeking his throat, again and again Jim hunched his fist over the shoulder into the jaw of the man who faced him, then by sheer strength bent back the head, until, with a groan, he fainted.

Desperate with the knowledge of the white man's superior strength, the remaining Ojibwa clung like a cat, with arms and legs, to Stuart's back, but wrenching himself from his grip, Jim beat him to the ground. On his knees, the hands of the dazed Indian fumbled with something on the trail, as Jim rose panting to his feet. Then, with a blind lunge he lurched forward with Stuart's recovered knife, to meet the crash of a swinging fist which crumpled him in a heap.

Omar!

Picking up the knife, Jim hurried ahead to aid his friend. As he approached, from the limp bodies of two men rose a pair of massive bleeding shoulders, from which a shirt hung in tatters. His heart checked as the sun flashed from a knife blade and a crouching figure left the brush to run at the square bulk of Omar's back.

"Behind you' Omar!" warned the running Stuart.

At the words, Omar leaped far to the side and turned to face the danger. But the courage of Paul Paradis was not equal to meeting the black fury of the unarmed half-breed, and he dodged into the spruce and disappeared toward the river.

"We get de gun!" panted Omar, "dere are more of dem!"

Tearing their rifles from their lashings, Jim and Omar followed Paradis. As they ran, from the direction of the stream sounded the yelp of Smoke.

"He's struck 'em! Hurry up or they'll get him!" cried Jim, increasing his speed.

Again above the distant drum-beat of the rapids lifted the angry yelp of Smoke. Then two rifle shots drove Jim headlong, his heart cold with fear for his dog. At last the panting runners reached the river. But neither dog nor the canoe of Paradis was in sight.

"Smoke!" Jim called. "Here, Smoke!"

There was no answering yelp. Omar, closer to the water, suddenly dropped to a knee and fired down river. Joining him, Jim looked to see, far below, a canoe paddled by two crouching men. Again and again the two took careful aim and fired at the distant craft, but the range was great, and the riflemen panting from exertion. At last the canoe turned a bend.

Back and forth through the thick bush near the landing Jim searched, calling the dog he loved—hoping, if he were alive, that the hurt animal would answer with a whine. But Smoke did not answer. The two friends widened their hunt, thinking the wounded husky might have crawled off somewhere to die. Finally Jim was forced to the conclusion that the dog had been shot in the water and carried down-stream.

Poor Smoke! Sick at heart, Stuart bathed his grimy face and arms at the shore as his thoughts went back three years to the puppyhood of the friend he had lost. From the time when, a fluffy ball of fur, Jim had brought him south from the bay to God's Lake, man and dog had known no separation; together they had faced the drive of the blizzards and the slant of the spring rains; shared the hardships of the white trails of the long snows and the summer white-waters. Two great tears ran down the bronzed face of the man who knelt by the river, for the slant eyes of his dog would never again shine with idolatry as his deep throat rumbled at Jim's caress; his plume of a tail beat frantically to Jim's call as he yelped in answer.

"Good-bye Smoke!" sobbed the man, turning his face twisted with grief from the sober eyes of his friend. "I loved every black hair on you. Jim will never forget! Good-bye, Smoke!"

"Well, you wanted to meet him again and you had your wish," said Jim, as they filled the magazines of their rifles and started back for the canoe. "Now did LeBlond lie to us and send him here to hide, or is Paradis disobeying orders? I wish I knew."

The muscles ridged on Omar's clamped jaws as he scowled his disappointment. "Eef he onlee jump me wid dose oders," he sighed. Then his hand slid back to the empty sheath on his sash. "Dey get my knife w'en dey hit me from behind. Dey get your knife, too? You have moch trouble wid dem?"

"They got mine, too, but I picked it up." Jim smiled at Omar's matter of fact reference to his struggle to free himself of the two Ojibwas. "We must wash these scratches, Omar," he went on, examining the bulging shoulders protruding through the ripped shirt of his friend. "They clawed you like a lynx."

Omar's marked face wrinkled in perplexity. "W'y you t'ink dat Paradees try to tak' us wid hees hand? Ver' strange t'ing!"

"I don't know. Maybe he wanted to keep us in a cage to show us the Indians up here," laughed Jim. "One thing's certain; if he'd caught us we'd have never seen home again. But that was a clever trick of yours—clubbing them with the boat, you old wolverine. These young bucks of Paradis won't forget the trimming you gave them. There were three or four decorating the trail when I got loose and started to help you. How they'd laugh at

[Continued on page 47]

3 Things your old sweeper doesn't do

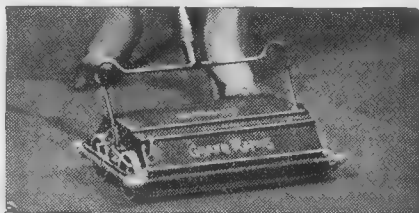
brought you in Bissell's new sweeper invention



- 1 The new Bissell gets more dirt! "Hi-Lo" brings the brush always in perfect contact with whatever surface you are sweeping.
- 2 Sweeps linoleums and bare floors as well as thickest rugs and carpets!
- 3 Easy, one-hand movement! No more hard bearing down on handle. "Hi-Lo" Brush Control is the secret.

NOW, an improvement which doubles its usefulness makes the Bissell more than ever indispensable to modern housekeeping. The new Bissell sweeps all kinds of rugs and carpets far more thoroughly and in less time. It also can now be used for bare floors and linoleum! Do you wonder that women by thousands are discarding their old-type Bissells and buying the "Hi-Lo"?

See the "Hi-Lo" Bissell at your furniture hardware dealer's or department store. Identify it by the word "Hi-Lo" on the case. Prices from \$6.25 up (25 cents more in West). Write for the Bissell Booklet, Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company of Canada, Limited, Factory: Niagara Falls, Ont.



The New **BISSELL** SWEEPER with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control

LAME BACK? —Lumbago?



HE: I'll never be able to work today with this pain in my back.

SHE: Here, pat on Sloan's Liniment. It eases backache for me in 5 minutes.

... IF you want to relieve lame back quickly, pat on Sloan's Liniment. Sloan's brings a rush of fresh blood to the sore spot. Drives out that terrible pain. You don't need to rub. Sloan's warms like sunshine when just patted on. Used in 13 million homes. Get a fresh bottle from your druggist today. Only 35¢.

SLOAN'S Liniment



Delightfully Attractive

Make Colonial Linen (Art Series) Playing Cards the choice for your bridge game. The pictorial beauty of the new backs and the perfect quality of the cards will earn the approval of your guests and add enjoyment to the game.

COLONIAL LINEN Playing Cards

A Product of

Canadian Playing Card Co., Limited
MONTREAL

Specialists in the manufacture of
Bridge Playing Cards



**NEW LIGHTS ON
OLD SILVER.** Brighter
high lights and richer
reflections characterise
silver which has been
cleaned with Goddard's
Plate Powder. Foremost
for over 90 years

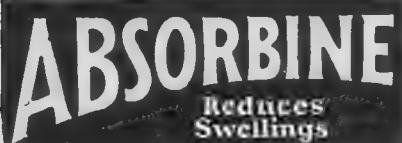
Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold in good class stores

Manufactured by
J. GODDARD & SONS, Leicester, Eng.

Bunches on Horses

Absorbine will quickly and thoroughly clean off a bunch or bruise on your horse's ankle, hock, stifle, knee or throat without laying him off work during treatment. This famous antiseptic liniment does not blister or remove hair. \$2.50 per bottle—at druggists or general merchants. A Booklet on the horse sent free. 76
W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Bldg., Montreal



The BEST Gray Hair Remedy is Home Made



To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Women Wanted

to sew for us at home. Sewing machine necessary. No selling.

ONTARIO NECKWARE COMPANY
TORONTO 8. Dept. 203, ONTARIO

Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 46

God's Lake at these people trying to take Omar Boisvert with their hands!" Omar's mouth widened across his square face. "Dese young feller on de Sturgeon keep hand off Omar Boisvert, ah-hah," laughed the swart son of Anak. "Dey got sore neck all right."

"D'you suppose they've come to, and are waiting for us with guns to come back for the boat?"

Omar shook his head. "We go an' see. I t'ink dey got dere fill for today. Paradis run; dey run. He keep dere gun een hees canoe. He want to tak' us alive, he not dare geeve dem de gun."

"You didn't kill any of 'em—break any necks—with those bear traps of hands?"

Omar thoughtfully scratched his head. "Wan, mebbe. I twist hees neck ver' hard." Then the narrow eyes of the half-breed suddenly clouded. "Esau!" he gasped. "Dey know we come; by gar, dey get Esau!"

The canoe of the old Indian, a day ahead of them on the river, must have run into the party of Paradis.

"He told me he would travel only at night."

The deep chest of the half-breed lifted in a heavy sigh. "Widout Esau we are no good," he said, as they started back to the canoe.

"He may have missed them. There's nothing to do but keep on."

Cautiously, deep in the bush on either side of the portage trail, the two men approached their canoe. As Omar had said, it was unlikely that Paradis had allowed his men to carry rifles to the ambush, for in their excitement the Indians would have used them, and for some subtle reason he wanted to take Omar and Jim unhurt. Nevertheless, the two men stalked their canoe as if sure that trouble awaited them. But the Ojibwas, recovered from their rough handling, had disappeared, leaving the canoe and outfit, with Omar's knife, lying on the trail, untouched.

"Dey were scare' we come back wid our gun and dey make for dere canoe."

"Yes, they must have had another boat down-stream."

As the Peterboro was brought to the river, and slid into the water, Jim pointed at a patch of mud. "Look! There they are—Smoke's tracks!"

The two men bent over the deep impressions of a dog's feet in the mud of the shore.

"He jumped from here—there's where he landed. See that moccasin print? He was right after them as they put in the canoe! They couldn't miss him—shot him dead!"

Foot by foot Jim and Omar searched the mud of the shore, but found no further traces of the vanished dog.

"Smokey — poor old Smokey!" mourned Jim. "You died like a soldier, facing 'em! And Jim can't give you a decent grave."

Stuart straightened, and gazing downstream where the stiffened body of his dog rode the swift current on its way to the sea, brought his hand to his forehead in salute.

The friends dropped a mile down river, and, cutting back into the timber, made a small fire and ate. To avoid a possible ambush, they waited for the moon, then, hugging the shadows of the shore, travelled, until stopped by the churn of broken water ahead.

At dawn they carried around the white-water, which seemed impassable, and all day lay hidden in the brush below, watching the river and wondering what chance two voyageurs who

[Continued on page 48]

AND AT THE END A STEAMING CUP OF

OXO



After a long trek on a frozen trail in the North—nothing invigorates, warms and refreshes like a steaming cup of OXO.

That is why so many of the trail shelters of the Arctic are always stocked with a generous supply of OXO cubes.

Just concentrated goodness of prime, lean beef—easily and quickly prepared—the ideal food for both children and grown-ups during cold winter days.

In Tins of four and ten Cubes

123



The World's most Beautiful Child



LIONEL BARNETT.

"I took Virol myself before baby was born. Since his birth Virol has been part of his daily diet."

(Sgd.) Mrs. M. E. Barnett, Mother of the child whose photograph is shown above.

Give your child the same chance

IN TINS, 16 oz., 8 oz. and 4 oz. Canadian Importers: BOVRIL, LTD., MONTREAL.

Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 47

had beaten their young men would have with wild Ojibwas of Sturgeon Lake. Since the meeting with Paradis and his men, the mission to Sturgeon Lake in search of Jingwak seemed but a forlorn hope to Jim Stuart. The presence in the country of LeBlond's man had put a new face on things. At the best, the Indians would refuse to listen to them once they had heard of the fight on the portage. At the worst, it looked as if the prediction of the old Ojibwa at The Lake of the Great Stones would be fulfilled. The Peterboro would never return up the Sturgeon.

Yes, the two friends agreed, having shown his hand, there was no doubt that Paradis, for his own personal safety, would hunt them down when he found they had continued north to Sturgeon Lake. In keeping on and attempting to find Jingwak, supported by LeBlond's man, they were paddling into certain disaster, for after the lesson on the portage, Paradis would never again try to take them with bare hands. And yet, as they planned while they waited for darkness, and the deep set grey eyes of the factor of Sunset House met the knotted squint of Omar's swart face, no suggestion of turning back was voiced by either. Ahead of them, they hoped against hope, a dauntless old man still travelled on his lonely mission to Sturgeon Lake—a mission which would mean, if he were met and recognized by Paradis, the swift disappearance of Esau Otchig. They had let him go alone, on this mad search for the sorcerer. They would follow and find him, if alive, and make their fight together. Jim would have as soon deserted the old Ojibwa in his present need as he would have left a wounded man between the lines in Flanders.

As the moon rose and they pushed off into the shadows of the river shore, the words of Aurore LeBlond, "You'd die for love, so you say, but your duty—" haunted Jim's thoughts. Had he played fair with this girl who had so frankly shown him her heart? He had allowed a sense of duty—of loyalty to the company—to cheat them of priceless hours together before she went south. And now this loyalty was to rob them of their birthright. For even the masterful Omar admitted that Jingwak and Paradis would never allow the Peterboro to return to Sunset House. And now that he felt in his heart that he had said good-bye forever, Jim lived again and again each treasured moment he had spent with her. Once more, as the boat slid past the shadow-packed river shore, he felt the warm caress of her lips, heard her low whisper, gazed into the dark depths of her eyes and crushed her lithe body to his heart.

"Good-bye Aurore!" he murmured, and above the fret of the river on the near shore, he again heard her, "Good-bye, magician, don't forget me!"

But he had forgotten her, the brooding Bowman told himself, when he left her and came north to his defeat. To him in his loneliness had come this miracle of the love of Aurore LeBlond and he had turned from it, put it aside as if a thing of little worth—this miracle of her love.

(To be continued next month)



NEW LIFE for that TIRED MACHINE

ANY sewing machine grows "old" faster in idle hours. Dirt, dust and lint "gum-up" the oil; perhaps rust develops. All this soon makes your machine hard to run.



But 3-in-One Oil will give it new life! Oil thoroughly — then run it for a short time until 3-in-One works out the gummy, rusty oil. Wipe it off, put in fresh 3-in-One for lubrication, and you're ready to sew again on a machine that runs like new!

On any home device, 3-in-One Oil cleans; lubricates; prevents rust and tarnish. And because it is blended from animal, mineral and vegetable oils, it does each job better than ordinary oils can. Handy cans and bottles; all good stores. Write for free sample and "Dictionary of Uses."

THREE - IN - ONE OIL CO., DEPT. 333
260 Second Ave., Ville St. Pierre
Montreal, Quebec

3-in-One Oil

CLEANS - LUBRICATES - PROTECTS

At Last! COLOR can be imparted to..



GRAY HAIR

GRAY haired people need no longer worry about the embarrassment and handicaps gray hair causes. Now a liquid has been discovered—a liquid as colorless as water itself—that actually imparts color to Gray Hair whether it is snow white or merely streaked. It is called Kolor-Bak and you simply comb it into the hair and watch the gray disappear, never changing the beautiful sheen. Another thing about Kolor-Bak that is almost as amazing as its wonderful results, is the peculiar fact that the very same bottle of this clean, colorless liquid does for either Blonde, Black, Brown or Auburn. It must be unusual, for hundreds of thousands of people have already used it. Don't let Gray Hair handicap you any longer! Get a bottle from any druggist or department store today—and if Kolor-Bak doesn't make you look 10 years younger, your money will be refunded at any time.

KOLOR-BAK—Imparts Color to Gray Hair

NEW COMFORT FRAME

The Very Latest and Best Improvement



NEW SPECTACLES ON 100 DAYS TRIAL

Send No Money

MAIL COUPON TODAY

DR. RITHOLZ, OPTICAL CO.
Dept. H-330, 29 Melinda St.
Toronto, Ont.

I want to try your New Comfort Spectacles for 100 days and learn how I may get them without cost.

Name.....
Address.....
Town.....

Let us send you these latest Style, New Comfort Spectacles with Clear Vision lenses on 100 Days Trial. The most Beautiful spectacles produced in many years. Worn by multitudes of people. Popular everywhere. Distinguished in appearance. Leaves no marks on bridge of nose. Light weight. Will enable you to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, see FAR or NEAR. Beautiful case included Free. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you are not amazed and delighted, if you do not think our spectacles at only \$2.98 better than those sold elsewhere at \$15.00 you can send them back. You don't risk a cent. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail the coupon. We will also tell you how to get a pair for yourself without cost. Mail the coupon TODAY!

118,000 Families Read The Magazine

Kindly remember this in renewing your subscription. Also when changing your address. It means that the Circulation Department should have six weeks' notice to assure uninterrupted delivery of your Magazine.



Making Cushions Is Easy with

PRISCILLA

Binding and trimming, the really difficult part of making Cushions, becomes the simplest of plain sewing when you use Priscilla Bias Fold Tapes, which can be applied quickly and easily to all irregular edges, without a pucker . . . saving time, labor and cost.

You can also make all sorts of fancy bows, flowers and ornaments with Priscilla Silk, Rayon and Lawn Bias Fold Tapes, obtainable in 30 plain shades and exquisite two and three-tone color combinations, guaranteed tubfast. You can get Priscilla in Double as well as Single Fold.

Priscilla Sells Everywhere
It is Quite Inexpensive

YOUR FREE FASHION BOOK
is waiting for you . . . sixteen pages
illustrated in colors . . . brimful of
ideas and sewing hints. Write name
and address plainly to Dept. H

Priscilla BIAS FOLD TAPE

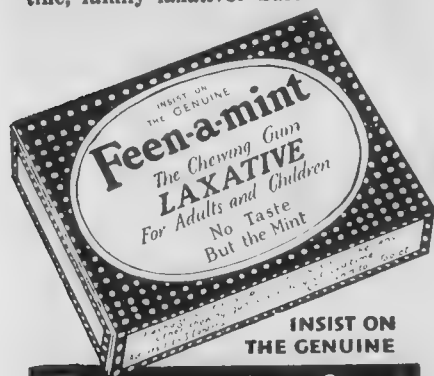
SILK-LAWN-CINGHAM-PERCALE

The Kay Manufacturing Co.
Limited

999 Aqueduct Street, Montreal

tired every morning?

Get poisons out of the system with Feen-a-mint, the Chewing Gum Laxative. Smaller doses effective when taken in this form. A modern, scientific, family laxative. Safe and mild.



Feen-a-mint FOR CONSTIPATION

Children's COUGHS COLDS



Head colds, persistent coughs and sore throats are quickly relieved with Vapo-Cresolene. Its healing vapors reach the congested membranes as no other remedy can. No drugs to upset the stomach . . . easy to use. Successful for over 50 years.

Vapo-Cresolene
EST. 1879

At your Druggist.
Write for
Booklet. C

VAPO-CRESOLENE COMPANY
Leeming-Miles Bldg. - Montreal, Que.

The Church of All Nations

Continued from page 13

can seems to me to be an imperative mission both from a national and a religious standpoint," said Mr. Katsunoff to the writer "And where else can such an experiment be better tried out than in Canada? Occasionally to be sure our aims are misunderstood. At first I was thought to be engaged in a subtle kind of proselytizing. To any who misconstrue our motives I can only say that we have a much greater object in view. This church, originally opened under Presbyterian auspices, is now a tabernacle where any man, woman or child of any faith whatsoever may come and is sure of a welcome. We are about to hold our first anniversary services and there is much enthusiasm over the fact that we have completed a successful year. All last winter we maintained a mission at Point St. Charles as well. In one class we had sixty beginners — Russians and Czechs. Around Christmas the activities take on a colorful character and entertainments are given by the different groups with the singing of carols in many languages. The ideal of 'Peace on Earth, Goodwill toward men' is ever set before us, not only at Christmas time but the year round.

"MY experience in Winnipeg has been invaluable to me, I was very fond of Winnipeg," Mr. Katsunoff went on. "Here I found that the work wasn't so well organized and that there was no government help as in the West. The school boards in Quebec carried no responsibility as they did in Manitoba. Thus a great task confronted us at the outset. But good friends and volunteer workers have rallied to the cause and we have a most promising future.

"No, I haven't got a car," he replied in answer to a question about transportation, "but I could do with one very nicely. Our work is spread over a considerable field. Perhaps some of our generous friends will recognize this need and fill it for us. In the meantime we carry on as best we can without such a modern necessity."

Rev. Mr. Katsunoff is the guiding spirit who organized the now famous ministerial choir, a unique institution without its like in Canada. Composed of about a dozen ministers, this musical group has rendered glees and choruses in the big railway shops of Montreal and elsewhere among the workers. Begun as a philanthropic enterprise it has been found that the finances of the church can be aided by its efforts. Recently the choir gave a successful concert in Ottawa in aid of a struggling church there.

Mr. Katsunoff had a rather humorous experience some time ago when a delegation from the Polish-Catholic Church waited on him and requested him to train their choir! Somewhat surprised and not a little flattered he agreed—after he had protested a good deal.

"I didn't wish to be misunderstood," he explained in relating the incident "It did seem a little odd that I, a Protestant, should lead a Catholic choir, but nobody seemed to mind and actually we got along splendidly.

The Church of All Nations is fortunate in having an excellent summer camp and bathing beach on the Ottawa River near Hawkesbury, the generous gift of Mr. T. B. Macaulay of Montreal. In particular it has been a boon to mothers and children.

**The new
WEED
AMERICAN
Tire CHAINS**

Electrically welded non-kinking side chains.

Ask your dealer to show you this tire chain—the new Weed American. The reinforcing bars add 70% more mileage. The electrically welded side chains won't kink. The new connecting hook is quick-acting, positive-locking.

Quick-acting, positive-locking connecting hooks.

Reinforcing bars of hardened steel.

Sold at all good dealers

A product of

DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, Ltd.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

When Answering Advertisers Please Mention The Western Home Monthly

Free



Please note
McDonald's Seeds
are obtainable direct
from Ottawa only

Catalogue

IN addition to old favorites and scores of novelties our 55th catalogue contains many specially priced collections at \$1.00, \$2.00, \$2.50, etc., that are exceptional values. Hundreds of illustrations (some in natural colours), practical suggestions, and cultural directions by experienced gardeners, make this an invaluable handbook for every gardener. Send for your copy today and use it freely in planning your garden.

KENNETH McDONALD & SONS LIMITED
D Market Square, Ottawa, Canada

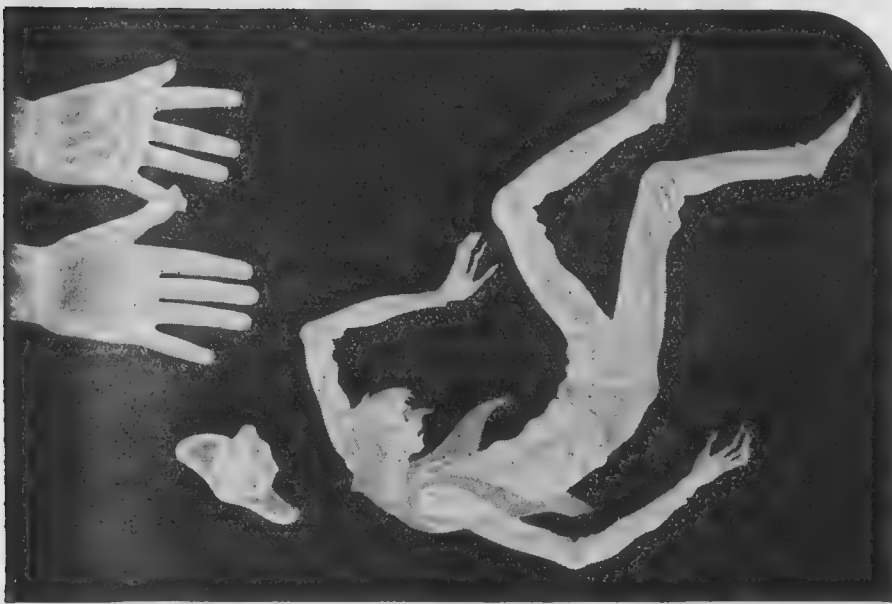
Please mail free copy of your Garden Book to:

Name

Address

2-31

● IT'S A PLEASURE TO THROW YOU OUT, MR. WATER-THIN, YOU NEVER DID A MOTOR ANY GOOD!



● **MR. WATER-THIN** is a loafer. He won't work. He's a dead loss. Yet you'll find him in every gallon of ordinary motor oil—a quart of waste oil so thin, so lacking in body, that Quaker State engineers have dubbed the stuff "water-thin."

● "Water-thin" is present in all crude oil—ordinary refining can't get it out. But Quaker State refining gets it out—every bit of it. And the exclusive process that does it—a process you'll find only in Quaker State's four modern refineries—is one of the greatest achievements of the oil industry. It took skill and years of refining experience to work out the idea. It took a tremendous investment in refining equipment to put it into operation. But the result is worth it.

● For by removing "water-thin," Quaker State can replace this waste material with rich, full-bodied lubricant—and does! Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubri-

cant in every gallon—not three quarts and a quart of waste. So you really get an *extra* quart. Motorists have been quick to appreciate the difference. For the demand for Quaker State has made it the world's largest selling Pennsylvania Oil!

● And remember this. Every drop of Quaker State is made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, a motor oil so free from impurities that it doesn't require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of the oil's oiliness.

● One dealer in every four sells Quaker State Motor Oil and displays the familiar green and white Quaker State service station sign. Quaker State costs a little more than ordinary oil, but per mile you'll find it by far the cheapest motor oil you can buy. For you get a full *extra* quart of heat-fighting, friction-soothing lubricant in every gallon of Quaker State!

© 1931, Q. S. O. R. CO

THERE'S AN **EXTRA QUART**
OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON

QUAKER STATE

TRADE-MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MOTOR OIL



The Hon. Robert J. Manion

Continued from page 4

But Dr. Manion was of such a versatile turn and of such conviction that he belonged in a wider field than he could not confine himself to simple fractures, transposed viscera and the whooping cough. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, champion of Reciprocity with the United States in 1911, was his early political idol. He ardently supported Reciprocity, and by degrees entered politics as a Liberal. At 31 he was elected president of the Fort William Canadian Club, and at 32 city alderman. The Fort William Liberal-Unionists put him up for the House in 1915 but he was defeated. Twitted later on his change to Conservative doctrines, and reminded of "Consistency, jewel divine," he quoted Emerson's bright rejoinder:

"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds,

Adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines."

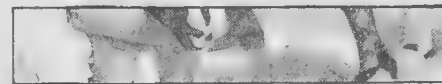
ALTHOUGH Manion had a family and was above the age of enlistees, he entered the French army's medical corps soon after the outbreak of the World War, and served for a time under the command of General Castelnau. Presently he transferred to the 26th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and in addition to doing the less spectacular but just as effective work of surgeon, he performed acts of bravery under fire at Vimy Ridge that won him a citation and the military cross from Lord Byng. Yearning for a sight of his loved ones, he was furloughed home in 1917. While visiting at Fort William he was told by friends that his services would be more valuable in the House, since he possessed first-hand knowledge of the problems of the men at the front, so he ran for Parliament as a Conservative, and won handily. In 1921 he was raised to the post of Minister of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment by the Hon. Arthur Meighen, and retired on the defeat of the Government by the Liberals under Mackenzie King. He was made Postmaster General by Mr. Meighen in the so-called "Shadow Cabinet" of 1926, and went out with it when the King forces again triumphed. Subsequently he was re-elected to the House from Fort William, and was sitting, metaphorically speaking, when the election of 1930 was held. Meantime, in October, 1927, at the Winnipeg Convention of the Conservative Party, he had contended with the winner, the Hon. R. B. Bennett, and with Hugh Guthrie, C. H. Cahan and Henry Drayton for the place of leader. Although he was a member of the Roman Catholic church, he was nominated by an Orangemen and was supported by Ontario Orangemen without regard to religion. His return to the House in the election of 1930 was made possible by such a flattering vote that his two opponents lost their deposits. In this race, James Manion, the eldest of his three sons, himself a practising young physician, took the stump for his dad.

The next number on the programme should prove interesting, yet speculation need not spoil a good show.

Bennett is in the saddle because he said as a boy debater that he would some day be Premier of Canada if he worked hard enough. Manion is "up" because he wouldn't sit down. The magic carpet, leading to the goal of accomplishment, lies before them.



WHAT IF THEY DO CATCH COLD!



LET your children romp outdoors. Outdoor play is essential to the building of strong, healthy bodies. If they come in sniffing or sneezing, just rub their precious little chests and throats with Vicks VapoRub.

Vicks brings relief two ways at once; its medicated vapors are released by the heat of the body and inhaled direct to the air-passages; at the same time, it acts through the skin like a poultice or plaster.

Mothers especially appreciate this modern external way of treating colds, coughs, and sore throat, because it can be used freely and often, even on the youngest child, without upsetting the digestion as "dosing" is so apt to do.

Equally good for adults.

26
21
OVER 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

VICKS

VAPORUB

FREE! How to Make These Lovely ROSES



For home decorations, for friends, as gifts, to sell.

JUST mail the coupon below and we will send you free step-by-step directions, patterns, and sketches for making a bouquet of roses so perfect your friends will insist they are real. To start you at once we will include FREE complete materials for making a bouquet of Roses.

FREE Materials To Start

This special offer introduces the new Dennison plan by which you can make right at home any kind of flower you wish, of colorful crepe paper. After making the roses you will surely want to go right on making colorful sweet peas, golden jonquils, flaming poppies—more than 70 varieties of flowers, all under the same Dennison plan. Send the coupon now for complete directions for making roses.

DENNISON'S, Dept. B-92
284 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario
Factory at Drummondville, Quebec.
Please send me FREE instructions and sample materials for making Roses.

Name _____

Street or R. F. D. _____

City _____ Prov. _____

Why not let us include some of these Dennison Books? Check those you want and enclose proper amount.

Crepe Paper Flower Making 10c Sealing Wax Craft 10c

Party Table Decorations 10c Novelty Dolls (Free)

Weaving Paper Rope 10c Waxed Pond Lilies (Free)

Crepe Paper Costumes 10c Cellophane Flowers (Free)

Dennison-craft



Don't neglect a COLD

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat—that so often leads to something serious—generally responds to good old Musterole with the first application. Should be more effective if used *once every hour for five hours*.

This famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. Musterole gets action because it is a scientific "*counter-irritant*"—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes.



Acids in Stomach Cause Indigestion

Create Sourness, Gas and Pain
How to Treat

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any druggist some Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful of powder or four tablets in water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and is the most efficient form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

Her Fat Is Melting Fast Away

All over the world Kruschen Salts is appealing to girls and women who strive for an attractive, free-from-fat figure that cannot fail to win admiration.

Here's the recipe that banishes fat and brings into blossom all the natural attractiveness that every woman possesses.

Every morning take one-half teaspoon of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water before breakfast.

Be sure and do this every morning, for "It's the daily dose that takes off the fat." Don't miss a morning.

Kruschen daily means that every particle of poisonous waste matter and harmful acids and gases are expelled from the system.

At the same time the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are toned up and the pure, fresh blood containing Nature's six life-giving salts is carried to every organ, gland, nerve and fibre of the body, and this is followed by "that Kruschen feeling" of energetic health and activity that is reflected in bright eyes, clear skin, cheerful vivacity and charming figure.

Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Occupational Questions

MANY young people who may be making an honest effort to come to a decision with regard to the careers that they should follow, find it rather difficult to know just what questions should be asked about the careers with a view to arriving at a fair estimate of possibilities.

For such students, an inexpensive vocational guidebook such as is published by The Bruce Publishing Company, of Milwaukee, would prove of considerable value. Some of the occupational ideas suggested in this guidebook are as follows:

Name of the occupation.

Is it a producing or a service occupation?

What are some of the principal things that people do in this occupation in the course of the day's work?

What are some of the products of this occupation, if it is connected with manufacturing or construction work, or some of the services rendered, if it is in other fields?

What are some of the means that are used to aid people to do the work of the occupation, such as tools, machines, books, scientific instruments, office appliances and the like?

The hours I shall be required to work?

My possible earnings as a beginner?

The seasons of work, if any?

Some of the possible ways in which I may enter the occupation?

In what kinds of buildings or establishments is the work of the occupation carried on?

What are the general hygienic conditions or hazards, if any, that I shall find in the occupation?

What wages or salaries do successful people in this occupation earn?

What provisions shall I find in the occupation for disability or life insurance, old-age pensions, savings, clubs, athletic activities, etc.

How long will it take me to become efficient in the occupation if I am reasonably successful?

In what ways is society served by this occupation?

What qualifications other than educational must I possess in order to be a worker in this occupation?

In what ways do my present personal interests and qualifications seem to fit me to enter this occupation?

How many people are there in the occupation?

What percentage of the total working population is engaged in this line of work?

Is the demand for people in this occupation dying out or growing?

What are the promotional possibilities of the occupation?

Why am I thinking about this particular occupation as a possible life work?

The Sales Manager

W. H. H. is advised that there is no association of sales managers in Canada empowered to hold examinations and to grant degrees. There was at one time an association of sales managers in Winnipeg, and one has been formed in Montreal. Associations of this kind hold monthly meetings and discuss subjects of interest to members but they do not yet undertake the work of examining and certifying sales managers.

In England, there exists the Incorporated Sales Managers' Association, whose members are entitled to use the initials I.S.M.A. The questions that

[Continued on page 55]

An Event of Unusual Interest



EDWARD MOLYNEUX
Many of Fashion's favorite creations emanate from his beautiful Paris salon

EDWARD MOLYNEUX

Famous Parisian Designer

broadcasts his Spring
Fashion Opening direct
from PARIS on Feb. 6th

SPONSORED BY



NO STYLE-CONSCIOUS woman will dare miss it—the first time a famous Parisian stylist has ever spoken to Canadian women direct from Paris! Mark the date on your calendar now—Feb. 6th at 10 p.m., Eastern Standard

Time, over CFRB—TORONTO, CKAC—MONTREAL and other stations in a tremendous coast-to-coast network over the Columbia Broadcasting System. On this memorable occasion, Molyneux will stand in his beautiful Paris salon and describe the glorious creations in his Spring Fashion Opening... And on every Thursday morning at 11.45 from Feb. 12th to May 7th, tune in on the same station as you heard Molyneux and you will receive fifteen minutes of style counsel by internationally-known style authorities.

Peter Pan Fabrics, styled in Paris, are sold by the yard and in smart dresses for women and children, in leading stores everywhere. Look for the Peter Pan label, on yard goods and in dresses, to get the genuine which carries this guarantee. "We will replace any garment made of genuine Peter Pan if it fades." If unable to get genuine Peter Pan, write to:

NISBET & AULD, LIMITED West Wellington St., Toronto

for kitchen, bathroom and laundry



There are sockets in every home for which this 100-Watt Inside Frosted Lamp is specially recommended. Kitchens, bathrooms, laundries and garages—all need this sturdy, efficient and economical lamp.



Ask Your Dealer for them.

A Private Income of \$100 a month for Life ... from age 55!

IF IN GOOD

HEALTH

—\$100 A
MONTH.

IF IN ILL

HEALTH

—\$100 A
MONTH.

IN CASE OF

DEATH

—\$10,000
CASH.

Just picture it.

At 55, while still well and vigorous, to come into a private income (over and above other revenues), guaranteed for the rest of your life, of \$100 a month. You simply make yearly or half-yearly deposits of an agreed amount for a specified period, at the end of which you begin to receive a monthly income for life.

That's only part of the story.

If, meanwhile, through sickness or accident you should become totally disabled, you cease paying premiums and receive \$100 a month during such disability. At age 55, the regular income of \$100 a month, unimpaired, comes into effect.

Look how your family is protected.

Should you die at any time before reaching 55, your family receives \$10,000.

This is but one example of a variety of plans which the Sun Life of Canada has for every age, condition, and amount. Fill in and forward this form (which involves you in no obligation) and exact figures suited to your individual need will be sent you.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE

MONTREAL

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA,
Montreal, Canada.

Without obligation on my part please send full particulars of
your \$100-a-month-for-life plan as outlined in your advertisement
in.....

(Name of paper)

Name (Mr., Mrs. or Miss).....

Address (Street).....(City).....



Handsome tops of washable
fabrikoid in modern designs
or in green felt—chairs to
match if you choose—many
charming colors—a wide
range of prices—special leg
braces for steadiness—quickly
set up or put away. In
every way the best folding
table made. See the new
improved Hourd at your
dealer's.

34

HOARD & CO., LIMITED
London - Ontario

HOARD
FOLDING TABLE SETS

MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIPS

at

Upper Canada College

In honour of the "Old Boys" who fell in the Great War, Upper Canada College offers yearly for competition to boys not over 14 years of age, five Scholarships, four of which are of the value of \$600 a year for three years. Examinations held annually in April in Toronto and in any other suitable centre from which application is made. Standard of examination about that for passing from Form 1 to Form 2 of an Ontario High School. Bursaries of smaller amount are offered to unsuccessful candidates of merit.

Spring Term opens on April 15th, at 9.15 a.m.

For full particulars, copies of Examination Papers, etc.,
apply to the Principal, Upper Canada College, Toronto.

LEGAL INFORMATION

This department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Killarney, Man.

Q. A man over 70 years of age is getting the Old Age Pension, while he and his wife own and live in a large and well furnished home, with all conveniences besides having several hundred dollars invested. At their death will the estate go to their children or can the Pension Board collect from it money paid out to him under the Old Age Pension?—Dora

A. When an Old Age Pension is being paid to any person who owns real property the government may require that person to transfer the real property as security for repayment of the pension paid. This would mean that at the death of the Pensioner his property would be first liable to pay the pension off and the surplus would go to the Pensioner's heirs. There is considerable discretion given to the Government which apparently will permit it to withhold a portion of the pension where the Pensioner owns property he resides in. Also the Government is not expected to claim the pension as a charge against the property and against the heirs when the latter have contributed a reasonable amount to the maintenance of the Pensioner for three years prior to his death.

Winnipeg, Man.

Q. Is there such a thing in Manitoba as a Pension or allowance for widows whose husbands have lived in Canada and who are without other means of support?—Subscriber.

A. The only pension which you might be qualified to receive is either the Old Age Pension if you are seventy years of age or the Mother's Allowance which would only be available to you if you have two or more children under 15 years of age.

Kenora, Ont.

Q. Last May, (1930) an agent representing the "Modern Priscilla" of 470 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass., U.S.A., made a canvass of houses in Kenora. His agreement was .96c. to be paid to him and three dollars to be sent direct to the Company at Boston in monthly instalments, June, July and August, for which he gave a cook book as premium, (this book to be forfeited if payments were not made) a monthly copy of Modern Priscilla for twenty-four months; also when paying the August instalment one might choose another magazine which they would also send for twelve months. I received an acknowledgment from that firm, also envelopes and forms for the three months. From them I received two copies of their Modern Priscilla (June and July) since then no word whatever, nor any notification as to why the magazines are not being sent. I hold receipts for my \$3.00 which I duly sent as agreed. The receipt they gave me, reads:—

"This order cannot be cancelled."

I have written them twice, but never received any reply. Have we no protection from these American concerns? Surely they are not allowed to come into Canadian towns and do this kind of thing.—A.B.C.

[Continued on page 54]

Royal Bank Annual Meeting

At the annual meeting of the Royal Bank of Canada, the President, Sir Herbert Holt, referred to the world-wide depression, cited credit conditions as the chief contributing factor and reviewed developments in and prospects for Canadian industries.

He said that while the results of the Imperial Conference are naturally disappointing to the overseas Dominions, it was too much to expect that a ready-made proposal would be acceptable to Great Britain. Her trade with the outside world is relatively much more important to her than is the case with the Dominions, but proposals put forward by the Canadian delegates involved a principle rather than a plan and this principle is one which should command serious consideration. It is hoped that preliminary discussions before the proposed conference at Ottawa will lead to a common basis of agreement at that time.

Sir Herbert dealt with the principal industries of Canada, making a number of constructive suggestions. He strongly advocated that the West should be less dependent on the production of grain, substituting mixed farming. He approved of the suggested formation of an agricultural credit corporation to assist the farmers to purchase cattle, sheep and hogs.

He advocated the increased use of fertilizer as a means of ensuring more stable results, pointing out that experiments have demonstrated that fertilizers properly used will increase the yield of wheat by eight to ten bushels per acre. The development of the Canadian livestock industry has not kept pace with general increase in production and we are actually importing large amounts of butter and meat. In the meantime our exports of animal products have steadily decreased. In his opinion statistics clearly point to an opportunity for greater profit by diversification.

In conclusion, Sir Herbert said: "The stability of our great industries and the strength of our financial institutions during the past year constitute a record which we may view with pride. It is this stability which is the basis for my optimism concerning the future."

Mr. C. E. Neill, Vice-President and Managing Director of the bank, confined his remarks to a discussion of the world depression and the relation of the price level to gold supplies and central bank policy. He pointed out that only the return of normal international financial relations would end the present depression and advocated a conference of the leading financial powers to formulate a plan to apply the necessary corrective measures.

The General Manager, Mr. M. W. Wilson, referred to the satisfactory manner in which the Canadian chartered banks have taken care of financial requirements in Canada during a difficult year, as clearly demonstrating that the Canadian banking system is adequate to the needs of the country in times of stress as well as under normal conditions.

FREE Magic Box of 1000 Wonders

Here is Mirth, Magic, Mystery and Knowledge. Over 1000 things to give you pleasure. Many splendid Games, Puzzles and Tricks. Magic Drawing Books, Moving Pictures, Magic Mirror, Jumping Frog, Jew's Harp, Kazoo, Finger Trap, Police Badge, X Ray, Swiss Warbler, Siren Whistle, 56 Feats of Magic, 15 Card Tricks, Jokes, Riddles, Mind Reading Secrets, Parlor Magic, Party Games, and hundreds of other things for your amusement. All given for selling 20 packets Gold-eyed Needles at 10c a packet. EXTRA GIFT for promptness. Send no money. EMPIRE PREMIUM CO., DEPT. 604
7 Earl Street, TORONTO 3, Ontario



Dollars AND Cents

THE outstanding question of the past month has been the speech delivered by the Prime Minister of Canada in the closing days of the year. That he fully realized the gravity of the situation in Western Canada is apparent from his declaration that a national emergency had arisen and that it was the bounden duty of the Federal authorities to assist the Western farmer. He stated that provision had been made for the orderly marketing of grain, which is now being interpreted as a declaration that Federal guarantees have been given to the Banks that they will not suffer any loss for advances made on the 1930 crop. This will avoid the necessity on the part of the Banks of selling grain if the margin of security has been passed. Particulars of the arrangements were not disclosed on the grounds that it might be harmful to the country at large. Much hope is being pinned on the results of the adjourned meeting of the Imperial Conference to be held at Ottawa next year, where it is expected that definite plans will be made for the establishing of the quota system whereby British millers will be compelled to use a certain quantity of Canadian wheat. Reference was also made to the opening of new markets in China and to the floating of a huge loan by international bankers (in which Canada will join) so that China's credit might be reestablished and trade revived. The speech, though optimistic in tone, did not satisfy those who were looking for some definite scheme of either pegging or raising the price of grain. Time alone will tell how far the optimism engendered will be justified. In the meantime it is a question of sitting tight and keeping a cheery heart even though the effort be a strenuous one.

The annual statement of the Royal Bank of Canada has just been given to the public and shows that this institution is maintaining its forward progress. In common with other banks it shows decreased loans and lower earnings, but the cash position is well established. The cash on hand amounts to 21.17% of its liabilities to the public whilst other liquid assets such as Government and Municipal Bonds and Call Loans bring the grand total to over 48%. The profits for the year after provision for all bad and doubtful debts amount to \$6,572,627, and after dividends, bonuses, contributions to officers' pension fund and reserve for Dominion Income Taxes are provided for, over \$4,000,000 is carried forward.

The last report shows that this bank ranks as the tenth largest bank in the world, a distinction highly creditable both to the institution itself and Canada as a whole.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Winnipeg, Man.

Q. Would you kindly give me any information you are able to on the Reliance Mining Syndicate; they had an office last year at 711 Paris Building. —J.L.S.

A. The assets of the Reliance Mining Syndicate were taken over by the Reliance Mining Co. Ltd. with offices at 711 Paris Building, Winnipeg. The company owns forty-eight mineral claims adjacent to the Manitoba-Ontario boundary. The assessment work

has been done and some development work, but the claims are still raw prospects and it is impossible yet to forecast the future of the company. Like other companies of its class very little work is being done at the present time because of the difficulty in obtaining funds for the development of mining prospects. You might be able to get more information by communicating directly with the company.

Lyndhurst, Ont.

Q. What are the prospects of the Rypan Porcupine Mines Ltd?

Also, will the Capital Oil shares in Alberta be a paying investment? —H.H.

A. Rypan Porcupine Mines Ltd., with head offices at 7 McCaul St., Toronto, own a gold-copper prospect in the Porcupine district, upon which 4,000 feet of diamond drilling has been done, showing heavy mineralization. The company also owns claims adjoining the Towagmac property in Quebec but only surface work has been done on this latter property. Apparently the company is a prospect and is not unattractive at the present time. However, like most companies of its class, it is at present not very active because of the difficulty in raising funds for development work.

The Capitol Oil & Natural Gas Co. Ltd. owns a number of oil leases in various Alberta fields. We understand that the company has not yet succeeded in obtaining a producing well and until a well and the consequent revenue therefrom is obtained an oil company is one of the greatest gambles. At the present time the company's shares are very far from being in the investment class and should not be purchased by any person who cannot afford to lose the money put into the speculation.

Winnipeg, Man.

Q. Would you kindly give me a report on the Roxana Oil & Gas Co. with offices at 641 Somerset Block.

I hold shares in this stock and am anxious to learn if they are worth anything.—E.C.

A. The Roxana Oil & Gas Co. is an American company and the service which we offer to our clients does not include advice on American investments. However, we know that this company operates in Northern Montana and that its record to date has been very far from encouraging and we would consider the stock which you hold in this company as quite worthless.

Forbes Point.

Q. I am insured in the Commercial Casualty Insurance Co., Newark, N.J., also North American Accident & Insurance Co. of Chicago. I have been told that they are too cheap to be reliable and that they have no license to do business in Canada.

Can you tell me anything about them?—L.

A. If the companies are authorized to carry on business in your province they must maintain upon deposit with the Department of Insurance of the Province the amount which the Department considers necessary to cover losses in the province. In this way you can be well assured that if you do suffer a loss it will be paid. If you write to the Insurance Department at your provincial legislative building

[Continued on page 55]

**"I never thought
I could get
so much Insurance
for so little money"**

TO men who want the most insurance for the least money, who balk at paying heavy premiums, who imagine the cost of insurance to be beyond their means—to all such men ATTENTION!

The Great-West Life now offers a plan that provides complete family protection at a rate that will not strain the smallest of incomes. It is called the Minimum Cost Policy... a policy which safeguards your dependents from every financial care. Yet the cost to you is only a few cents a day.

The Great-West MINIMUM COST POLICY

enables you to carry more insurance than would be possible with any other form of life plan. A man, age 35, for example, may obtain \$10,000 of insurance by investing less than 51c. a day.

Premium Rates Per \$1,000 of Insurance

Age	Premium	Age	Premium
25	\$13.80	40	\$22.35
30	15.80	45	27.50
35	18.55	50	34.40



MAIL THIS COUPON
The Great-West Life Assurance Company,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Dept. 45-C
Without obligation please mail complete
details of your Minimum Cost Policy
Name.....
Address.....

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

OLD AGE has its Pleasures



Age has its pleasures no less than youth. But an old age dependent on charity or relatives is robbed of everything worth while. Make sure now that you will be free and independent in your old age. Small sums placed in the Canadian Government Annuities System will give you at 65 a guaranteed income for life.

Annuities
Branch
Dept. WWHM
Department of
Labour, Ottawa,
Please send me Com-
plete Information about
Canadian Government
Annuities.

Name.....
Print clearly

Address.....

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES

Department of Labour, Ottawa
Hon. G. D. ROBERTSON, Minister

BACKED BY THE WHOLE DOMINION

Appliqué Bedspreads

are
smart



From Paris are coming beautiful specimens of appliqué work. Take this advice, and when you do appliqué work use Clark's "Anchor" Pearl Cotton. Made in Canada by the makers of Coats' and Clark's spool cotton, which you have used for years, Clark's "Anchor" Pearl Cotton is specially produced for knitting, crochet and all kinds of embroidery. Lustrous, silky, beautifully tinted in 40 fast shades, it has been tested over and over again by experts and can be relied upon to give complete satisfaction.

Embroider with

CLARK'S

"ANCHOR" **PEARL COTTON**

In balls

CC15

MADE IN CANADA BY

THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO. MONTREAL

MAKERS OF COATS' AND CLARK'S SPOOL COTTON

7 DAYS
make
one
week

BOVRIL MAKES ONE STRONG

Legal Information

Continued from page 52

A. We are informed that this magazine is no longer published, the publishers having discontinued the magazine last summer. We do not know whether the Company is bankrupt or not, but you may hear if there is a reorganization. If not, we fear you have no redress.

Birch River, Man.

Q. We are living in an unorganized district. I bought a shack from a settler with permission to leave this shack upon the lot until such time as my husband could file upon a homestead, the shack being in a village. After buying we learned that there had been no school taxes paid for a number of years. After my husband filed his homestead we wished to move the shack but the Tax Collector said that he would have the shack seized for taxes. In the meantime the Government Land Office cancelled the man's entry for the lot upon which the shack is on and I was given the first right of purchase which I took, (this was over one year later). The Tax Collector has repeatedly approached us for the arrears of taxes. We have a letter from the Dominion Land Agent at Dauphin saying that we cannot be held for taxes previous to filing upon this lot. The Tax Collector claims that the arrears upon the lot are cancelled but the arrears upon the building have to be paid by me, and did give thirty day's notice at the end of which time they were to be sued for. The amount of arrears previous to me filing is about \$26.00. Do we have to pay these arrears?—A.L.

A. Under the regulations of the Dominion Lands Office and the present regulations of the Manitoba Government, upon the termination of a homestead entry, all improvements upon the land revert to the Crown. In other words all buildings thereupon become Crown property and become free of all liens for Municipal or school taxes. Thereafter the Crown may sell or dispose of either the lands or the improvements as it sees fit and in our opinion the school taxes do not form any charge upon the shack now. We consider the agent of Dominion Lands at Dauphin was correct in informing you as to the effect of your purchase. If the Tax Collector endeavors to enforce his claim against you and purports to sell the building he cannot give any effective title to a purchaser. You should notify the Tax Collector that you hold good title to the shack through purchase from the Crown and that if he endeavors to cause you any further annoyance by any proceedings against you, you will hold him and the school district responsible for any damage which may ensue to you, including any costs for protecting yourself from such proceedings.

Badly Rundown and Underweight



Mothers, Try This Widely Approved Method of Making Your Little Ones Strong, Sturdy, Rosy and Well

EVERY mother knows what a problem it is to raise her children safely through the growth period from infancy to the teens, ward off childhood diseases and physical setbacks, and send them into the world with the advantage of normal weight, strength, energy and vigor.

So if your child is thin, weak, underweight, backward in growth, put the little one on McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets. In 30 days you'll be amazed at the improvements.

McCoy's contains, in a form easy to take and digest, a rich abundance of health, growth and strength imparting elements obtained from the healthy livers of hardy codfish.

And the same elements in McCoy's, which prove so valuable in putting puny, sickly youngsters back on their feet, have also proved of great benefit to thousands of anemic, rundown, underweight men and women, feeble old folks, invalids and convalescents.

Be sure to ask for McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets, sold by all druggists, 60 tablets 60 cents.



Cold in Head, Chest or Throat?

RUB Musterole well into your chest and throat—almost instantly you feel easier. Repeat the Musterole, rub **once an hour for five hours**... what a glorious relief!

Those good old-fashioned cold remedies—oil of mustard, menthol, camphor—are mixed with other valuable ingredients in Musterole to make it what doctors call a "counter-irritant" because it gets action and is not just a salve.

It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars, tubes. All druggists.



EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
378 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

MAPS

EXCELLENT pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province postpaid. For sale at the best stationers, news dealers, drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

Stovel Company Limited
"A Complete Printing Service"

Other Maps for all Purposes.
Write for price list or further information

BE MODERN NO GRAY HAIR

The modern woman doesn't permit unsightly, age-telling gray hair. Brownatone imparts youthful brilliance, luster and beauty. Also splendid for toning down unnatural bleached or henna shades. It is quick, sure, safe, harmless. Approved by millions. Any shade from blonde to black. All dealers: 50c and \$1.50. Or send 10c for a test bottle.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. O23
Brownatone Bldg. Covington, Ky.
Canadian Address, Windsor, Ontario

BROWNATONE
GUARANTEED HARMLESS



Show-Down

By Cameron Kelley

The game was long,
The stakes were high;
Who was the loser, you or I?

I played you true, I dealt you fair;
Our hearts we held at forfeit there,
Both hearts to be the winner's share.

I called your hand, and spread my own,
And lo, when all the cards were shown,
The game was mine, and mine alone.

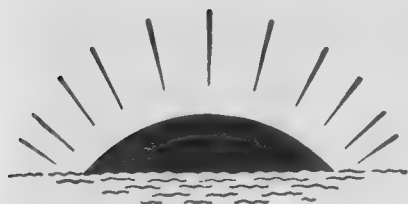
Oh, was it gain, or was it loss?

The heart you gave to me was dross,
And what I won is yet my cross.

Had you played fair,

Had you been true,

Both had been winners, I and you.



"The BEST INVESTMENT I EVER MADE!"



That day several years ago she had wondered. It was her first purchase of Sunset Soap Dyes. She was curious to know whether they really would make it possible for her to have one of the unusual blue dresses so popular at that time.

Now after several years of success she knows she can depend on Sunset for many things she used to deny both herself and her family—pretty, colourful clothes for the children, fashionable things for herself, drapes and decorations to make her home cheerful and attractive.

No wonder she calls Sunset "The best investment I ever made!"

SUNSET SOAP DYES

for Fast Dyeing

Many thousands of women feel the same way. And they appreciate the fact that Sunset does not soil hands or spoil utensils; that every Sunset colour comes in a concentrated cake with no loose dye. And each of the 22 Sunset colours costs only 15c.

For tinting and colouring things that do not require fast dyeing, many more women are daily learning to place the same kind of confidence in Dytint—made and guaranteed by the makers of Sunset.



Dytint is a quality product all the way through, guaranteed the equal or superior of any similar product now on the market, yet the BIG Dytint package sells for only 10c, because it costs us less to make a tint than a fast dye.

Remember, use Sunset for fast dyeing, Dytint for tinting. For removing colour before redyeing use Dytint Colour Remover (big box) 10c.

If your dealer doesn't carry a full line of these products, write to us for information and list of colours.

Made in Canada

North American Dye Corporation
Limited

Dept. 102, Toronto, Ontario

Sales Representatives
Harold F. Ritchie & Co. Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario.



Free Seed Catalogue

Catalogues for gardeners who wish the best in English plants and seeds. Seven different editions. Any or all sent free. Name your specialty. Kelway Nurseries, Langport, England—in Canada—331 Bay, Toronto.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 967, 70 5th Ave., New York

Young Man and His Problem

Continued from page 51

follow are from the examinations set by the Royal Society of Arts and will give some idea of a section of the work to be covered by the candidates:

1. You are a sales manager choosing a new traveller. State what qualifications you require in your applicant.

2. Give your views on whether a representative should collect accounts and make inquiries into the financial standing of firms from whom he might receive a first order.

3. Write an account of the selling organizations of large manufacturing firms.

4. How would you prepare the ground for a new line, the prospects of which you, as a manufacturer, are desirous of ascertaining?

5. Give your opinion of the value of the sample, and state how you think it should be put into the hands of the consumer.

6. What are the physical and mental qualifications of a successful salesman?

7. Name some of the important factors in analyzing the selling points of any product.

8. State three essential qualities of a good salesman.

9. Compare the methods you would adopt in bringing to the notice of a customer the selling points of an article which has been well advertised and of one which has not been advertised.

10. In the following sentences supply more suitable adjectives than those given. In each case state how your choice improves the statement from a salesmanship point of view.

- That is a very nice pair of gloves.
- Yes, that coat is lovely.
- This is a charming dress.
- This is the very best lace.
- This is a pretty pattern of silk.
- All the parts of this wireless set are really good.

Moral Hazards

THERE are kinds of work which in themselves are attractive, both from the standpoint of earnings and possibilities of promotion, but which are undesirable for other reasons. Before deciding definitely upon a vocation it is a good idea to look into the kind of social and moral surroundings the vocation will offer a worker. Is it possible for the worker to live in a community where there are good schools, churches, libraries, and other social advantages? With what sort of persons will he be associated in his daily work? It may be said that by the time we are able to enter a life-career we should be strong enough in character to enter any respectable vocation without fear of injurious influence upon ourselves. It is nevertheless true that we owe it to ourselves to find types of employment which do not involve constant exposure to wrongdoing, or which do not constantly force us to associate with people who have low moral standards.

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 53

they will be able to inform you whether the companies are licensed to carry on business in your province. Also write to the Superintendent of Insurance at Ottawa who will advise you if these companies possess a Dominion license. If they do not possess either a Provincial or Dominion license we would not advise you to deal with them. In the event of any dispute as to your rights you would have to proceed against these companies in the United States, a state of affairs likely to prove costly and altogether undesirable.

The Free Press Prairie Farmer

—FOR ONE YEAR—

and

The Western Home Monthly

—FOR ONE YEAR—

and



A Stamped Apron

ALL FOR \$1.50

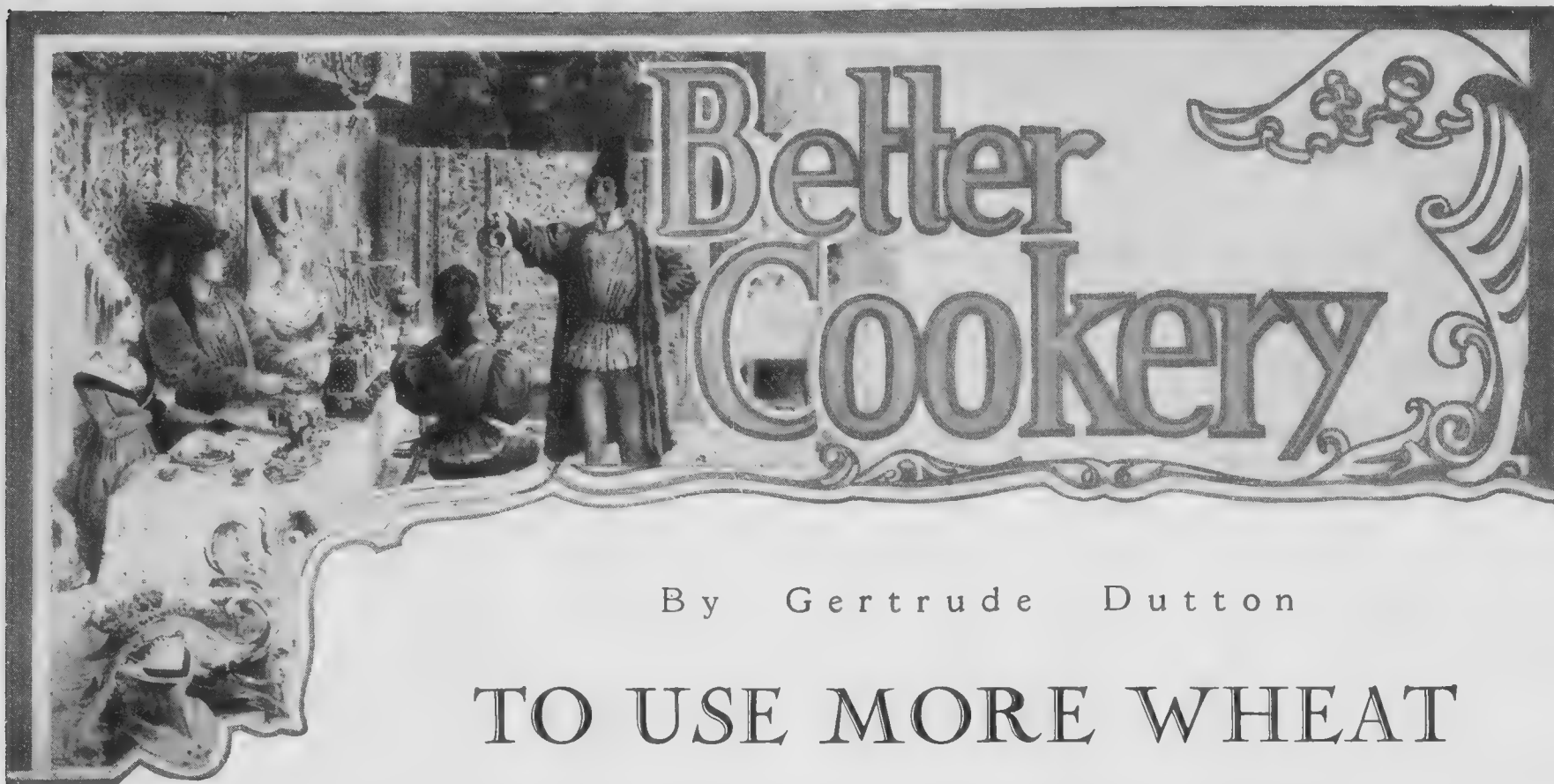
So many requests for a repetition of last year's popular clubbing offer, that we comply very readily. This time, however, the apron is stamped on plain unbleached material and the new design, we think, is even daintier than the other one.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Enclosed find \$1.50 for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year and Stamped Apron.

Name.....

Address.....



TO USE MORE WHEAT

WE GROW many million bushels of wheat in our Western Provinces, 400 million being a very conservative estimate for a fair year.

Ten million people eating from five to six bushels each year account for fifty to sixty million bushels, which anyone can readily see, leaves an enormous surplus to dispose of in some way. Perhaps we can all help a little by trying to use a little more in each family. Breads of some kind should be among our very cheapest foods. Balanced with milk, butter, vegetables, eggs, cheese or meats and fruits, it may well form the largest single item in each meal. Whether the housekeeper should bake her own bread or buy it from the baker, is a question for her to decide, herself. We must confess that many a loaf of home-made bread is not specially enjoyable. Making bread takes considerable time which many women rightly feel they can spend to much better purpose, especially when the family is so small that a batch of bread is too dry before it can be all eaten, and good baker's bread is available every day. But we can plan to use a little more of it as well as a goodly number of buns, biscuits, coffee cakes, muffins, popovers, etc.

When bread occupies so large a place in our daily menus, it should most assuredly be well baked, well-made and delicious to eat. If very excellent baker's bread is not to be had, and in some towns it is not so good, then one might better bake her own. With a bread mixer it is not such a hard task, especially if a half-grown boy in the family will assume as one of his duties, the turning of the mixer.

A good loaf of bread is well shaped, the crust tender and golden brown and smooth, cooked on the bottom and sides, the loaf itself light. When a slice is held to the light, there will be no streaks nor dark spots, and the holes will be small and uniform in size; a small crumb when rolled between the fingers, will be soft and tender, but not doughy, the flavor and odor will be delicious, and free from any suggestion of sourness or

mustiness. "Quick" breads, those not made with yeast, should be light, well-baked, of good flavor and appearance, and neither too rich nor too sweet, as they are breads, not cakes, and are meant to be eaten with butter, and frequently with other foods such as meats, vegetables, eggs, cheese, salads, etc., where sweetness would be a disadvantage.

So much of the success of bread-making depends on the flour chosen, and the age of the flour. One can only experiment until she finds the one with which she has greatest success. Our Canadian hard wheat flour is the best in the world for bread-making. Whatever brand one prefers, it should be free from any foreign taste or odor. Soft-wheat or pastry flour is preferred by many women for the quick breads, but as it is so much more expensive than the bread flour,

is not to be recommended. As the bread-flour is more elastic, less of it is required to a given amount of liquid.

Cleanliness is very essential to good bread-making. The long periods of rising give an excellent opportunity for any undesirable bacteria which may be present to develop, thus spoiling the flavor and odor of the bread. All utensils should be well scalded before using.

There are three kinds of yeast used: liquid, compressed, and dry. Liquid yeast should be kept covered, in a cool place, and like the compressed yeast should have no other odor than its own characteristic yeasty one. It may be made of

Medium sized potatoes
Water 1 qt.

Sugar $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Salt 1 t.

Yeast cake, 1 compressed, or dried 1, dissolved in $\frac{1}{4}$ c. luke-warm water. Cook the potatoes, cut in pieces or grated, in the water till soft, then add the sugar and salt and rub or mash any lumps there may be in it, and cook to luke-warm, then add the yeast cake, and let stand for twenty-four hours in a warm room, when it will be ready to use, then should be stored in a clean container, preferably a stone or earthenware vessel, in a cool dark place.

Compressed yeast is now most commonly used, but is not always to be had in rural places, often enough to be fresh. It is soft, light in color, and should break easily. If it has a peculiar odor or has any dark spots or streaks, it is not fresh enough to use. The liquid with which it is mixed must not be more than luke-warm.

Dry yeast must first be soaked in luke-warm water from a half to one hour before using— $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of water to 1 yeast cake.

One cup of liquid yeast is equivalent to 1 yeast cake.

The little yeast plants will be killed at the boiling point, but not at freezing point, though their growth will be stopped. The best temperature for their growth is from 65 to 70°.

[Continued on page 58]



So much of the success of bread-making depends upon the flour chosen.



Miss McFarlane, dietitian of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, is one of Toronto's most outstanding authorities in dietetic activities.

MISS M. MCFARLANE Dietitian of St. Michael's Hospital recommends MAGIC BAKING POWDER

"MY successful experience with Magic Baking Powder dates back many years," says Miss McFarlane, dietitian of St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, "consequently, I always use and recommend it because I know it will give dependable baking results. Even a beginner can use it confidently." Like the dietitian directors of other similar institutions, this accomplished food expert has learned that

Magic Baking Powder is always uniform in quality, of pure content and consistently reliable in performance.

That is why Magic is used almost exclusively in hospitals and cooking schools throughout the Dominion . . . and in 3 out of every 4 homes* where home baking is done.

When you bake at home use Magic Baking Powder, then you, too, can always be assured of complete baking satisfaction.

**This fact was proven in a Dominion-wide investigation.*



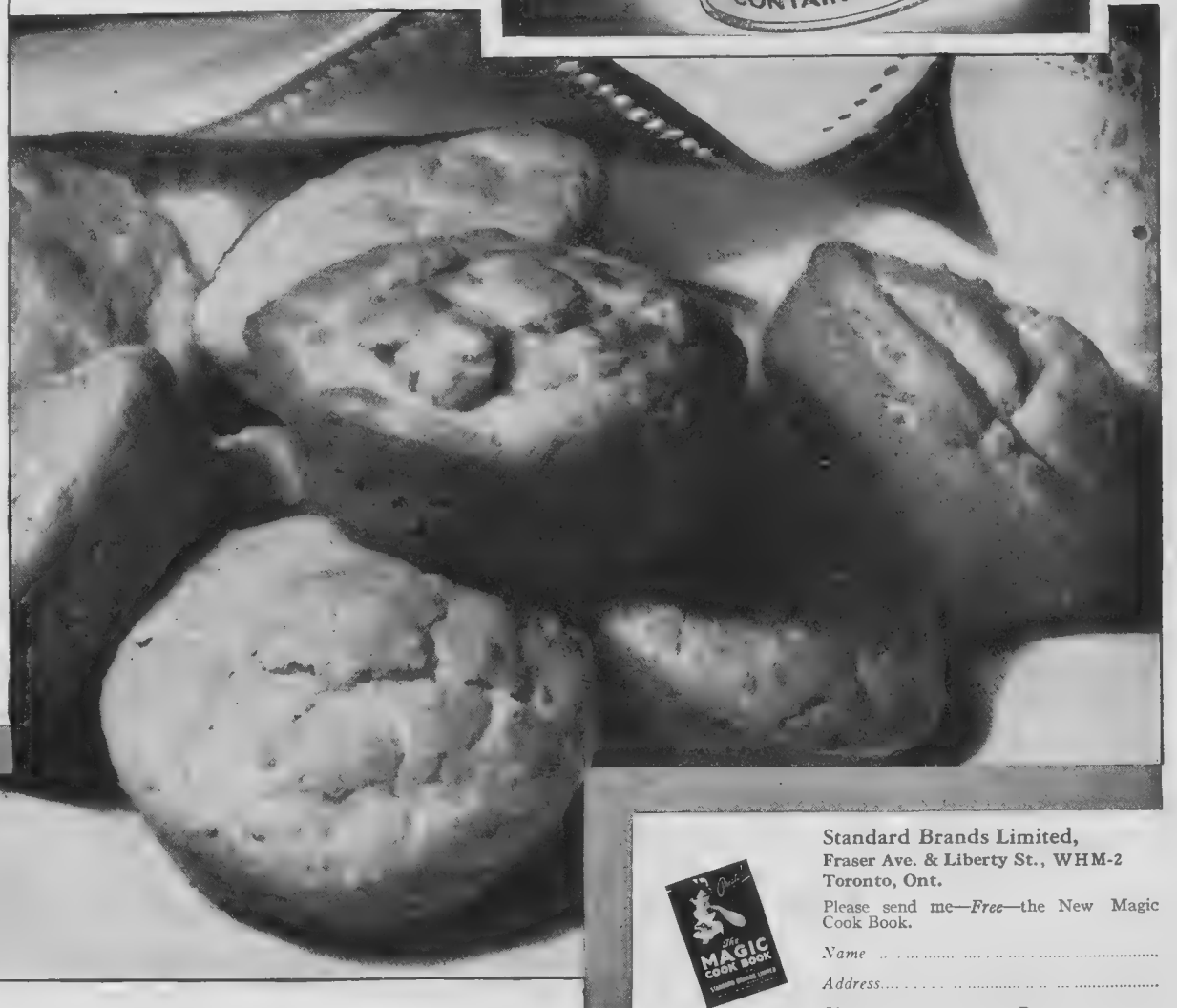
*Look for this mark on every tin. It is a guarantee that Magic Baking Powder does not contain alum or any harmful ingredient.

Try Miss McFarlane's Recipe for GRAHAM GEMS

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 cup flour | 1 cup Graham flour |
| 4 tablespoons brown sugar | 1 cup of milk |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt | 1 egg |
| 4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder | 4 tablespoons butter melted. |

Sift together white flour, sugar, salt and baking powder. Add graham flour. Add milk, egg and melted shortening and beat well. Half fill greased muffin tins and bake in hot oven at 425° F. about 20 minutes.

This recipe and dozens of others are included in the New Magic Cook Book. If you bake at home, send for a copy. It contains more than 200 practical, tested recipes for all kinds of good things to eat.



Buy Made-in-Canada goods



Standard Brands Limited,
Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., WHM-2
Toronto, Ont.

Please send me—Free—the New Magic Cook Book.

Name

Address.....

City.....Prov.....



"My Housekeeping Money seemed to Melt . . . but now . . . this clever economy actually improves the meat dishes I serve!"

"Well, I've been wondering how you manage—you seem to be able to afford little helps and luxuries that are beyond me."

"Not a bit; but I spend it differently. At first, I was so anxious to have nice meals and plenty of variety for Tom, that I bought too much expensive food. My money seemed to melt! When I had paid the butcher's bill each week, and for the fancy fish and fowl to give variety, I had very little left."

"Then I read an article on using the less expensive meat cuts; I learned that careful cooking, along with clever seasoning, would produce the most tempting meat dishes at small cost."

"I knew just how to do the flavouring—Lea & Perrins was an old friend; in fact, it was partly the serving of this wonderful sauce with our

expensive steaks and chops and prime roasts that had made us enjoy them so much. I knew that Lea & Perrins would give me that "clever seasoning" alright."

"So I started right in to build up a group of recipes for delicious ragouts, stews, meat pies, boiled dinners (how men love them!) and no end of ways of using left-over meats and vegetables in dishes 'as good as new.' I cut my bills down marvellously. My budget now fits all my housekeeping needs quite comfortably—and I serve a reasonable number of expensive meats with a free conscience and the same old Lea & Perrins to make them taste good!"

"Thanks, my dear. I see just what I must do. I'll get Lea & Perrins on my way home—and start right in correcting my menus tomorrow. I know the table you set is fine enough for anyone—even my Billy!"



Beef Loaf with Hidden Eggs

1 pound minced beef
1 1/2 cups soft breadcrumbs
1/2 onion, chopped fine
1/3 teaspoon salt
Pepper
2 teaspoons Lea and Perrins
3 Hard-cooked eggs

Combine the chopped beef, crumbs and seasonings, sprinkling in the Lea & Perrins; or for a loaf that will slice smoothly, hot or cold, moisten the mixture with a slightly beaten egg to which the Lea & Perrins has been added; if meat is not very juicy, a little milk, stock or water may be used. Put half the mixture into a loaf pan, and press the shelled hard-cooked eggs, end to end, into its surface. Fill up with remaining meat and bake in a moderate oven, 3/4 to 1 hour. Meat may be moulded with the hands into a loaf, if preferred, and cooked in the roasting pan; baste frequently with plenty of dripping to give a nut-brown surface.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE



which is then the best condition under which to keep the dough. Moisture, warmth and food on which to grow, are the essentials for the development of the yeast plants, and all of these are found in the bread-making process.

The liquids used in bread are milk, whole or skimmed, water, potato water or whey, or a combination of them. Milk, if used, should be scalded, then cooled to luke-warm. It makes a more nourishing bread, and one which stays moist longer, and is more tender and richer than if made with water. Potato water or a little mashed potato hastens the process of fermentation, and keeps the bread moist longer.

If the dough is kept covered with a lid or plate, a crust will not form on the top and it will not be necessary to grease the surface.

The most satisfactory pan to use is one about 7 1/2 or 8 inches long, 3 1/2 wide and 3 inches deep. Single loaves bake better than if more is baked in a pan.

There are two methods used in baking bread, the "straight-dough" process and the "sponge" process. In the first, all the ingredients used are put in at first, and the dough made of the proper consistency before being put to rise. Either liquid or compressed yeast is used. In the sponge method, half the amount of flour required, is added to the total liquid, yeast, salt and sugar, forming a soft batter which is set to rise. After the first rising, the rest of the flour and the shortening are added, and raisins, etc., if they are used. Any kind of yeast may be used in this method, and less yeast is usually required because of the softer consistency of the dough. The time required for rising may be considerably shortened by using larger amounts of yeast. When using the longer time, the dough must be kept much cooler, as there is so much danger of souring it. When liquid yeast is used, its amount must be deducted from the total amount of liquid.

Every woman who bakes bread has her own favorite recipe.

Straight Dough Method

Soften the yeast with a small amount of the luke-warm liquid, and add to the remaining liquid which has been mixed with the salt, sugar and fat. Measure the sifted flour and add to it. If too soft to knead, add more flour till of the right consistency. Knead until smooth and elastic and no longer sticky, which will probably take from five to ten minutes. Cover and put in a warm place, free from drafts, and let stand until it has doubled in bulk, or till it leaves a depression when pressed by the finger. When sufficiently risen, cut down from the sides of the bowl and knead again till smooth and elastic and free from large gas bubbles. If too soft, add a little more flour, a little at a time, or if too stiff, add a little water, kneading until it no longer sticks to the fingers. Cover and again let rise till doubled in bulk. Knead down enough to expel the large bubbles of gas, shape into loaves, put into pans slightly greased and warmed, and let rise again, covered, for an hour, then bake, for about 50 minutes, if in separate pans. It should begin to brown in 15 minutes, then the temperature should be lowered gradually, so that the crust will not become too hard. Bread is done when it shrinks from the sides of the pan, when the under and side crusts spring back if pressed with

[Continued on page 59]

Want to be COMPLIMENTED On Your Desserts?



TRY making delicious coconut dishes with Baker's Coconut. Everyone loves coconut, but Baker's makes such delicacies so much tastier.

Baker's goodness is guarded in many ways. Only finest nuts from selected groves are rushed directly to our modern plant. Here they are shredded, processed and packed by the Baker special methods.

You are assured in Baker's always of the most temptingly-flavoured, lusciously-fresh coconut.

Baker's Coconut is made in Canada and sold in three styles—Baker's Southern Style, in tins—Baker's Premium Shred, in stay-fresh cartons—and by the pound.

COCONUT KISSES

2 cups sugar
4 egg whites stiffly beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
3/4 cup Baker's Coconut,
SOUTHERN STYLE

Fold sugar gradually into egg whites. Add vanilla. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet. Sprinkle with coconut. Bake in slow oven (250° F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Coconut kisses should be a delicate brown and rather crisp and dry. Makes 30 kisses.

(All measurements are level.)

BAKER'S COCONUT



Write for free
recipe book to
General Foods,
Limited, Sterling
Tower, Toronto.



the finger. When baked, the bread is cooled on a wire cake-cooler or across the edges of the pans, then stored in a crock or tin or aluminum box when quite cool.

Short Sponge Method

Mix the yeast, luke-warm liquid, salt and sugar, and mashed potato if it is used. Add half of the sifted flour, and beat till smooth. Cover and let stand in a warm place till light and full of bubbles, which will take from 1 to 1½ hours. Add the rest of the flour and the melted shortening, and knead till smooth and no longer sticks to the bowl or fingers. Cover and set to rise, then proceed as in the straight dough process.

Overnight Sponge Method

Mix the sponge as for the short sponge method (omitting the sugar), beat well and let stand at 60-70° over night. In the morning, break up the sponge, add the sugar, and melted shortening, and sufficient flour to make a dough of the right consistency, then proceed as in the other methods.

Overnight Straight Dough Method

Make up a sponge as in the other methods, early in the afternoon, and keep it warm, then before bed-time, add the remaining flour and melted shortening and sugar, and proceed as before.

Sugar is added to bread for flavor and to hasten the action of the yeast. Butter or other shortening is used for flavor and to add nourishment. Lard, and other fats, make whiter bread than when butter is used, but the butter, many people think, gives a somewhat better flavor.

White Bread With Water

Boiling water 2 c.	Yeast cake ¼ in ¼ c.
Fat 2 tb.	water
Sugar 2 tb.	Salt 2½ t.
	Flour about 6 c.

Make according to the straight dough process, mixing the fat, salt and sugar with the boiling water, then cooling till luke-warm. The amount of yeast may be increased up to a whole cake instead of ¼ cake.

All milk may be used.

Half milk and half water may be used.

Whole wheat flour may be used instead of white flour, and 3 tb. of molasses added.

Rye flour may be used for part of the white flour and 1 t. of caraway seeds added while doing the kneading after the first rising.

Graham Bread

Scalded liquid 2 c.	Yeast cake ¼ in ¼ c.
Molasses 1/3 c.	water
Salt 2½ t.	Graham flour 3 c.
	White flour about 3 c.

To the hot liquid add the molasses and salt, cool then add the soaked yeast cake and the flours. Beat well and let rise, covered, till doubled in bulk. Beat again and pour into greased bread pans till half full. When again doubled in bulk, bake.

Graham or Whole Wheat Bread (One loaf)

Liquid 1¼ c.	Yeast ¼-½ cake
Salt 1 t.	or 2-4 tb. liquid
Sugar 1½ tb.	yeast
	Graham or whole wheat flour 3 c. or more

White Bread, Short Process (Four loaves)

Luke-warm liquid 4 c.	Yeast 1-2 cakes or
Salt 4 t.	1 c liquid yeast
Sugar 2 tb.	Shortening 2 tb.
	Sifted flour 3-4 qts.

The liquid must first be scalded, then cooled. 1 c. of mashed potato may be used and ¼ c. less of the liquid.

Raisin Bread (1 loaf)

Scalded milk, cooled to luke-warm 1 c.	Yeast 1 cake or 2-4 tb liquid yeast
Salt 1 t.	Flour 3-4 c.
Sugar 2 tb.	Seeded raisins 1 c.
Shortening 2 tb.	

When kneading the dough to shape it into the loaf, knead in the raisins, dredged with flour. If using liquid yeast, deduct that amount from the liquid.

Date Bread

Warm cream of wheat or other cooked wheat cereal 1 c.	Butter 1 tb.
Brown sugar 4 tb.	Dates 2/3 c.
Salt ½ t.	Yeast cake ¼
Walnut meats ½ c.	Luke-warm water ¼ c
	Flour 2¼ c.

Mix the cereal, sugar, salt and butter, add the yeast cake dissolved in the warm water, and the flour. Knead, cover and let rise over night. While kneading, in the morning, add the dates and walnuts cut in pieces. Put in a pan, let rise again and bake about 50 minutes in a moderate oven.

Light Rolls

To the sponge for about one loaf of bread, add, when very light, 2 tb. melted shortening, 1 or 2 tb. sugar, and one well-beaten egg, then knead in enough flour to make a dough not too stiff, and knead till smooth and elastic, let rise till doubled in bulk, cut down, knead, form into rolls by rolling pieces the size of an egg between the palms of the hands, and put in greased pans, let rise till trebled in size, and bake 25 to 35 minutes in a rather hot oven. If crusty rolls are desired, put them far enough apart in the pan that they will not touch. If placed so they touch, there will not be so much crust, and the longer time for baking will be required. The tops may be brushed with milk or with melted butter and sprinkled with sugar, if wished.

In the straight dough method, add to the amount of dough for one loaf of bread, the 2 tb. of shortening and 2 tb. of sugar.

Clover Leaf Rolls

When shaping the rolls, roll tiny balls the size of marbles, between the palms, put three in each cup of muffin pans, let rise to treble in bulk, then bake about 25 minutes in a rather hot oven.

Finger Rolls

Use the dough prepared for light rolls; when ready to mold, pinch off pieces the size of an egg, roll between the palms till round, then roll on the board with the hand till about 6 inches long, and tapering a little at the ends. Place about an inch apart on greased baking sheets. Let rise till trebled in bulk, then bake, after brushing with milk, about 20 minutes in a rather hot oven.

Sweet and Fancy Rolls

More sugar may be added to the dough for light rolls and currants, raisins, chopped nuts, spices, etc., as one wishes, and the tops glazed with milk with a little sugar in it or a very thin glazing of white of egg and sugar. Roll the dough when ready to mold, into a rectangle about half an inch thick; spread with softened butter, [Continued on page 60]



WATCH THESE DANGER SIGNALS!

HEADACHES, dizziness, coated tongue, loss of appetite, lack of pep, a general feeling of "blues"—these are some of the danger signals of constipation.

Look out for them. Don't let them make your life miserable. Start tomorrow eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—a delicious ready-to-eat cereal. You'll enjoy its improved taste and texture. And what a relief it will be after taking unnatural, habit-forming pills and drugs.

Two tablespoonfuls of ALL-BRAN daily are guaranteed to prevent and relieve both temporary and recurring constipation. In severe cases, eat it three times daily.

Milk or cream brings out the delightful nut-like taste of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. And with milk or cream, important vitamins are furnished. ALL-BRAN is equally tempting with fruits or honey. Sprinkle it over other cereals.

Use it in cooking—for making delicious bran muffins, breads, in omelets, etc. ALL-BRAN also has iron, the builder of good rich, red blood.

At all grocers in the famous red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Canada. The original All-Bran.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

Improved in Texture and Taste



Feel Fine!

IT'S a grand and glorious feeling to bounce out of bed ready for a good day's work, to do your job well, to feel friends with the world all day, and to have pep enough left over by night to enjoy your play! You can do it!

If you asked your doctor what you ought to do to feel this way, one of the first things he would tell you is: clean the bodily poisons out of your system regularly. That's half the battle. He would not advise you to do this with powerful drugs. No. He would recommend some simple, natural way—such as Nujol.

Crystal-clear Nujol is not a medicine. It contains no drugs. It cannot hurt even a little baby. It is simply internal lubrication which your body needs like any other intricate machine.

Get a bottle today. Millions of other people have found Nujol makes all the difference between success and failure. Give yourself a chance to enjoy life!



Regular
as clockwork

Nujol is sold in all drug stores in sealed packages only, trademarked "Nujol." Insist on Nujol by name.

NATURE'S WAY
Nujol
TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

Robin Hood FLOUR

For All Home Baking

Vichy célestins



Nature's antidote against the poisons which a careless diet accumulates in the system. From the famous Vichy-Celestins Springs! Bottled under the supervision of the French government.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

Prescribed by physicians all over the world 99 times out of 100.

VICHY-CELESTINS AGENCY

2027 MCGILL COLLEGE AVE. MONTREAL



and sprinkle with sugar and currants or cinnamon, roll like a jelly roll, cut off slices about an inch or a little less, thick, place on a buttered sheet, let rise till trebled in bulk, brush with a mixture of sugar and milk, and bake 25 minutes in a rather hot oven.

Crescents

Shape the rolls as for finger rolls above, but when placing in the baking sheet or pan, curve around into crescents, pinching down the ends to keep them in shape. Let rise to three times their bulk, brush with milk and bake in a hot oven for about 20 minutes.

Parker House Rolls

Scalded milk 2 c. Sugar 2 tb.
Butter 3 tb. Salt 2 t.
Yeast cake 1 Water, luke-warm ¼ c.
Flour 3 c. and enough to knead.

Mix the butter, sugar, salt and hot milk. When cooled, add the yeast cake dissolved in the luke-warm water, and 3 c. of flour. Beat well, and cover till light. Add enough more sifted flour to knead (two or more cups), and let rise again. Turn on a floured board, knead and roll out to about one-half inch thick. Cut in rounds. Dip a knife-handle in flour, and make a crease with it across the middle of the biscuit. Brush one half with melted butter, fold the other half over it and press the edges lightly together. Place one inch apart in greased pans, cover, let rise, and bake in hot oven 15-20 minutes.

Any fancy shaped biscuits or rolls desired, may be made from the same dough.

German Coffee Bread

Scalded milk 1 c. Egg 1
Butter 1/3 c. Yeast cake 1 in ¼ c.
Sugar ¼ c. milk
Salt ½ t. Raisins ¼ c.
Flour to make a stiff dough

Mix the milk, sugar, salt and butter. when luke-warm add the beaten egg and dissolved yeast cake, flour for a stiff batter, and the raisins. Cover and let rise till light. Spread in a flat greased pan, and let rise again. Brush over with beaten egg and spread with a mixture of 3 tb. butter, 4 tb. sugar, 1 t. cinnamon, 3 tb. flour, and bake.

Quick Breads

There is a long list of foods known as "quick breads," because they are made with some leavening agent other than yeast, thus being made in a much shorter time. Among them are biscuits, scones, muffins, pop-overs, pancakes, waffles, etc.

Parisian Designer to Broadcast From Paris

OF PARTICULAR interest to women interested in fashion—and who among them is not—is the announcement that the great Edward Molyneux, one of the most outstanding of Parisian designers, is to broadcast to the women of Canada a description of his Spring Fashion Opening on the evening of February 6, at 10 o'clock, eastern standard time. This broadcast is to come over a network of almost fifty stations on the Columbia Broadcasting System. This broadcast is sponsored by Peter Pan Fabrics, and will be followed by thirteen additional broadcasts every Thursday morning at 11.45, eastern standard time, over the Columbia System. Well-known fashion authorities will counsel women on the newest fashions in these broadcasts.

Flaky Pie Crust

The secret of making good pie crust is: "Use Purity Flour—and keep the dough dry!" Try this recipe—for 2 shells:

3 cups Purity Flour 1 cup lard
¾ teaspoon salt 1 cup cold water.

METHOD: Mix the flour and salt, cutting in half the shortening until the mixture is like fine meal, gradually adding exact quantity of water but not a drop more. Use less water, if you can, and the pie crust will be even flakier.

Turn out on board very lightly sprinkled with Purity Flour, roll about ¼-inch thick. Spread balance of shortening over dough, fold over three times and roll again to required thickness. Bake in hot oven (450°).



Western Canada
Flour Mills Co.
Limited, Toronto
Winnipeg, Calgary

3011

PURITY FLOUR

Miss BLONDE

...want to be Mrs.?



OF COURSE you do! Then don't let dull, faded blonde hair spoil your chances. Use Blondex, the special blonde hair shampoo that safely restores all natural gleaming beauty. Prevents darkening, too. Contains no dyes—no injurious chemicals. Gives new life to scalp. A million delighted users. At all the better drug and department stores.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet. The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited 965 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

How to Make the New "Dressmaker" Fashions

THE NEW FASHIONS—alluringly feminine with their graceful flares and moulded lines—are not at all difficult to make if you know the secrets of the true "dressmaker's touch."

In a few short weeks, right at home, the Woman's Institute can teach you these fine points of dressmaking that you need to make the new styles. You can then make all your own clothes at tremendous savings. Think of having all the pretty dresses you want, in the latest and most becoming styles, for just the cost of materials!

68-Page Dressmaking Lesson only 25c.

So that you may see how easily you can learn through this fascinating step-by-step method, we will send you a 68-page Sample Lesson. It describes and pictures the details of cutting and finishing difficult parts of a dress. Mail the coupon and 25c for this lesson as well as our booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes."

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE (Canada) Limited
Dept. C-27 Montreal, Canada

Without cost or obligation, please send me complete information about your home-study course in the subject I have checked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name (Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address





**FREE
to Every
Woman**

**This Interesting
Booklet will be sent FREE**

The Kirsch style-book of window and door draping has shown thousands of women the little tricks of draping that give windows the smart, professional decorator's touch.

It suggests ideas for every type of window and gives complete instructions to carry them out. There are Kirsch rods for every room and window, and if you have some drapery problem you'll be able to find the solution in this booklet.

Write for your copy to-day. You'll be pleased with the book and still more with Kirsch drapery hardware when you see it at the dealer's.

102

Kirsch

DRAPERY HARDWARE

Kirsch Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd.,
Dept. 54 Woodstock, Ont.

Send me free the new Kirsch Style-Book.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Prov.....

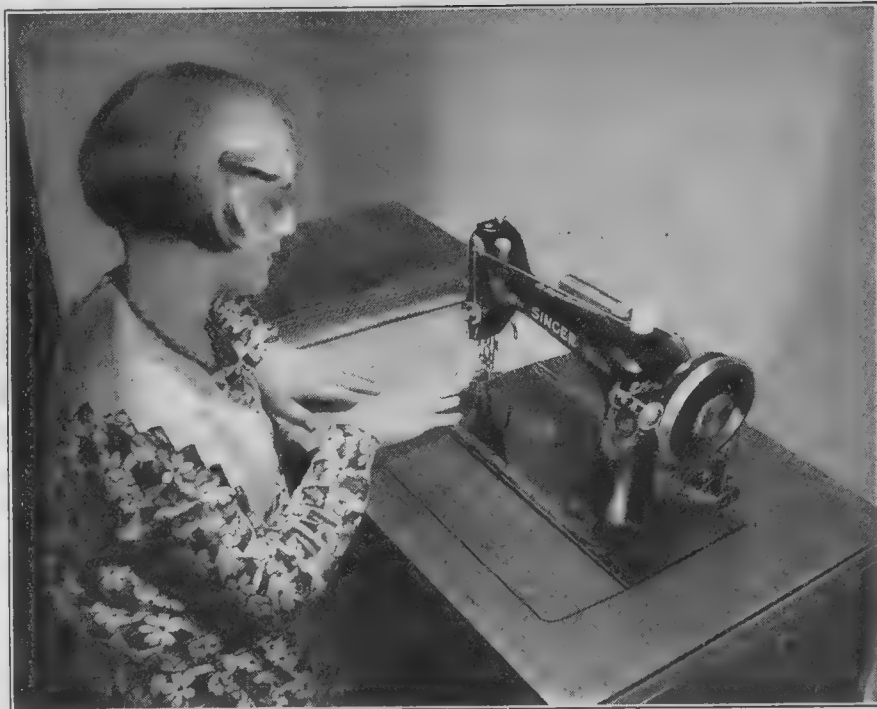
Everyday Modes



7003—Ladies Morning Frock. Cut in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size with long sleeves requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch material. With short sleeves the material will be $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards. For contrasting material $\frac{3}{4}$ yard will be required 35 inches wide. Price 15c.



7011—Girl's Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 12-year size with long sleeves requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35 inches wide. With short sleeves $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required. For contrasting material $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 35 inches wide cut crosswise is required. Price 15c.



Portrait of a Young Lady who has made a *Discovery*

SHE is just fourteen—and in second year high. And she has made a discovery. Sewing—on a Singer Electric—is fun! For she has only to press the speed control and watch a swiftly flowing seam. Just a few hours of fun like this and she will have another frock that she can proudly wear because she made it all herself.

Let your daughter make this discovery, too. Let her sit down at a Singer Electric and feel the thrill of its eager response to her slightest wish. Help her to plan a frock of her very own and let her watch it flower to loveliness before her. Never again will she think of sewing as difficult or dull. The interest stirred in that one hour of revelation will be a priceless possession through all her life.

Perhaps you, too, have yet to discover this new adventure in sewing. For you really can not know how different the modern Singer is from any machine you have ever used, until you learn from a happy personal experience.

And wherever you live, Singer instruction service is yours to enjoy without one cent of cost. In many Canadian cities there are now Singer Sewing Schools, with competent personal instructors ready to guide you step by step through the making of a dress. Here you will find the finest

equipment for your use and expert help in cutting, fitting and finishing the dress of your choice.

At every Singer shop throughout Canada you can obtain free instruction in the use of the machine and its attachments. And even if you live too far away from a school or shop to take advantage of this personal instruction service, you may have without cost your choice of any one of the complete instruction books in the Singer Sewing Library.

For full information about the modern Singer machines and the instruction facilities available near your home, simply phone or call at the nearest Singer Shop (see telephone directory for address) or send the coupon to the Singer Sewing Machine Company at the nearest address below.

Singer Sewing Machine Co., Dept. B-21

Please send me the catalog of modern Singer Sewing Machines I have checked below, and tell me how I may have sewing instruction free.

.....Electric Machine Catalog
.....Treadle Machine Catalog

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Prov.....

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

Montreal, Que., 700 St. Catherine St., W. Winnipeg, Man., 424 Portage Ave.
Toronto, Ont., 252 Yonge Street Vancouver, B. C., 869 Granville St.

(Factory: St. John's, P. Q.)

Why have GRAY HAIR?

TEST BOTTLE
FREE

Have young-looking hair instead of gray. This way **SAFE**. Test it Free—no risk—no expense. Complete Test Package proves results.

Comb colorless liquid through hair. Gray vanishes. Lustrous color comes—black, brown, auburn, blonde. Won't rub off nor stain clothing. Leaves hair soft. Free Trial will convince you.

Make this test **FREE** Snip off a lock of hair. Try first on this. Prove results. Millions have sent for this test. Mail coupon for **FREE TEST PACKAGE**

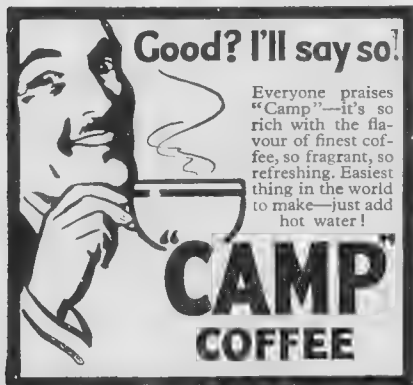
MARY T. GOLDMAN
8118 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

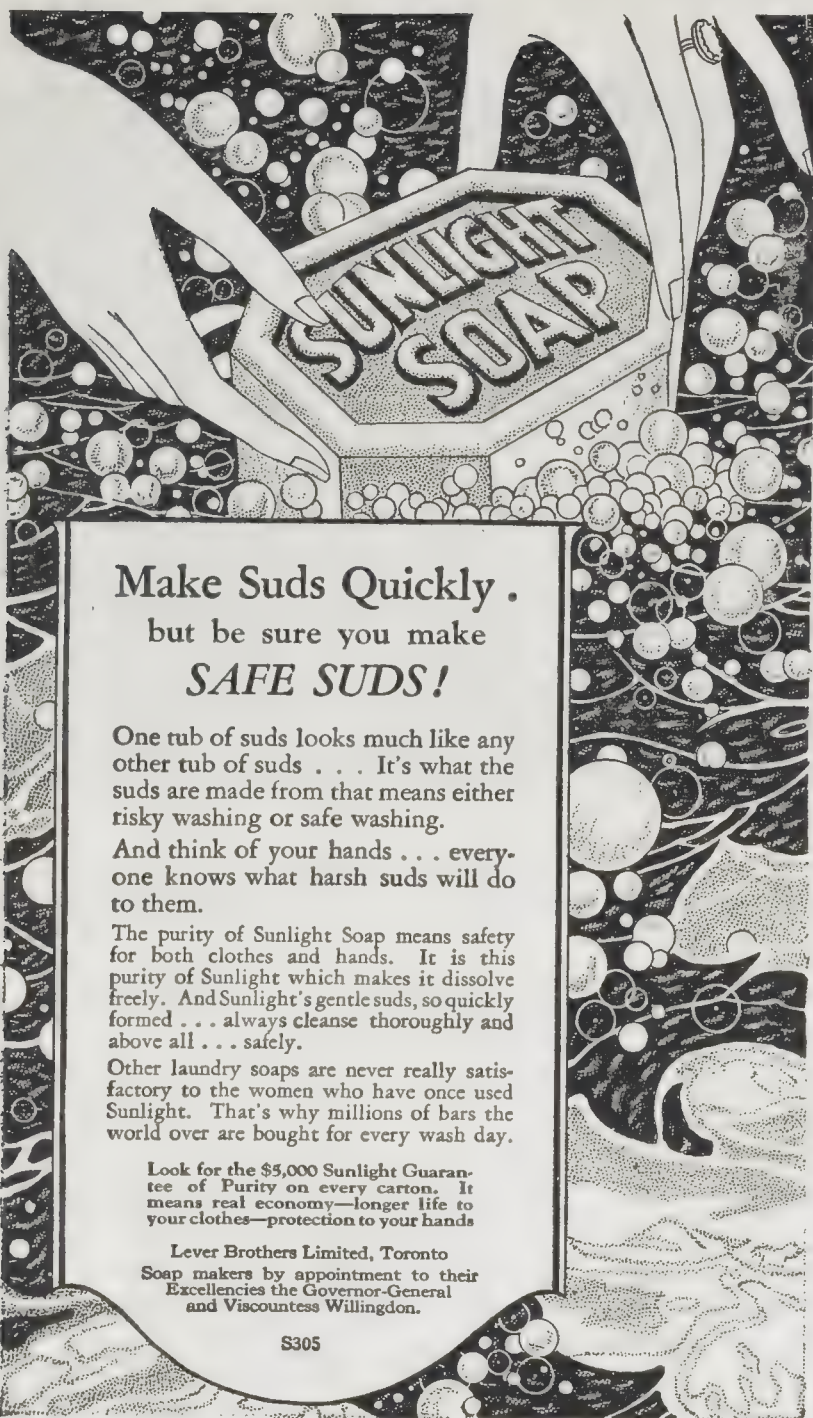
Color of your hair?.....



Clear Your Skin
of Disfiguring Blemishes
Use Cuticura

Sample Soap, Ointment, Talcum free. Address:
"Cuticura," Box 2616, Montreal, Canada.

The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Manitoba



SUNLIGHT SOAP

Make Suds Quickly .
but be sure you make
SAFE SUDS!

One tub of suds looks much like any other tub of suds . . . It's what the suds are made from that means either risky washing or safe washing. And think of your hands . . . everyone knows what harsh suds will do to them.

The purity of Sunlight Soap means safety for both clothes and hands. It is this purity of Sunlight which makes it dissolve freely. And Sunlight's gentle suds, so quickly formed . . . always cleanse thoroughly and above all . . . safely.

Other laundry soaps are never really satisfactory to the women who have once used Sunlight. That's why millions of bars the world over are bought for every wash day.

Look for the \$5,000 Sunlight Guarantee of Purity on every carton. It means real economy—longer life to your clothes—protection to your hands

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto
Soap makers by appointment to their
Excellencies the Governor-General
and Viscountess Willingdon.

S305

Children's Cosy Corner

TWO poems have been selected from those sent in for this month. The Unnamed Lake, by Canon F. G. Scott, sent in by Hazel D. Lawrence of Hayter, Alta., and The Time and the Deed, sent in by Dick Goletz of Oakburn, Man. Gold buttons go to both these Cornerites.

THE UNNAMED LAKE

It sleeps among the thousand hills,
Where no man ever trod,
And only Nature's music fills
The silences of God.

Great mountains tower above its shore,
Green rushes fringe its brim,
And o'er its breast forever more
The wanton breezes skim.

Sunrise and sunset crown with gold
The peak of ageless stone,
Where winds have thundered from of old
And storms have set their throne.

Through tangled brush and dewy brake,
Returning whence we came,
We passed in silence, and the lake
We left without a name.

—Canon F. G. Scott.

THE TIME AND THE DEED

Art going to do a kindly deed?
'Tis never too soon to begin;
Make haste, make haste, for the moments speed,
The world, my dear one, has pressing need

Of your tender thought and kindly deed.
'Tis never too soon to begin.

But if the deed be a selfish one,
'Tis ever too soon to begin;
If some heart will be sorer when all is done,

Put it off! put it off from sun to sun;
Remembering always, my own dear one,
'Tis ever too soon to begin.

Dear Cornerites: This month nearly the whole Corner is contributed by the members; isn't that jolly? Unfortunately we will have to wait until next month before we go travelling again in our Moth plane.

A long and interesting letter from Daphne Wallace, of Highland Park, Westboro, Ont:

Dear Bobby Burke: When you put my name in the Children's Cosy Corner, and said I wanted correspondents, Jessie Jackman of Irma, Alberta, wrote to me. We are now very good friends and correspond regularly. I was thirteen then, but now I am fourteen, and so is Jessie. I was very pleased when I heard Jessie won a Gold Button in the Summer Competition. I did not send in anything for that competition, but I hope we have another one soon, so that I can try to win a prize, not just a Gold Button.

I read your account of Mr. Whaling's lecture with great interest, especially as I heard him give the same lecture. About three weeks ago, he came to our school, and spent two hours telling us about his trip. We had only one short period of school that afternoon (fifteen minutes in length), the rest of the time we spent in the school auditorium listening to every word of the lecturer, or speaker, and laughing at every second thing he said. He began with a joke, ended with one, and though he was very serious at times, too, most things he said were very funny. He told us, of course, numberless things about airships, which we had never known, and we also heard all about the Cat Walk, Angus, and dinner sliding down the stairs. Did he tell you of that catastrophe? We were awestricken by his story of climbing down to the engine-room outside the balloon, and by his experience on top of the ship, herself.

With best wishes for the success of the C.C.C., from an old Cornerite.

Daphne Wallace.

Something Received

Such a nice letter from Helen Simpson, of 318 Third Ave., Pembroke, Ont. Welcome to the Cosy Corner, Helen, we are delighted to have you! Helen has twin brothers, that must be great fun.

Little Nancy Olsen, of Sunset Farm, Hanna, Alta., is only nine, and we are delighted to have her join the Cosy Corner. She wants to know how to get a gold button? You win them, Nancy, by trying some of the different things suggested in the Corner. Do you

remember about the scrap books? The winner of this competition will get a button. We think they are worth working for. Happy New Year to you.

Isabelle J., of Malakwa, B.C., won a gold button for sending in a poem that was printed. She is naturally very proud of it.

Eleanor McDougald, of Tupper Creek, B.C., is also charmed with her gold button which is the first thing she ever won. Eleanor would like to have some girls write to her. She loves the Cosy Corner and looks forward to it.

A Gold Button goes to Kathleen Pearson, Kuskanook, B.C., writer of

THE FURRY FAIRIES

Bluebell lived in a cottage with her mother and daddy. They lived a long way from town, and the small lake near their cottage was called the "Mystery Lake," because it was supposed to be haunted by fairy folk.

There was a little cave in the west end, not far from where Bluebell lived, and it was very pretty. Beautiful wild moss grew over the rocks and colored pebbles were scattered about on the sand.

One winter night, Bluebell ventured down to the cave. There was no snow, the moon was bright, the stars shone, but the air was frosty.

When Bluebell reached the cave and was about to enter, what do you think she saw? Under some moss sat a beautiful Fairy-Queen, well wrapped up in white furs. Her throne was a sleigh, while the two red squirrels that pulled it were eating hazel nuts, near-by. All around the Queen, in different colored furs, were pretty little fairies.

Bluebell gave a gasp of delight. The Fairy Queen saw her and told her to go in.

Bluebell walked in, careful not to tread on the fairy's toes.

"Now," said the Queen, "to see if you are a good girl or one who doesn't believe in fairies, I'll ask you three questions; if you answer them right we know you are a good girl; if not, we must cast a spell on you, so you can't remember us."

This was the first question: "What would you call this cave?"

Bluebell turned her head to think, and found Mr Moon staring at her. "Oh," she said, "I'd call it 'Moonlight Cave,' because the Man in the Moon lights it up."

"Correct," said the queen. "Number two: What could you call these fairies?"

Bluebell looked at the fairies in their warm, furry coats. "O-o-h, Furry Fairies," she exclaimed.

"Well, you've answered two questions right. Now this is the hardest: "What is my name?"

Bluebell stood, and stared, and thought. "She looks like I did yesterday, when Daddy said I looked like 'The Queen of Winter.'"

Without knowing it, Bluebell said: "Queen of Winter" aloud. And the Queen said: "Hurrah, my dear; you have guessed them all."

"But I only thought the last one," said Bluebell.

"Never mind, dear; you were honest, so it's all right."

As the Queen finished speaking, a lovely fairy entered crying: She sobbed: "Oh, Your Majesty, the Fall elves have stolen our bag of snow, that we were to put on the earth tomorrow."

"Oh! oh!" cried all the fairies, "what shall we do?"

"Beg pardon," said Bluebell, "tell me where those naughty elves live and I'll go and get the bag of snow for you."

The fairies consulted together for awhile, then they agreed.

Bluebell set out on the road to Autumn, where the Fall Elves lived.

Soon she saw a rascally elf sitting in the road laughing at her. She walked up to him, took him by his collar and shook him till he told her where the snow was hidden. The elves took it so they could stay on the earth longer. When we have long autumns, you know, it is because the Fall Elves hide the bag of snow.

Bluebell gave the snow back to the Queen of Winter, and the next morning the ground was covered with snow.

FOR MORE THAN A SCORE OF YEARS

Canadian Finance

has been the medium in which the outstanding fiscal, insurance and commercial organizations of the Dominion of Canada have presented their messages and services to the executive personnel of Western Canada. There is a definite reason why this patronage has been continued so consistently.



Stovel Building, Bannatyne and Dagmar, Winnipeg. Phone 86691

Just try Swift's Premium baked like this!



FIRST, spread with peanut butter and mustard a thick slice of Swift's Premium Ham. Next, cover the tender meat with milk and bake until thoroughly done. And then taste it, and taste again . . . savoring to the full that wonderful new flavor. The smooth richness of peanut butter, the lively tang of mustard—how well they accent Premium's own mild, matchless savor!

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



Swift's Premium seal—which identifies a complete line of foods of highest quality.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.





CANADIAN CELANESE LIMITED

STYLE FABRICS

Made in Canada
in the largest style-fabric Mill in the Dominion

• DRESS FABRICS DIVISION •
Satin, Crepe Back Satins, Moirés, Taffetas, Georgettes,
Canton Crepes, Flat Crepes, Crepes-de-Chine,
Voiles, Ninons, etc.

• UNDERWEAR DIVISION •
"Gluv-Sylk" bobettes, bloomers and vests.

• DECORATIVE FABRICS DIVISION •
Drapery Taffetas, Moirés, Voiles, Ninettes, etc.

• LINING FABRICS DIVISION •
New Lining Fabrics... Lining Crepes and Crepe
Back Satins... to add loveliness and chic to smart coats.

• BUREAU OF STYLE •
Personal Style advice by mail. Colour selection. State
your problems to the Bureau.

• SHOPPING SERVICE •
If you cannot obtain any of our products locally, June
O'Dell will do your shopping for you. See address below.

JUNE O'DELL, c/o Canadian Celanese
Limited, Canada Cement Building, Montreal.

Please send me your
new Spring Shade Card, with Bulletin of spring style
news, and free Samples of your new spring fabrics,
for evening wear, day wear, sports wear, lingerie, etc.

Name
Address.....

CCQ-19

As dank November sped the Indian Summer,
to usher in the everlasting snow,
And chill December, just to make us glummer,
with thaw and ice and slush played come and go—

'T was then our Style-Observers, those whose duty
it is to know whate'er tomorrow bring,
Foretold us in what key of colour-beauty
Paris will pitch her phantasies for Spring.

Stylist and Colourist, Weaver and Designer,
each scanned and conned and weighed the magic news,
Sped daily forth by cable, air and liner,
from scouts who watch the Lanvins and Patous.

And now, though winter still persists, fair readers—
'ere first lamb skip, or earliest robin sing,
We can disclose what Paris fashion-leaders
will favour for the dawning mode of Spring.

—C. D.

WRITE FOR SPRING SHADE CARD, STYLE BULLETIN AND SAMPLES

Celanese is the registered trademark in Canada of Canadian Celanese Limited to designate its brand of yarns, fabrics, garments, etc.

Daytime Elegance for Discriminating Women

7024—Ladies' Dress. Designed in sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. The sash of ribbon requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Price 25c.



7027



7024

7026

6994—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. To make dress with tunic in a 38-inch size requires 6 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 39 inches wide. Without the tunic 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards are required. Price 25c.

7027—Comprising a short jacket—double breasted, and finished with wide flaring revers, inserted pockets and one-piece coat sleeves, and a two-piece circular skirt. Travel tweed in black and gray tones was chosen in this instance. One could have the suit in Canton crepe, cashmir, or satin. It is also an excellent model for linen and for shantung. Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. To make the suit in a 38 inch size will require 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material. The jacket alone will require 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material. The skirt alone will require 2 yards of 39 inch material. To line coat and collar will require 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39 inches wide. $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of belting is required for the skirt band.

7026. Unusual charm is expressed in this graceful model, with the kerchief vestee, and groups of fine tucks on the front of the waist. The skirt flares gracefully below the hips. Added fulness is supplied at the centre front by a flare insert. The dress may be finished with straight or scalloped outlines. The sleeve is a one piece fitted model. As pictured in the large view Canton crepe was used in a new shade of brown with white chiffon for the vestee. Transparent velvet is also suggested in black, with turquoise chiffon for the vestee.

Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It will require 4 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39 inch material for a 38 inch size. The vestee of contrasting material will require 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 18 inches wide cut lengthwise. To finish with bias binding or piping on the scallops will require 4 yards 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Price 25c.

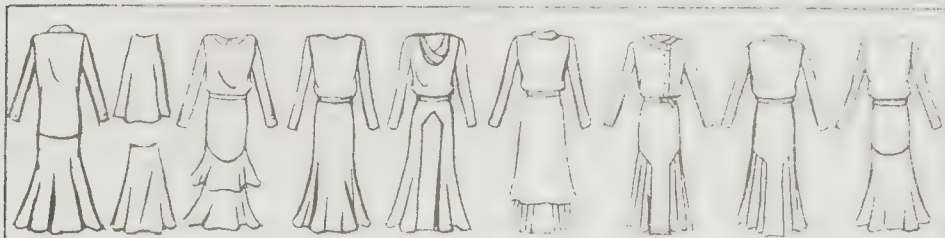


6994



7021

7021—Ladies' Dress with Slender Hips. Designed in sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 46-inch size requires 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. For contrasting material $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 39 inches wide, cut crosswise, is required. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fulness extended is 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Price 25c.



7027

7024

7026

6994

7021



The Right Spirit

IT IS reported from Ottawa that Lord Willingdon, who recently left Canada on completing his term of office as Governor-General to go to India as Viceroy, was asked recently what Canadian characteristic has impressed him most since he came to Canada in October, 1926. He said that it was the humorous cheerfulness which he has encountered everywhere on his travels throughout the Dominion. He will be remembered in Canada as being a humorously cheerful person himself. The Philosopher remembers hearing Lady Willingdon make a little speech on the occasion of her first visit to Winnipeg, which she began by saying: "I am no speaker, though my husband says I am a great talker." That was a remark admirable for its humorous cheerfulness, which is surely one of the happiest of mortal possessions. It is a main source of the joyous spirit of tolerance, which is necessary if we are to live happily ourselves and help those about us to live happily. That and the spirit of accomodating agreeableness are among the most important factors of success in life.

The Criminal Mind

HOLD-UPS and other violent deeds in violation of the safety of life and property have figured rather frequently in the newspapers in recent months. And naturally a great deal of discussion has been going on about the best way of dealing with individuals who have the criminal mind and the whole problem of crime and its punishment and the prevention of criminality. Among those who are to be described as offenders against the law are two great classes, the habituals and the occasionals. Few of us but might, in exceptional circumstances, find ourselves within the latter class. The common attitude towards criminals is a confused one, its main ingredients being fear, vindictiveness and sentimentality. Of these the last is the most futile. We must not think that criminals are all of a kind. Among them are individuals of strong character, individuals of weak character, some with courage, others cowardly, some with great cunning, others dull-witted and purposeless. Until there is a clear understanding of the varying motives and imaginings which distinguish the criminally-minded person from his similarly-circumstanced law-abiding neighbor and of the conditions in which these motives and imaginings take root and grow, efforts at the prevention of criminality are not likely to be very availing. To call crime a disease and to argue that, therefore, punishment of the criminal is wrong, is to be characterized not unfairly as sentimental stupidity. The disease is of society, just as cancer is a disease of the human body which suffers from it. Primarily, it is the health of society that must be safeguarded. If every case of cancer could be taken in hand soon enough, how much suffering would be prevented! Naturally, for both

Contents

Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor.....	3
THE PHILOSOPHER.....	66
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.....	68

Fiction

DOUGH FROM DOUGHNUTS—T. C. B. deLom.....	1
THE GREAT HEART—William Merriam Rouse.....	7
HIS KING'S VOICE—Elizabeth Gotto.....	10
UNDER FROZEN STARS—(Third Instalment)—George Marsh.....	14
BREEN OF THE BISONS—Ronald Tuckwell.....	17
ROAD SIGNS—Strickland Gillilan.....	20

Articles

THE HONOURABLE ROBERT J. MANION—George M. Battey, Jr.....	4
WESTERN PRAIRIE BATS—H. H. Pittman.....	12
A CHURCH OF ALL NATIONS—E. G. Bayne.....	13
THE MOTHER HOSPITAL OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING PEOPLE—Gracia MacPhee.....	18
A HOUSE IN ORANGE AND BLACK—V. W. Horwood.....	22
BLISS CARMAN'S SHRINE—H. G. Wade.....	28

Regular Departments

SHADOWLAND—WITH ALL ITS VAGARIES—Jerome Carver.....	26
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell, F.C.I.....	51
LEGAL INFORMATION.....	52
DOLLARS AND CENTS.....	53
CHILDREN'S COZY CORNER—Bobby Burke.....	62

Women and the Home

HOME FURNISHINGS—Katherine M. Caldwell.....	24
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton.....	56
FASHIONS.....	61, 65

The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR

human and Christian reasons, in dealing with criminals, all that it is possible to do to help the individuals who have gone wrong should be done. But sentimentality cannot produce any good results.

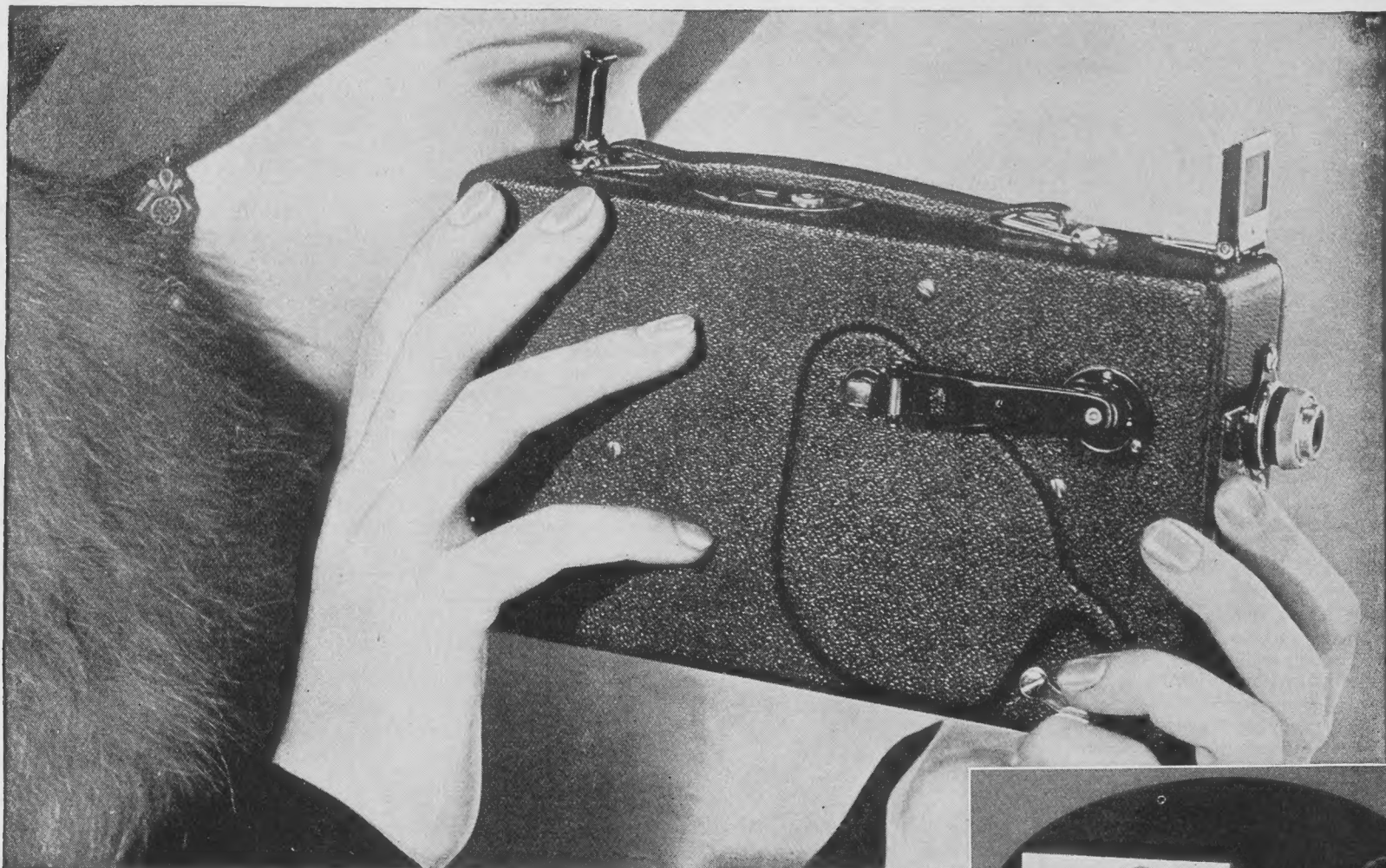
Moral Backbone

DR. DAVID A. STEWART, Medical Superintendent of the Manitoba Sanatorium at Ninette, where such notable work is done against tuberculosis has a way of saying wise and enlightening things. For example, he said recently: "Much of the important work of the world is done by persons who are less than one hundred per cent well." And he cited from his own knowledge, three men working on important jobs, of whom one has been operated on for cancer and is keeping tuberculosis under control, the second suffers from the results of his service at the front in the Great War, and the third has latent tuberculosis and disabilities from a railway accident. But all are carrying on. They have no inclination or time for indulgence in the ignoble emotion of self-pity. Truly the fight against illness and disability needs a high measure of the noble quality of fortitude. Surgeons can patch up one's body. One has to look after one's moral backbone oneself.

Secrets of the Stars

ALBERT EINSTEIN, who recently came across the Atlantic to make use of the most powerful telescope in the world, which is in the observatory on Mount Wilson, in California, figured out, all by himself, his law of relativity and the bending of light rays, and observations made by the world's astronomers in recent eclipses of the sun showed that he was correct. Only one other man in all history by the use of his intellectual powers worked out actual physical facts of the universe, which observation of the movements of the heavenly bodies with improved instruments later proved to be true. That was the astronomer Herschel, who in 1781, figured out from study of the orbits of the seven planets of our solar system then known to astronomers that there must be an eighth. Improvements in the telescope proved he was right, and so Uranus, the second largest of the eight planets of the solar system of which the globe on which we live is the third in size became known to humanity. Einstein wrote only a few months ago of Kidinnu, the greatest of the astronomers of Babylon, who lived about 400 years before Christ and whose calculations have only recently been brought to light in the course of archaeological excavations, that "he was a great deal more accurate in the numbers which he used in predicting eclipses and the like than any of his successors until about fifty years ago." The increase of knowledge from excavations brings great surprises. But may not Einstein's use of that great telescope in the observatory on Mount Wilson bring the world a surprise greater than any excavating into the past can bring?

Only \$85 for this new Home Movie Camera

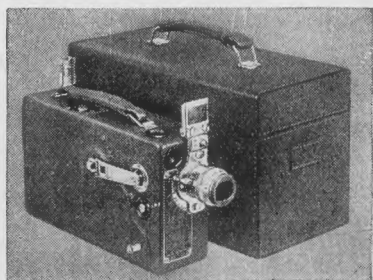


A Simplified Ciné-Kodak...low in price...*and sold on easy terms*

HOME MOVIES are not a rich man's hobby . . . something you would like to have but think you can't afford.

Eastman has so simplified the motion picture camera that today a Ciné-Kodak can be bought for as little as \$85, case included. It's the new Model M, illustrated above . . . the lightest camera ever made for 100 feet of 16 mm. film. Comes with

The new Ciné-Kodak, Model K (at right) is in brown, gray, black or blue, with case to match. Price . . . \$125 with f/3.5 lens; \$165 with f/1.9 lens. Koda-scope projectors as low as \$70.



f/3.5 lens and a special attachment for close-ups.

No focusing required. You just aim your camera and press a lever . . . that's all there is to it. You get crisp, clear movies . . . sparkling with quality . . . alive with action . . . the first time you try.

Developing by Eastman experts is included in the price of the film. Your reels come back to you promptly, ready to show in your home.

Turn the switch of your Koda-scope projector. Then sit back in the quiet of your darkened living room and enjoy the movies you made yourself.

If you haven't made a movie, you've missed one of the biggest thrills in life. Get acquainted with this new form of home entertainment. Stop in at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's and ask him about Ciné-Kodak Model M. You can get a complete outfit for a small down payment and easy terms.



What a thrill! There before you on the silver screen are your own children, laughing and rollicking . . . every smile, every gesture as real as life itself.

Mail coupon for FREE HOME MOVIE BOOKLET

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED., Toronto 9, Ontario.

Please send me FREE illustrated booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Prov. _____

Ciné-Kodak Simplest of Home Movie Cameras

What the World is Saying

Fiction, of Course

"Man, the Master" is among the most interesting of the new books.—Atlantic Monthly.

Except Where the Road Curved

Liquor never yet made a motorist drive straight.—Toronto Globe.

Better than a Telephone Pole

The new brake can stop a seventy-mile-an-hour car in twenty feet.—Scientific American.

Another Proof That Time Flies

An air-liner landed at Croydon recently with a load of watches.—London Daily Express.

They're No Mere Dreamland Palaces

Alfonso's castles in Spain may mean something in these troublous times.—Vancouver Province.

An Insult to the Dog to Compare Them!

The wag of a yellow dog's tail is incomparably better than the shake of a false friend's hand.—Medicine Hat News.

One Side of Life in a Balmy Clime

Many banana and coconut plantations on the Fiji Islands have been destroyed by a hurricane.—Dawson (Yukon) News.

Sounds Like a Quack Remedy

The left foot of a wild duck, carried in the pocket, is said to be good for rheumatism.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

Aren't They Copying Women, Too?

Dr. Ernest Griffin expressed the opinion that women like to smoke because they like to copy men.—British Medical Journal.

But Not in a Bathing Beauty Parade

Eskimo Maiden Crowned Beauty Queen of Arctic Circle.—Headlines over dispatch from The Pas in Winnipeg Tribune.

Especially if They're Ill-fitting Ones

Alcohol will make teeth fall out, according to the writer of an article in a current magazine.—Smith's Falls Record-News.

Did Radicalism Make Him a Tyrant?

Stalin, the autocratic head of the Soviet regime in Russia, says that tyranny made him a radical.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

And Can't Always Sell Very Profitably.

There is no getting away from the fundamental truth that what a man sows he must reap.—Swift Current Sun.

Or Any Other Cabinet

A bright student is one who can give offhand the names of the Alberta Cabinet, and the portfolio of each.—Calgary Herald.

Unfurnished Vacant Rooms To Let

One trouble with a lot of open minds is that nothing appears to have taken advantage of the opening.—New Westminster British-Columbian.

Did She Mean His Pockets?

"My husband has no idea of what I go through when he snores," said a woman in a court case last week.—Belfast News-Letter.

Wheat Will Then Go Low in a New Way

According to Sir Hubert Wilkins, Canadian wheat will be shipped to Europe in submarines by way of Hudson Bay, before another decade is ended.—London Economist



Mrs. Cackleberry: "At least, girls, I'll have some sort of operation to talk about."

bringing together and promoting the solidarity of that basic institution of civilization, the family.—Regina Leader.

More or Less True of All Parliaments

At the Boys' Parliament some seem to be born to rhetoric, others achieve rhetoric, and others have rhetoric thrust upon them.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Neither Do We

If the Soviet regime in Russia can succeed in making women wear the style of dress it selects for them, it can get away with anything. But we do not believe it can dictate the styles for women.—Neepawa Press



"For, after all, Mrs. Blobbs, what do you really know of life?"

Specially Reduced—\$18.98

Another fellow who carries economy to an extreme is the one who saves ink and space on a showcard by spelling it "O'COATS."—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Shouldn't It Have Been a Custard Pie?

A film actor in Hollywood, in suing his wife for divorce, charges her among other things with having thrown a pudding dish at him.—Portland Oregonian.

One Way of Staving Off Distress.

In New Jersey they are breaking up the barrels seized in raids on breweries and giving them to the poor for firewood.—New York World.

Hollywood Transformation

One advantage in reading the novel before seeing the film version is that it makes it more difficult to guess the plot of the picture.—Brooklyn Eagle

And Knightly Armor May be Worn

If the number of hold-ups and

What a Sad Deprivation, Alas!

"The big world," says an article with Mary Pickford's name to it, "does not know the little world of Hollywood."—Victoria Colonist.

Sure Way to Assemble the In-Laws

A magazine writer says that the greatest need of the time is the revival of the old-fashioned family dinner on holidays and other occasions, as the best way of

robberies continues, modern-home architecture may return to the castle, moat and drawbridge style.—Chicago Evening Post.

All Such Shots Should be Outlawed

It must be very annoying to a gangster who wears a steel vest to be hit by a bullet which lands on him outside the protected area.—Buffalo Express.

Sometimes Ours is to Do It Once

"Our problem is to keep people from sitting through the same show twice," says an executive of one of the big movie chain organizations.—Detroit Free Press

Stockings That She Can Be Sure Won't

What gift could be more acceptable to a woman than a dependable wrist-watch that she can be sure will run?—Advt. in Montreal Gazette.

The Driver Scrambled to Safety

A large number of the 27,000 eggs which were to load on a B.C. Egg Pool truck were smashed when the truck was upset by a collision with another truck yesterday.—Kamloops Sentinel.

In Large Towns Also, and in Cities

Speaking of a telegram that the telegraph agency wouldn't send, and it couldn't be published, there may not be much to see in a small town, but what you hear makes up for it.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

Some People are Never Satisfied

Now if some Luther Burbank would only cross a lemon with a Japanese orange and get a grapefruit that would peel easily, divide nicely and never shoot from the hip!—Toronto Star

One More Theory About Doings in Russia

There is still little news of the rumored trouble in Russia, but one theory is that they are fighting for freedom from the freedom for which they fought last time.—Montreal Devoir.

With a Microphone in the Lions' Den

If old Daniel were going to pull off his great lion act in this highly commercialized age, he would first sign up with a news syndicate and also make a profitable deal for the film rights.—Wall Street Journal.

Or, Maybe, "O.K. By Me!"

It is reported that an American bride insisted on saying "Yes," instead of "I will," in the marriage ceremony. Presently we shall hear of one saying "Yeah!" or possibly "And how!"—Glasgow Herald.

They Took More Than They Should

Burglars who broke into a house at Brighton and made away with a lot of valuables, drank several bottles of beer and three bottles of whisky before leaving.—London Daily Mail.

Well, He Knew How to Take a Hint

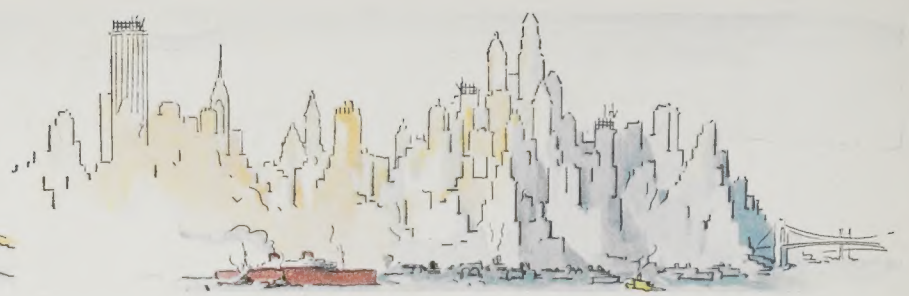
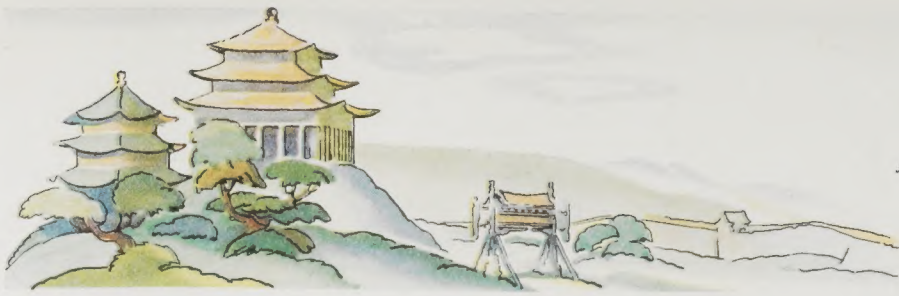
It is reported from Ethiopia that the natives twice tried to poison an American negro whom the recently crowned Emperor appointed Air Marshal, and after those two attempts to do away with him, a third was made by turning off the petrol in his plane. Then he decided to resign.—London Times.

What! Aina Gonna Reign Any More?

Who can say that the chronicle of vanished crowns and sceptres on the continent of Europe has ended? Indications are not wholly lacking that the King of Spain, who has held on singularly well under successive difficulties, may yet come to giving up his job.—Halifax Mail.



Winter ain't what she usta be when we were kids, eh, George?



I ate with many nations right in New York!

It's not hard to guess what I did in New York last month—no, not a questing cook like me! For New York is as full of foreign restaurants as a pudding is full of plums. And I was out to find some new recipes!

I ate Cuban hash served with bananas delicately fried in still more delicate Crisco. I found another Crisco inspiration in Turkish stuffed baked peppers. But the peak of my tasting adventures happened when I discovered China in a Greenwich Village basement!

A suave Chinese student served me chicken chow mein on a bed of the crispiest, gayest noodles I've ever seen! Those delicate, golden tendrils were so good that I invited myself out in the kitchen. And there, as I'd suspected from their sweet taste, I found that these Chinese noodles were fried in hot Crisco. No wonder they were not soggy and over-rich—they *couldn't* be, fried in light, digestible Crisco. No wonder that immaculate kitchen was free of smoke and heavy frying smells!

So, when you fry these noodles, do use pure, sweet Crisco. I'm also giving you a recipe for meat left-overs which tastes similar to chicken chow mein. Or, if you prefer, serve creamed ham or chicken on a bed of these puffy, light-hearted, golden

noodles—and wait for a chorus of praise!

But my quest wasn't ended. Once I was in the States, I couldn't be satisfied until I'd discovered a new kind of pie.

I still say it's a tart!

In a little restaurant, cheery in chintz and maple, I ordered "pecan pie." The joke is that it's what we'd call a tart, because the creamy caramel custard and the plump rich pecans are cradled in an individual shell of flaky, tender Crisco pastry.

This pie (or tart) will please your husband—it will, *if* you use Crisco, which divides the flour and water into sweet, crispy layers. A Crisco pie-crust is the only sure way I know to bring out the true flavour of a pie-filling. So don't use a heavy, strong-tasting fat which will rob your pie of its delicate triumph.

By the way, we home cooks aren't the only ones who know this good-tasting secret. Fine bakers use only superior ingredients . . . fresh eggs, fine flavourings and Crisco, which tastes by itself as sweet and fresh as new-churned, unsalted butter.

Do send for my booklet called "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes." Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XHH-21, 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

WINIFRED S. CARTER



CHINESE NOODLES

4 cups string-shaped noodles
2 quarts boiling water

1 tablespoon salt
Crisco for frying

Cook noodles in boiling, salted water 5 minutes. Drain. Pour cold water over them. Drain well. Deep fry in small quantities in hot Crisco (390° F., that browns inch cube of bread in 40 seconds). Drain on unglazed paper.

My own way of using meat left-overs

4 tablespoons Crisco
1 lb. veal or roundsteak, cut in pieces
1 diced green pepper
1 kernel garlic or small onion, chopped
1 cup diced celery
¾ cup pineapple
3 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce

1½ cups meat stock or beef extract
1½ cups string beans, slivered
1 cup diced, cooked chicken
½ teaspoon white pepper
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon paprika
4 tablespoons chili sauce

Melt Crisco in frying pan. Sauté beef or veal until brown. Add green pepper, garlic, celery, pineapple and meat stock. Cook slowly for 15 minutes. Add string beans, chicken and all seasonings. Cook 10 minutes more. Serve with Chinese noodles or rice.



NEW YORK PECAN TARTS

1 cup milk

1 cup brown sugar
2½ tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons Crisco
½ teaspoon salt

2 eggs, lightly beaten

½ cup whole pecan meats (48)
½ cup hot water
½ cup cream, whipped with
1 tablespoon powdered sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Prepare medium thick syrup by boiling sugar and water together. Set aside. Add flour and salt to eggs. Add milk and mix well. Cook mixture in double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. To this add *half* the brown sugar syrup and the Crisco. Remove from fire, add vanilla and cool. Fill each tart shell and place four pecan meats on top. Glaze tops with remaining syrup. Decorate with sweetened whipped cream. Chill thoroughly. 12 tarts.

Tart Shells: Sift 1½ cups flour with ½ teaspoon salt. Cut in ½ cup Crisco to the size of small peas. Add from 4 to 6 tablespoons cold water. Roll Crisco pastry ⅛ inch thick on floured board. Cut in small rounds, cover inverted Criscoed muffin tins. Prick well with fork to insure perfect-shaped shells. Bake 10 to 15 minutes in hot oven (450° F.).

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co., of Canada, Ltd.



Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

CRISCO IS MADE IN CANADA

the modern way to keep floors clean and beautiful

After all, lovely things stay lovely only with proper care. So it is with the beautiful floors in your home. They need cleaning, and their beauty demands that the method be modern.

Old Dutch fulfills this need completely. For floors, it is the perfect modern cleanser. It preserves beauty as it cleans, and it works so easily, so safely, so well, that housewives often wonder why they haven't long since put Old Dutch to looking after this task.

The modern Old Dutch way is simple. Just sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the floor, rub lightly with a damp mop, cloth or brush; then wipe dry. All dirt spots disappear; all impurities are removed, including hidden, health-menacing impurities tracked in with

dirt. The floor will sparkle with *Healthful Cleanliness*. That means good housekeeping; furthermore, it's a health asset, particularly in homes where there are children.

Old Dutch obtains its remarkable cleaning efficiency from the unique, flaky, flat-shaped particles of "Seismotite"—a natural cleanser. Free from harsh grit, caustic and acid. Old Dutch doesn't scratch; neither will it mar the surface. In this safety element is protection for smooth surfaces. The Old Dutch way is the safe, modern way. It is economy to use Old Dutch because it goes further and lasts longer. Save yourself time and steps; keep a package of Old Dutch in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry.

Old Dutch has no equal

For cleaning and polishing white and colored porcelain, enamel, tile, marble, kitchen utensils, pantries, floors, refrigerators, woodenware, crockery, metal fixtures, glassware, windows, painted walls, woodwork or any surface on which water may be used for cleaning.



Old Dutch Cleanser in your home is a distinction of good housekeeping



1905

Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness

1930

MADE IN CANADA